TRAVEL ADVENTURE AND SPORT

BLACKWOODS MAGAZINE

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TRAVEL,

ADVENTURE, AND SPORT

FROM

'Blackwood's Magazine'

VOL. I.

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD AND SONS
EDINBURGH AND LONDON

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TRAVEL, ADVENTURE, AND SPORT.

FROM 'BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.'

THE DISCOVERY OF THE VICTORIA N'YANZA.

BY CAPTAIN SPEKE.

[*MAGA.* October-November 1859.]

I BEGAN the formation of the new caravan for exploring Northern Unyamuézi immediately after our arrival at Unyanyembé, but found it difficult to do things hurriedly. There was only one man then at Unyanyembé who knew the Sowahili language, and would consent to act as my kirangozi;[1] and as he had come all the way from Ujiji with us, he required a few days to arrange things at his home, in a village some distance off. Whilst he was absent

[1] *Kirangozi*—leader of a caravan.

nothing could go on; but the Arabs paid us daily visits, and gave many useful hints about the journey in prospect. One hint must especially be regarded, which was, to take care, on arrival at the lake, that I did not enter the village of a certain sultan called Mahaya, to whose district Muanza, at the southern extremity of the lake, they directed me to go. This precautionary warning was advanced in consequence of a trick the Sultan had played an Arab, who, after visiting him in a friendly way, was forcibly detained until he paid a ransom for himself; an unjust measure, which the Arabs pointedly advert to as destructive to commercial interests. To lose no time whilst the kirangozi was away—for I had a long business to do in a very short space of time—I intimated to the Shaykh, our Ras-cafila, and the Belooch guards, my intention of taking them with me to the lake, and ordered them to prepare for the journey by a certain date. The Shaykh demurred, saying he would give a definite answer about accompanying me before the time of starting, but subsequently refused (I hear, as one reason), because he did not consider me his chief. I urged that it was as much his duty as mine to go there; and said, unless he changed his present resolution, I should certainly recommend the Government not to pay the gratuity which the consul had promised him on condition that he worked entirely to our satisfaction, in assisting the expedition to carry out the Government's plans. The jemadar of the

Belooch guard, on seeing the Shaykh hold back, at first raised objections, and then began to bargain. He fixed a pay of one gora, or fifteen cloths per man, as the only condition on which I should get their services; for they all declared that they had not only been to Ujiji, the place appointed by Sultan Majid and their chief before leaving Zanzibar, but that they had overstayed the time agreed upon for them to be absent on these travels. Considering the value of time, I acceded to this exorbitant demand; moreover, the dry season had now set in, and the Arabs at this period cease travelling, from fear of being caught by droughts in those deserts which lie between this place and the east-coast range, where, if the ponds and puddles dry up, there is so little water in the wells that travelling becomes precarious. Further, I had not only to go through a much wilder country than we had travelled in before, two and a half degrees off, to discover and bring back full particulars of the N'yanza, but had to purchase cattle sufficient for presents, and food for the whole journey down to the coast, within the limited period of six weeks. The Arab depot now came into play to satisfy this sudden and unexpected call upon our store of cloths. There were ten Belooches fit for service, and for each of them a gora was bought at the depot, at a valuation of 10 dollars each, or 100 the lot. In addition to this, they received an advance of 15 maunds of white beads in lieu of rations—a rate of 1 lb. per man per diem for six

weeks. The kirangozi now returned with many excuses to escape the undertaking. He declared that all the roads were rendered impassable by wars; and that it was impossible for him to undertake the responsibility of escorting me in so dangerous a country. After a good deal of bothering and persuading he at length acceded, and brought fifteen pagazis or porters from his own and some neighbouring villages. To each of these I gave five cloths as hire, and all appeared ready: but not so. Bombay's Seedi nature came over him, and he would not move a yard unless I gave him a month's wages in cloth upon the spot. I thought his demand an imposition, for he had just been given a cloth. His wages were originally fixed at five dollars a-month, to accumulate at Zanzibar until our return there; but he was to receive daily rations the same as all the other men, with an occasional loin-cloth covering whenever his shukka might wear out. All these strikes with the Belooches and slaves were in consequence of their having bought some slaves, whose whims and tastes they could not satisfy without our aid; and they knew these men would very soon desert them unless they received occasional alluring presents to make them contented. But finessing is a kind of itch with all Orientals, as gambling is with those who are addicted to it, and they would tell any lie rather than gain their object easily by the simple truth, on the old principle that "stolen things are sweetest." Had Bombay only opened his heart,

the matter would have been settled at once, for his motives were of a superior order. He had bought, to be his adopted brother, a slave of the Wahha tribe, a tall, athletic, fine-looking man, whose figure was of such excellent proportions that he would have been remarkable in any society; and it was for this youth, and not himself, he had made so much fuss and used so many devices to obtain the cloths. Indeed, he is a very singular character, not caring one bit about himself, how he dressed, or what he ate; ever contented, and doing everybody's work in preference to his own, and of such exemplary honesty, he stands a solitary marvel in the land: he would do no wrong to benefit himself—to please anybody else there is nothing he would stick at. I now gave him five cloths at his request, to be eventually deducted from his pay. Half of them he gave to a slave called Mabruk, who had been procured by him for leading Captain Burton's donkey, but who had not, in consequence of bad behaviour, reverted to my service. This man he also designated "brother," and was very warmly attached to, though Mabruk had no qualifications worthy of attracting any one's affections to him. He was a sulky, dogged, pudding-headed brute, very ugly, but very vain; he always maintained a respectable appearance, to cloak his disrespectful manners. The remainder was expended in loin-cloths, some spears and a fez (red Turkish cap), the wearing of which he shared by turns with his purchased brother,

and a little slave child whom he had also purchased and employed in looking after the general wardrobe, and in cooking his porridge dinner, or fetching water and gathering sticks. On the line of march he carried Bombay's sleeping-hide and water-gourd.

And now I am ready to lead you over my second voyage of discovery—the one which, to my mind, is by far the most satisfactory, and I trust it will be so to you; for it takes you into the richest part of Africa, and discloses to you the probable, and I believe true, source of that mighty stream the Nile; and has almost, if not entirely, solved a problem which it has been the first geographical desideratum of many thousand years to ascertain, and the ambition of the first monarchs of the world to unravel.

KAZÉ, UNYANYEMBÉ, UNYAMŬÉZI,
9th July 1858.

The caravan, consisting of one kirangozi, twenty pagazis, ten Belooches as guard, Bombay, Mabruk, and Gaetano, escorting a kit sufficient for six weeks, left Kazé to form camp at noon. The Belooches were all armed with their own guns, save one, who carried one of Captain Burton's double rifles, an eight-bore by W. Richards. I took with me for sporting purposes, as well as for the defence of the expedition, one large five-bore elephant gun, also kindly lent by Captain Burton; and of my own, one two-grooved four-gauge single rifle, one polygrooved

twenty-gauge double, and one double smooth twelve-bore, all by John Blissett of High Holborn. The village they selected to form up in was three miles distant on the northern extremity of this, the Unyanyembé district. I commenced the journey myself at 6 P.M., as soon as the two donkeys I took with me to ride were caught and saddled. It was a dreary beginning. The escort of Belooches who accompanied me had throughout the former journeys been held in great disgrace, and were in consequence all sullen in their manner, and walked with heavy gait and downcast countenances, looking very much as if they considered they had sold themselves when striking such a heavy bargain with us, for they evidently saw nothing before them but drudgery and a continuance of past hardships. The nature of the track increased the general gloom; it lay through fields of jowari (holcus) across the plain of Unyanyembé. In the shadow of night, the stalks, awkwardly lying across the path, tripped up the traveller at every step; and whilst his hands, extended to the front, were grasping at darkness to preserve his equilibrium, the heavy bowing ears, ripe and ready to drop, would bang against his eyes. Further, the heavy soil aided not a little in ruffling the temper; but it was soon over, though all our mortification did not here cease. The pagazis sent forward had deposited their loads and retired home to indulge, it is suspected, in those potations deep of the universal pombé (African small-

beer), that always precede a journey, hunt, or other adventure—without leaving a word to explain the reason of their going, or even the time which they purposed being absent.

The absence of the pagazis on the 10th July caused a halt, for none of them appeared again until after dark. The bad example set by Shaykh Said in shirking from this journey, is distressingly evident in every countenance. The Belooches, gloomy, dejected, discontented, and ever grumbling, form as disagreeable a party as was ever the unfortunate lot of any man to command.

We started on the journey northwards at 7 A.M. on the 11th, and, soon clearing the cultivated plain, bade adieu to Unyanyembé. The track passed down a broad valley, with a gentle declination, which was full of tall but slender forest-trees, and was lined on either side by low hills. We passed some pools of water, and also two Wasukumas caravans, one of ivory, destined for the coast, and the other conveying cattle to the Unyanyembé markets. Though the country through which we passed was wild and uninhabited, we saw no game but a troop of zebras, which were so wild that I could not get near them. After walking fifteen miles, we arrived at the district of Ulékampuri, entered a village, and I took up my quarters in a negro's hut. My servants and porters did the best they could by pigging with the cattle, or lying in the shade under the eaves of the huts. Up

to this point the villages, as is the case in all central Unyamuézi, are built on the most luxurious principles. They form a large hollow square, the walls of which are their huts, ranged on all sides of it in a sort of street consisting of two walls, the breadth of an ordinary room, which is partitioned off to a convenient size by interior walls of the same earth-construction as the exterior ones, or as our Sepoys' lines are made in India. The roof is flat, and serves as a store-place for keeping sticks to burn, drying grain, pumpkins, mushrooms, or any vegetables they may have. Most of these compartments contain the families of the villagers, together with their poultry, brewing utensils, cooking apparatus, stores of grain, and anything they possess. The remainder contain their flocks and herds, principally goats and cows, for sheep do not breed well in the country, and their flesh is not much approved of by the people. What few sheep there are appear to be an offshoot from the Persian stock. They have a very scraggy appearance, and show but the slightest signs of the fat-rumped proportions of their ancestors. The cows, unlike the noble Tanganyika ones, are small and short-horned, and are of a variety of colours. They carry a hump like the Brahminy bull, but give very little milk. In front of nearly every house you see large slabs of granite, the stones on which the jowari is ground by women, who, kneeling before them, rub the grain down to flour with a smaller stone, which

they hold with both hands at once. Thus rubbing and grinding away, their bodies sway monotonously to and fro, while they cheer the time by singing and droning in cadence to the motion of their bodies. The country to the east and north-east of this village is said to be thinly peopled, but, as usual, the clans are much intermixed, the two principal being Wakimbus and Wasagaris. I here engaged a second guide or leader for five shukkas (small loin-cloths) Amerikan, as a second war, different from the one he had heard of and spoken about at Kazé, had broken out exactly on the road I was pursuing, and rendered my first leader's experience of no avail. The evening was spent by the porters in dancing, and singing a song which had been evidently composed for the occasion, as it embraced everybody's name connected with the caravan, but more especially Mzungŭ (the wise or white man), and ended with the prevailing word amongst these curly-headed bipeds, "Grub, Grub, Grub." It is wonderful to see how long they will, after a long fatiguing march, keep up these festivities, singing the same song over and over again, and dancing and stamping, with their legs and arms flying about like the wings of a semaphore, as they move slowly round and round in the same circle and on the same ground; their heads and bodies lolling to and fro in harmony with the rest of the dance, which is always kept at more even measure when, as on this occasion, there were some village

drums beating the measure they were wont to move by.

The caravan on the 12th got under way by 6 A.M., and we marched thirteen miles to a village in the southern extremity of the Unyambéwa district. Fortunately tempers, like butterflies, soon change state. The great distractor Time, together with the advantage of distance, has produced such a salutary effect on the Belooches' minds, that this morning's start was accomplished to the merry peals of some native homely ditty, and all moved briskly forward. This was the more cheering to me because it was the first occasion of their having shown such signs of good feeling by singing in chorus on the line of march. The first five miles lay over flattish ground winding amongst low straggling hills of the same formation as the whole surface of the Unyamŭézi province, which is diversified with small hills composed of granite outcrops. As we proceeded, the country opened into an extensive plain, covered, as we found it at first, with rich cultivation, and then succeeded by a slender tree forest, amongst which we espied some antelopes, all very wary and difficult of approach. At the ninth mile was a pond of sweet water, the greatest luxury in the desert. Here I ordered a halt for half an hour, and made a hearty breakfast on cold meat, potted Tanganyika shrimps, ronelle jelly, with other delicacies, and coffee. The latter article was bought from the Kazé merchants. Towards the close of

the journey a laughable scene took place between an ivory caravan of Wasukumas[1] and my own. On nearing each other, the two kirangozis or leaders slowly advanced, marching in front of the single-file order in which caravans worm along these twisting narrow tracks, with heads awry, and eyes steadfastly fixed on one another, and with their bodies held motionless and strictly poised, like rams preparing for a fight, rushed in with their heads down, and butted continuously till one gave way. The rest of the caravan then broke up their order of march, and commenced a general *mêlée*. In my ignorance—for it was the first time I had seen such a scrimmage—I hastened to the front with my knobbed stick, and began reflecting where I could make best use of it in dividing the combatants, and should no doubt have laid to, if I only could have distinguished friend from foe; but both parties, being black, were so alike, that I hesitated until they stopped to laugh at my excited state, and assured me that it was only the enactment of a common custom in the country when two strange caravan-leaders meet, and each doubts who should take the supremacy in choice of side. In two minutes more the antagonists broke into broad laughter, and each went his way. The villages about here are numerous, and the country, after passing the forest, is highly cultivated, and affords plenty of provisions;

[1] Sukuma means north, and the Wasukumas are consequently northmen, or northern Wanyamŭézi.

but unfortunately as yet the white beads which I have brought have no value with the natives, and I cannot buy those little luxuries, eggs, butter, and milk, which have such a powerful influence in making one's victuals good and palatable; whereas there is such a rage for coloured beads, that if I had brought some I might purchase anything.

The caravan started at 6.30 A.M. on the 13th, and after travelling eight miles over an open, waving, well-cultivated country, stopped at the last village in Unyambéwa. The early morning before starting was wasted by the pagazis "striking" for more cloth, and refusing to move unless I complied with their demand. I peremptorily refused, and they then tried to wheedle me out of beads. In demanding cloth, they pretended that they were suffering from the chilling cold of night—a pretence too absurd to merit even a civil reply. I then explained to my head-men that I would rather anything happened than listen to such imposture as this; for did the men once succeed by tricks of this sort, there would never be an end to their trying it on, and it would ultimately prove highly injurious to future travellers, especially to merchants. On the route we had nothing to divert the attention, save a single Wasukumas caravan proceeding southwards to Unyanyembé. A sultana called Ungugu governs this district. She is the first and only female that we have seen in this position, though she succeeded to it after the custom of the country. I

imagine she must have had a worthless husband, since every sultan can have as many wives as he pleases, and the whole could never have been barren. I rallied the porters for pulling up after so short a march, but could not induce them to go on. They declared that forests of such vast extent lay on ahead, that it would be quite impossible to cross them before the night set in. In the evening I had a second cause for being vexed at this loss of time, when every mile and hour was of so much importance; for by our halt the sultana got news of my arrival, and sent a messenger to request the pleasure of my company at her house on the morrow. In vain I pleaded for permission to go and see her that moment, or to do so on my return from the N'yanza; her envoy replied that the day was so far spent, I could not arrive at her abode till after dark, and she would not have the pleasure of seeing me sufficiently well. He therefore begged I would attend to the letter of her request, and not fail to visit her in the morning.

The lazy pagazis, smelling flesh, also aided the deputy in his endeavours to detain me, by saying that they could not oppose her majesty's will, lest at any future time, when they might want again to pass that way, she should take her revenge upon them. Though this may be considered a very reasonable excuse, I doubt much, if their interests had lain the opposite way, whether they would have been so cautious. However, it was not difficult to detect

their motives for bringing forward such an urgent reason against me, as it is a custom in this country that every wealthy traveller or merchant shall pay a passport-fee, according to his means, to the sultan of the country he travels through, who, in return, gives a cow or goat as a mark of amity; and this is always shared amongst the whole caravan.

Next day the sultana's house was reported to be near, so I thought to expedite the matter by visiting her in person, and thus perhaps probably gaining an afternoon's march. Otherwise to have sent the jemadar with a present would have been sufficient, for these creatures are pure Mammonists. Vain hope, trying to do anything in a hurry in Negroland! I started early in the morning, unfortified within, and escorted by two Belooches, the kirangozi, three porters, Bombay, and Mabruk. The necessary presents were also taken: these consisted of one barsati,[1] one dhoti Amerikan,[2] and one shukka kiniki.[3] This latter article was to be kept in reserve, to throw in at last and close with, as further demands beyond what is given are invariably made. After walking six miles over a well-cultivated plain, I felt anxious to know what they meant by "near," and was told, as usual, that the house was close at hand. Distrustful, but

[1] *Barsati*—a coloured cloth.

[2] One dhoti = 2 shukkas; 1 shukka = 4 cubits, or 2 yards Amerikan (American sheeting).

[3] *Kiniki*—a thin indigo-dyed cloth.

anxious to complete the business as speedily as possible (for to succeed in Africa one must do everything one's self), I followed the envoy across one of the waves that diversify the face of the country, descended into a well-cultivated trough-like depression, and mounted a second wave six miles further on. Here at last, by dint of perseverance, we had the satisfaction of seeing the palisadoed royal abode. We entered it by an aperture in the tall slender stakes which surround the dwellings and constitute the palisadoing, and after following up a passage constructed of the same material as the outer fence, we turned suddenly into a yard full of cows—a substitute for an anteroom. Arrived there, the negroes at once commenced beating a couple of large drums, half as tall as themselves, made something like a beer-barrel, covered on the top with a cow-skin stretched tightly over by way of a drum-head. This drumming was an announcement of our arrival, intended as a mark of regal respect. For ten minutes we were kept in suspense, my eyes the while resting upon the milk-pots which were being filled at mid-day, but I could not get a drop. At the expiration of that time, a body of slaves came rushing in and hastily desired us to follow them. They led us down the passage by which we entered, and then turned up another one similarly constructed, which brought us into the centre of the sultana's establishment—a small court, in which the common negro mushroom huts, with

ample eaves, afforded us grateful shelter from the blazing sun. A cow-skin was now spread, and a wooden stool set for me, that I might assume a better state than my suite, who were squatted in a circle around me. With the usual precaution of African nobles, the lady's-maid was first sent to introduce herself—an ugly halting creature, very dirtily garbed, but possessing a smiling, contented face. Her kindly mien induced me, starving and thirsty as I was after my twelve miles' walk, to ask for eggs and milk—great luxuries, considering how long I had been deprived of them. They were soon procured, and devoured with a voracity that must have astonished the bystanders. The maid, now satisfied there was nothing to fear, whether from ghost, goblin, or white face, retired and brought her mistress, a short, stumpy old dame, who had seen at least some sixty summers. Her nose was short, squat, and flabby at the end, and her eyes were bald of brows or lashes; but still she retained great energy of manner, and was blessed with an ever-smiling face. The dress she wore consisted of an old barsati, presented by some Arab merchant, and was if anything dirtier than her maid's attire. The large joints of all her fingers were bound up with small copper wire, her legs staggered under an immense accumulation of anklets made of brass wire wound round elephant's tail or zebra's hair; her arms were decorated with huge solid brass rings, and from other thin brass wire bracelets depended a great as-

sortment of wooden, brazen, horn, and ivory ornaments, cut in every shape of talismanic peculiarity. Squatting by my side, the sultana at once shook hands. Her nimble fingers then first manipulated my shoes (the first point of notice in these bare-footed climes), then my overalls, then my waistcoat, more particularly the buttons, and then my coat — this latter article being so much admired, that she wished I would present it to her, to wear upon her own fair person. Then my hands and fingers were mumbled, and declared to be as soft as a child's, and my hair was likened to a lion's mane. "Where is he going?" was the all-important query. This, without my understanding, was readily answered by a dozen voices, thus: "He is going to the Lake, to barter his cloth for large hippopotami teeth." Satisfied with this plausible story, she retired into privacy, and my slave, taking the hint, soon followed with the kuhongo,[1] duly presented it, and begged permission in my name to depart. But as she had always given a bullock to the Arabs who visited her, I also must accept one from her, though she could not realise the fact that so scurvy a present as mine could be intended for her, whose pretensions were in no way inferior to those of the Unyanyembé Sultan. An Arab could not have offered less, and this was a rich Mzungŭ! Misfortunes here commenced anew: the bullock she was desirous of giving was out grazing, and could not

[1] *Kuhongo*—present.

be caught until the evening, when all the cattle are driven in together. Further, she could not afford to lose so interesting a personage as her guest, and volunteered to give me a shakedown for the night. I begged she would consider my position—the absolute necessity for my hurrying—and not insist on my acceptance of the bullock, or be offended by my refusing her kind offer to remain there, but permit our immediate departure. She replied that the word had gone forth, so the animal must be given; and if I still persisted in going, at any rate three porters could remain behind and drive it on afterwards. To this I reluctantly consented, and only on the kirangozi's promise to march the following morning. Then, with the usual farewell salutation, "Kuaheré, Mzungŭ," from my pertinacious hostess, I was not sorry to retrace my steps, a good five hours' walk. We re-entered camp at 7.20 P.M., which is long after dark in these regions so near to the equator. All palaces here are like all the common villages beyond Unyamŭézi proper, and are usually constructed on the same principle as this one. They consist of a number of mushroom-shaped grass huts, surrounded by a tall slender palisading, and having streets or passages of the same wooden construction, some winding, some straight, and others crosswise, with outlets at certain distances leading into the different courts, each court usually containing five or six huts partitioned off with poles as the streets are. These courts serve for dividing the dif-

ferent families—uncles and cousins occupying some, whilst slaves and their relatives live in others. Besides this, they have their cattle-yards. If the site of the village be on moist or soft ground, it is usual, in addition to the palisading, to have it further fortified by a moat or evergreen fence.

We left Unyambéwa at 7 A.M. on the 15th, and reached a village in the Ibanda district, having marched seven miles over flat ground, growing fine crops in some places, with the remainder covered by the usual slender forest-trees. The road was very good and regular. In the afternoon the three porters arrived with the sultana's bullock, and were attended by her nephew and managing man, and by some of her slaves as drivers. The nephew asked first for some more presents in her name; as this was refused, he requested something for the drivers. I gave them a cloth, and he then pleaded for himself, as he had sacrificed so much time and trouble for me. I satisfied him with one fundo of beads (a bunch of beads sufficient to form ten khetes or necklaces), and we parted: a full khete is a string of beads double the length of the fore-arm, or sufficiently long to encircle the neck twice. The Belooches, finding that nothing but the coarsest grains were obtainable with the white beads they had received, petitioned for and obtained a shukka, but under the proviso of their always assisting me to urge on the lazy porters. This they not only agreed to do, but also declared themselves will-

ing to execute any orders I might give them: they looked upon me as their Ma, Bap (mother and father, a Hindostani expression, significant of everything, or entire dependence on one as a son on his parents), and considered my interests their interests.

On the 16th, we started at 6 A.M., and travelled eleven miles to Ukamba, a village in the district of Msalala, which is held by a tribe called Wamanda. The first four miles lay over the cultivated plain of Ibanda, till we arrived at the foot of a ridge of hills, which, gradually closing from the right, intersects the road, and runs into a hilly country extending round the western side of the aforesaid plain. We now crossed the range, and descended into a country more closely studded with the same description of small hills, but highly cultivated in the valleys and plains that separate them. About twelve miles to the eastward of Ukamba live a tribe called Wasongo, and to the west, at twenty miles' distance, are the Waquandas. To-day was fully verified the absolute futility of endeavouring to march against time in these wild countries. The lazy pagazis finding themselves now, as it were, in clover, a country full of all the things they love, would not stir one step after 11 A.M. Were time of no consequence, and coloured beads in store, such travelling as this would indeed be pleasant. For the country here, so different from the Ujiji line, affords not only delightful food for the eyes, but abounds in flesh, milk, eggs, and vegetables of every variety. The son

of the Mséné Sultan, who lives between Unyanyembé and Ujiji, and became great friends with us when travelling there, paid me a visit to-day. He caught me at work with my diary and instruments, and being struck with veneration at the sight of my twirling compass and literary pursuits, thought me a magician, and begged that I would cast his horoscope, divine the probable extent of his father's life, ascertain if there would be any wars, and describe the weather, the prospects of harvest, and what future state the country would lapse into. The shrewd Bombay replied, to save me trouble, that so great a matter required more days of contemplation than I could afford to give. Provisions were very dear when purchased with white beads, for they were not the fashion, and the people were indifferent to them. I paid him one loin-cloth for four fowls and nine eggs, though had I had coloured beads I might have purchased one hen per khete (or necklace). Had this been a cloth-wearing instead of bead-decorating nation, I should have obtained forty fowls for one shukka (or loin-cloth), that being the equivalent value with beads, and, according to Zanzibar money, would be one dollar. It is always foolish to travel without an assortment of beads, in consequence of the tastes of the different tribes varying so much, and it is more economical in the long-run to purchase high-priced than low-priced beads when making up the caravan at Zanzibar, for every little trader buys

the cheaper sorts, stocks the country with them, and thus makes them common.

This day, the 17th, like all the preceding ones, is delightful, and worthy of drawing forth an exclamation, like the Indian Griff's, of "what a fine day this is again!" We started at 7 A.M., and travelled thirteen miles, with fine bracing air, so cold in the morning that my fingers tingled with it. We were obliged here to diverge from the proper road *viâ* Sarengé to avoid a civil war—the one before alluded to, and to escape which I had engaged the second guide—between two young chiefs, brothers of the Wamanda tribe, who were contending for the reins of government on the principle that might ought to give the stronger right. Our new course led us out of the Msalala into the Uyombo district, which is governed by a sultan called Mihambo. He paid me a visit and presented a sheep—a small present, for he was a small chief, and could not demand a kuhongo. I gave in return one shukka Amerikan and one shukka kiniki. Here all the people were very busily engaged in their harvest, cutting their jowari, and thrashing it out with long sticks. The whole country lies in long waves crested with cropping little hills, thickly clad with small trees and brushwood. In the hollows of these waves the cultivation is very luxuriant. Here I unfortunately had occasion to give my miserable Goanese cook-boy a sound dressing, as the only means left of checking his lying, obstinate,

destructive, wasteful, and injurious habit of intermeddling. This raised the creature's choler, and he vowed vengeance to the death, seconding his words with such a fiendish, murderous look, his eyes glistening like an infuriated tiger's, that I felt obliged to damp his temerity and freedom of tongue by further chastisement, which luckily brought him to a proper sense of his duty.

We left at 7 A.M., and travelled ten miles to Ukuni on the 18th. The country still continues of the same rich and picturesque character, and retains daily the same unvarying temperature. On the road we met a party of Wayombos, who, taking advantage of the Wamandas disturbances, had lifted some forty or fifty head of their cattle in perfect security. I saw two albinos in this village, one an old woman with greyish eyes, and the other young, who ran away from fright, and concealed herself in a hut, and would not show again although beads were offered as an inducement for one moment's peep. The old lady's skin was of an unwholesome fleshy-pink hue, and her hair, eyebrows, and eyelashes were a light yellowish white. This march was shortened by two pagazis falling sick. I surmised this illness to be in consequence of their having gorged too much beef, to which they replied that everybody is sure to suffer pains in the stomach after eating meat, if the slayer of the animal happens to protrude his tongue and clench it with his teeth during the process of slaughtering. At last the white

beads have been taken, but at the extravagant rate of two khetes for four eggs, the dearest I ever paid.

The caravan proceeded at 6 A.M. on the 19th, and after going eight miles re-entered the Msalala district's frontier, where we put up in a village three miles beyond the border. The country throughout this march may be classed in two divisions, one of large and extensively cultivated plains, with some fine trees about; and the other of small irregularly disposed hills, the prevailing granitic outcrops of this region. There is no direct line northwards here, so we had to track about, and hit upon the lines between the different villages, which enhanced our trouble and caused much delay. At this place I witnessed the odd operation of brother-making. It consists in the two men desirous of a blood-tie being seated face to face on a cow's hide with their legs stretched out as wide to the front as their length will permit, one pair overlapping the other. They then place their bows and arrows across their thighs, and each holds a leaf: at the same time a third person, holding a pot of oil or butter, makes an incision above their knees, and requires each to put his blood on the other's leaf, and mix a little oil with it, when each anoints himself with the brother-salve. This operation over, the two brothers bawl forth the names and extent of their relatives, and swear by the blood to protect the other till death. Ugogo, on the highway between the coast and Ujiji, is a place so full of inhabitants compared

with the other places on that line, that the coast people quote it as a wonderful instance of high population; but this district astonished all my retinue. The road to-day was literally thronged with a legion of black humanity so exasperatingly bold, that nothing short of the stick could keep them from jostling me. Poor creatures! they said they had come a long way to see, and now must have a good long stare; for when was there ever a Mzungŭ here before?

We broke ground on the 20th at 6 A.M., and after travelling through high cultivation six miles, were suddenly stopped by a guard of Wamandas, sent by Kurua, a sultan of that tribe, and chief of the division we were marching in. Their business was to inform us that if we wished to travel to the Lake, the sultan would give directions to have us escorted by another route, as his eldest brother was disputing the rights of government with him along the line we were now pursuing; and added, that our intentions would be only known to him by the part we might choose to take. These constant interruptions were becoming very troublesome; so, as we were close to the confines of these two malcontents, I was anxious to force our way on, and agreed to do so with the Belooches. But the tiresome, lazy, flesh-seeking pagazis saw a feast in prospect by the sultan's arrangement, and would not move an inch. Further, the kirangozi requested his discharge if I was otherwise than peacefully inclined. The guard then led us to Mgogwa, the sultan's village,

a little off the road. Kurua is a young man, not very handsome himself, but has two beautiful young wives. They secured me a comfortable house, showed many attentions, and sent me a bowl of fresh sweet-milk, the very extreme of savage hospitality. In the evening he presented me with a bullock. This I tried to refuse, observing that flesh was the prime cause of all my hindrances; but nothing would satisfy him: I must accept it, or he would be the laughing-stock of everybody for inhospitality. If I gave nothing in return, he should be happy as long as his part of host was properly fulfilled. Salt, according to the sultan, is only to be found here in the same efflorescent state in which I saw it yesterday—a thin coating overspreading the ground, as though flour had been sprinkled there.

We halted on the 21st. I gave the sultan, as a return present, one dhoti Amerikan and six cubits kiniki, what I thought to be just the value of his bullock. His kindness was undoubtedly worthy of a higher reward; but I feared to excite these men's cupidity, as there is no end to their tricks and finesse, whenever they find a new chance of gain, and I now despaired of accomplishing my task in time. However, Kurua seemed quite happy under the circumstances, and considered the exchange of kuhongos a bond of alliance, and proclaimed that we were henceforth to be brothers. He then said he would accompany me back to Unyanyembé, on my return from the Lake,

and would exchange any of his cows that I might take a fancy to for powder, which I said I had there. The quantity of cattle in Msalala surpasses anything I have seen in Africa. Large droves, tended by a few men each, are to be seen in every direction over the extensive plains, and every village is filled with them at night. The cultivation also is as abundant as the cattle are numerous, and the climate is delightful. To walk till breakfast, 9 A.M., every morning, I find a luxury, and thence till noon I ride with pleasure; but the next three hours, though pleasant in a hut, are too warm to be agreeable under hard exertion. The evenings and the mornings, again, are particularly serene, and the night, after 10 P.M., so cold as to render a blanket necessary. But then you must remember that all the country about these latitudes, on this meridian, 33° east, is at an altitude of 3500 to 4000 feet. My dinner to-day was improved by the addition of tomatoes and the bird's-eye chili—luxuries to us, but which the negroes, so different from Indians, never care about, and seldom grow. The cotton-plant is as fine here as at Unyanyembé or Ujiji, and anything would grow with only the trouble of throwing down the seed. It is a great pity that the country is not in better hands. From all I can gather, there is no fixed revenue paid to these sultans; all their perquisites are occasional kuhongos received from travellers; a percentage on all foreign seizures, whether by battle or plunder; and a certain part of

all windfalls, such as a share of the sportsman's game-bag, in the shape of elephants' tusks or flesh, or the skins of any wild animals; otherwise they live by the sweat of the brow of their slaves, in tilling their ground, tending their cattle, or trafficking for them in slaves and ivory. It seems destined that I should never reach the goal of my ambition. To-day the jemadar finds himself too unwell to march, and two other Belooches say the same. This is an effectual obstacle; for the guard declares itself too weak to divide, and the sultan blows on the fire of my mortification by saying that these are troubled times, and advises our keeping all together. He says that his differences have been going on these five years with his eldest brother, and now he wishes to bring them to a crisis, which he proposes doing after my return, when he will obtain powder from me, and will have the preponderating influence of Arab opinion brought to bear in his favour by the aid of their guns—an impressive dodge which Africa has of proving right in its own way.

On the 22d, after much groaning and grumbling, I got the sick men on their legs by 7 A.M., and we marched eight miles to Senagongo, the boma[1] (palisade) of Sultan Kanoni, Kurua's second brother. These two younger brothers side together against the eldest. They are all by different mothers, and think the

[1] *Boma*—a palisade. A village or collection of huts so fortified is called so also.

father's property should fairly come to all alike. It is a glaring instance of the bad effects of a plurality of wives; and being contrary to our constitutional laws of marriage, I declined giving them an opinion as to who was right or wrong.

To avoid the seat of war my track was rather tortuous. On the east or right side the country was open, and afforded a spacious view; but on the west this was limited by an irregularly-disposed series of low hills. Cultivation and scrub-jungle alternated the whole way. The miserable Goanese, like a dog slinking off to die, slipped away behind the caravan, and hid himself in the jungle to suffer the pangs of fever in solitude. I sent men to look for him in vain: party succeeded party in the search, till at last night set in without his appearing. It is singular in this country to find how few men escape some fever or other sickness, who make a sudden march after living a quiet stationary life. It appears as if the bile got stirred, suffused the body, and, exciting the blood, produced this effect. I had to admonish a silly Belooch, who, foolishly thinking that powder alone could not hurt a man, fired his gun off into a mass of naked human legs, in order, as he said, to clear the court. The consequence was, that at least fifty pairs got covered with numerous small bleeding wounds, all dreadfully painful from the saltpetre contained in the powder. It was fortunate that the sultan was a good man, and was present at the time it occurred, else a

serious row might have been the consequence of this mischievous trick.

We again halted to-day, the 23d, and fired alarm-guns all night to no purpose; so at daybreak three different parties, after receiving particular orders how to scour the country, were sent off at the same time to search for Gaetano. Fortunately the Belooches obeyed my injunctions, and at 10 A.M. returned with the man, who looked for all the world exactly like a dog who, guilty of an indiscretion, is being brought in disgrace before his master to receive a flogging; for he knew I had a spare donkey for the sick, and had constantly warned the men from stopping behind alone in these lawless countries. The other two parties adopting, like true Easterns, a better plan of their own, spent the whole day ranging wildly over the country, fruitlessly exerting themselves, and frustrating any chance of my getting even an afternoon's march. Kanoni very kindly sent messengers all over his territory to assist in the search: he, like Kurua, has taken every opportunity to show me those little pleasing attentions which always render travelling agreeable. These Wamandas are certainly the most noisy set of beings that I ever met with: commencing their *fêtes* in the middle of the village every day at 3 P.M., with screaming, yelling, rushing, jumping, sham-fighting, drumming, and singing in one collective inharmonious noise, they seldom cease till midnight. Their villages, too, are everywhere much better protected by

bomas (palisading) than is usual in Africa, arguing that they are a rougher and more warlike people than the generality. If shoved aside, or pushed with a stick, they show their savage nature by turning fiercely like a fatted pig upon whoever tries to poke it up.

On the 24th the march commenced at 7 A.M., and here we again left the direct road to avoid a third party of belligerent Wamandas, situated in the northern extremity of the Msalala district, on the highway between Unyanyembé and the Lake. On bidding the sultan adieu, he was very urgent in his wishes that I should take a bullock from him. This I told him I should willingly have accepted, only that it would delay my progress; and he, more kindly than the other chief, excused me. Finding that none of our party knew the road, he advanced a short way with us, and generously offered to furnish us with a guide to the Lake and back, saying that he would send one of his own men after us to a place he appointed with my kirangozi. I expressed my gratitude for his thoughtful consideration, and we parted with warm regard for one another. Unfortunately, Bombay, who is not the clearest man in the world in expressing himself, stupidly bungled the sultan's arrangement, and we missed the man. To keep the pagazis going was a matter of no little difficulty: after the fifth mile they persisted in entering every village that they came across, and throwing down their loads,

were bent upon making an easy day's work of it. I, on the contrary, was equally persistent in going on, and neither would allow the Belooches to follow them, nor entered the villages myself, until they, finding their game of no avail, quietly shouldered their loads, and submitted to my orders. This day's journey was twelve miles over a highly cultivated, waving country, at the end of which we took up our abode in a deserted village called Kahania.

We got under way at 7 A.M. on the 25th, and marched seven and a half hours, when we entered a village in the district of Nindo, nineteen miles distant. After passing through a belt of jungle three miles broad, we came upon some villages amidst a large range of cultivation. This passed, we penetrated a large wilderness of thorn and bush jungle, having sundry broad grassy flats lying at right angles to the road. Here I saw a herd of hartebeests, giraffes, and other animals, giving to the scene a truly African character. The tracks of elephants and different large beasts prove that this place is well tenanted in the season. The closeness of the jungle and evenness of the land prevented my taking any direct observations with the compass; but the mean oscillations of its card showed a course with northing again. This being a long stage, I lent my ass to a sick Belooch, and we accomplished the journey, notwithstanding the great distance, in a pleasant and spirited manner. This despatch may in part be attributable to there being so much desert, and

the beloved "grub" and the village lying ahead of us luring the men on.

The following day we broke ground at 7 A.M., and after passing the village cultivation, entered a waterless wilderness of thorn and tree forest, with some long and broad plains of tall grass intersecting the line of march. These flats very much resemble some we crossed when travelling close to and parallel with the Malagarazi river; for by the cracked and flawy nature of the ground, now parched up by a constant drought, it shows that this part gets inundated in the wet season. Indeed, this peculiar grassy flat formation suggests the proximity of a river everywhere in Africa; and I felt sure, as afterwards proved true, that a river was not far from us. The existence of animal life is another warranty of water being near: elephants and buffaloes cannot live a day without it. Fortunately for my mapping, a small conical hill overtopped the trees in advance of our track, at twelve miles from the starting-point. We eventually passed alongside of it, and travelled on six miles farther to a village in the cultivated plain of Salawé, a total distance of eighteen miles. The whole country about here was covered with harvest-workers, who, on seeing my approach, left off work and followed me into the village. As nothing proves better the real feelings and natural propensities of a nation than the impulsive actions of the children, I will give a striking instance, as it occurred to me to-day. On seeing a child approach me,

I offered him a handful of beads, upon which the greedy little urchin snatched them from my hand with all the excited eagerness of a monkey. He clenched tight hold of them in his little fists, and, without the slightest show of any emotions of gratitude, retired, carrying his well-earned prize away with a self-satisfied and perfectly contented air, not even showing the beads to his parents or playmates. I called Bombay's attention to this transaction, and contrasted it with the joyful, grateful manner in which an English child would involuntarily act if suddenly become possessed of so much wealth, by hurrying off to his mamma, and showing what fine things the kind gentleman had given him. Bombay passed on my remark with a twelvemonth's grin upon his face, to his inquiring brother Mabruk, and then explained the matter to his sooty friends around, declaring that such tumma (avaricious) propensities were purely typical of the Seedi's nature. At the usual hour of departure this morning, the kirangozi discovered that the pagazis' feet were sore from the late long marches, and declared that they could not walk. To this the jemadar replied that the best asylum for such complaints was on ahead, where the sahib proposed to kill some goats and rest a day. The kirangozi replied, "But the direct road is blocked up by wars; if a march must be made, I will show another route three marches longer round." "That," answered the jemadar, "is not your business; if any

troubles arise from marauders, we, the Belooches, are the fighting men—leave that to us." At last the kirangozi, getting quite disconcerted, declared that there was no water on the way. "Then," quoth the energetic jemadar, "were your gourds made for nothing? If you don't pack up at once, you and my stick shall make acquaintance." The party was then off in a moment. On the way we met some herdsmen driving their cattle to Unyanyembé, and inquired from them the state of the road. They said that the country beyond a certain distance was safe and quiet, but corroborated the kirangozi's statement as to warriors being in the immediate neighbourhood, who came and visited this place from the west, where is the northern extremity of the Msalala district. Several varieties of antelopes were seen, and the Belooches fired at an ostrich. As in the last place, no milk could be obtained, for the people, fearing the Wamandas, had driven off their cattle to the northward. It is evident, from the general nakedness of the people, that cloth or beads do not find their way much here, which is accounted for by so few merchants ever coming this way. Hardly a neck here is decorated, and they seldom wear anything but the common goatskin covering, hung over the shoulder by a strap or string like a game-bag, which covers only one hip at a time, and might as well be dispensed with as far as decency is concerned; but at night they take it off, and spread it on the ground to protect themselves

from the cold and moisture of the earth. This district is occupied by a tribe called Waumba; to the east of it, thirty miles distant, are the Wanatiya, and thirty miles westward, the Wazinza tribes.

At 6 A.M. on the 27th we crawled through the opening in the palisading which forms the entrances of these villages, and at once perceived a tall, narrow pillar of granite, higher than Pompey's at Alexandria, or Nelson's Monument in Charing Cross, towering above us, and having sundry huge boulders of the same composition standing around its base, much in the same peculiar way as we see at Stonehenge, on Salisbury Plain. This scene strikes one with wonderment at the oddities of nature, and taxes one's faculties to imagine how on earth the stones ever became tilted up in this extraordinary position; but farther on, about five miles distant, we encountered another and even higher pillar, that quite overtopped the trees and everything about it. This and the former one served as good station-marks for the whole journey, the latter being visible at eight miles' distance. After the first eight miles, which terminates the cultivated district of Salawé, the track penetrated a waterless desert of thorn and small tree forest, lying in a broad valley between low hills. As the sick Belooch still occupied my steadier donkey Ted, I was compelled to mount the half-broken Jenny—so playful with her head and heels, that neither the Shaykh nor any other man dared sit upon her. The man's sickness appears

to be one of those eccentric complaints, the after-effects of African fevers: it was attended with severe pain, and swelling extending over the stomach, the right side, the right arm, and the right half of the neck, depriving him of sleep and repose. In every position, whether sitting, lying, standing, rising up, or sitting down, he complained of aching muscles. I purchased a goat and sheep for the men for one dhoti Amerikan.

On the 28th we halted for the restoration of wounded feet, the pagazis' being all blistered by the last four long marches. I now slaughtered and gave the two purchased animals to the men, as no one grumbled at my refusing the last bullock, a recognised present for the whole party, though nominally given to the Sahib. These people, like the Arabs, and all those who have many wives, seem to find little enjoyment in that domestic bliss so interesting and beautiful in our English homes. Except on rare occasions, the husband never dines with his wife and family, always preferring the exclusive society of his own sex: even the boys, disdaining to dine with their mothers, mess with the men; whilst the girls and women, having no other option, eat a separate meal by themselves.

We started at 6 A.M. on the 29th, and marched thirteen miles to a village at the northern extremity of the district. The face of the country is still very irregular, sometimes rising into hills, at other times dropping into dells, but very well cultivated in the

lower portion; whilst the brown granite rocks, with trees and brushwood covering the upper regions, diversify the colouring, and form a pleasing contrast to the scene; added to this, large and frequent herds graze about the fields and amongst the villages, and give animation to the whole. Amongst the trees, palms here take a prominent part. Indeed, for tropical scenery, there are few places that could equal this; and if the traveller, as he moves along, surrounded by the screeching, howling, inquisitive savages, running rudely about, and boisterously jostling him, could only divest himself of the idea that he is a bear baited by a yelping pack of hounds, the journey would be replete with enjoyment. Crossing some hills, the caravan sprang a covey of guinea-fowls, and at some springs in a valley I shot several couple of sand-grouse, darker in plumage than any I ever saw in Africa or India, and not quite so big as the Thibet bird. The chief of the village offered me a bullock, but as the beast did not appear until the time of starting, I declined it. Neither did I give him any cloth, being convinced in my mind that these and other animals have always been brought to me by the smaller chiefs at the instigation of the kirangozi, and probably aided by the rest of the flesh-loving party in general. The jemadar must have been particularly mortified at my way of disposing of the business, for he talked of nothing else but flesh and the animal from the moment it was sent for, his love for butcher-

meat amounting almost to a frenzy. The sandstone in this region is highly impregnated with iron, and smelters do a good business; indeed, the iron for nearly all the tools and cutlery that are used in this division of Eastern Africa is found and manufactured here. It is the Brummagem of the land, and has not only rich but very extensive iron-fields stretching many miles north, east, and west. I brought some specimens away. Cloth is little prized in this especially bead country, and I had to pay the ridiculous sum of one dhoti kiniki for one pot of honey and one pot of ghee (clarified butter).

The caravan started at 6 A.M. on the 30th, and travelled four miles northwards, amidst villages and cultivation. From this point, on facing to the left, I could discern a sheet of water about four miles from me, which ultimately proved to be a creek, and the most southern point of the great N'yanza, which, as I have said before, the Arabs described to us as the Ukerewé sea. We soon afterwards descended into a grassy and jungly depression, and arrived at a deep, dirty, viscid nullah (a watercourse that only runs in wet weather), draining the eastern country into the southern end of the creek. To cross this (which I will name Jordan for future reference) was a matter of no small difficulty, especially for the donkeys, whose fording seemed quite hopeless, until the jemadar, assisted by two other Belooches, with blows and threats made the lazy pagazis work, and dragged them through the

mud by sheer force. This operation lasted so long that, after crossing, we made for the nearest village in the Uvira district, and completed a journey of eight miles. The country to the eastward appeared open and waving, but to the north and far west very hilly. The ground is fertile, and the flocks and herds very abundant. Hippopotami frequent the nullah at night, and reside there during the rainy season; but at this, the dry half of the year, they retreat to the larger waters of the creek. Rhinoceroses are said to pay nightly visits to fields around the villages, and commit sad havoc on the crops. The nullah, running from the south-east, drains the land in that direction; but a river, I hear, rising in the Msalala district, draws off the water from the lays we have recently been crossing, to the westward of our track, where its course lies, and empties it into the creek on the opposite side to where the nullah debouches.

On hearing next day that a shorter track than the Sukuma one usually frequented by the Arabs led to Muanza, the place Shaykh Snay advised my going to, I started by it at 8 A.M.; and after following it westward down the nullah's right bank a few miles, turned up northwards, and continued along the creek to a village eight miles distant, at the further end of the Urima district, where we took up our quarters. The country has a mixed and large population of smiths, agriculturists, and herdsmen, residing in the flats and depressions which lie between the scattered little hills.

During the rainy season, when the lake swells, and the country becomes super-saturated, the inundations are so great that all travelling becomes suspended. The early morning was wasted by the unreasonable pagazis in the following absurd manner. It will be remembered that, on starting from Unyanyembé, these cunning rascals begged for cloth as a necessary protection against the cold. This seemed reasonable enough, if they had not just before that received their hire in cloth; for the nights were so cold that I should have been sorry to be as naked as they were; but their real motive for asking was only to increase their stock for this present occasion, as we now shall see. Two days ago they broke ground with great difficulty, and only on my assuring them that I would wait at the place a day or two on my return from the Lake, as they expressed their desire to make a few halts there, and barter their hire of cloth for jembés (iron hoes), to exchange again at Unyanyembé, where those things fetch double the price they do in these especially iron regions. Now to-day, these dissembling creatures, distrusting my word as they would their own brethren's, stoutly refused to proceed until their business was completed,—suspecting I should break my word on returning, and would not then wait for them. They had come all this way especially for their own benefit, and now meant to profit by their trouble. Fortunately, the jemadar and some other Belooches, who of late had shown great energy and zeal in promoting my

views, pointed out to them that they were really more bound to do my business than their own, as they had engaged to do so, and since they could never have come there at all excepting through my influence and by my cloths; further, if they bought their hoes then, they would have to carry them all the way to the Lake and back. The kirangozi acknowledged the fairness of this harangue, and soon gave way; but it was not until much more arguing, and the adoption of other persuasive means, that the rest were induced to relinquish their determination.

This day's march (1st August), commenced at 6 A.M., differs but little from the last. Following down the creek which, gradually increasing in breadth as it extended northwards, was here of very considerable dimensions, we saw many little islands, well-wooded elevations, standing boldly out of its waters, which, together with the hill-dotted country around, afforded a most agreeable prospect. Would that my eyes had been strong enough to dwell, unshaded, upon such scenery! but my French grey spectacles so excited the crowds of sable gentry who followed the caravan, and they were so boisterously rude, stooping and peering underneath my wide-awake to gain a better sight of my double eyes, as they chose to term them, that it became impossible for me to wear them. I therefore pocketed the instrument, closed my eyes, and allowed the donkey I was riding to be quietly pulled along. The evil effects of granting an indulgence to those

who cannot appreciate it, was more obvious every day. To secure speed and contentment, I had indulged the pagazis by hiring double numbers, and giving each only half a recognised burden; but what has been the return? Yesterday the pagazis stopped at the eighth mile, because they said that so large a jungle was in our front that we could not cross it during daylight. I disbelieved their story, and gave them to understand, on submitting to their request, that I was sure their trick for stopping me would turn to their own disadvantage; for if my surmise proved true, as the morrow would show, I should give them no more indulgence, and especially no more meat. On our arrival to-day there was a great hubhub amongst them, because I ordered the jemadar and kirangozi, with many of their principal men, to sit in state before me; when I gave a cloth to the soldiers to buy a goat with, and, turning to the kirangozi, told him I was sorry I was obliged to keep my word of yesterday, and, their story having proved false, I must depart from the principle I had commenced upon, of feeding both parties alike, and now they might feel assured that I would do nothing further for their comfort until I could see in them some desire to please me. The screw was on the tenderest part: a black man's belly is his god; and they no sooner found themselves deprived of their wonted feast, than they clamorously declared they would be my devoted servants; that they had come

expressly to serve me, and were willing to do anything I wished. The village chief offered me a goat; but as it came at the last moment before starting, I declined it. To-day's track lay for the first half of the way over a jungly depression, where we saw ostriches, flonikans, and the small Saltiana antelopes; but as their shyness did not allow of an open approach, I amused myself by shooting partridges. During the remainder of the way, the caravan threaded between villages and cultivation lying in small valleys, or crossed over low hills, accomplishing a total distance of twelve miles. Here we put up at a village called Ukŭmbi, occupied by the Walaswanda tribe.

We set out at 6 A.M. on the 2d, and travelled thirteen miles by a tortuous route, sometimes close by the creek, at other times winding between small hills, the valleys of which were thickly inhabited by both agricultural and pastoral people. Here some small perennial streams, exuding from springs by the base of these hills, meander through the valleys, and keep all vegetable life in a constant state of verdant freshness. The creek still increases in width as it extends northward, and is studded with numerous small rocky island hills, covered with brushwood, which, standing out from the bosom of the deep-blue waters, reminded me of a voyage I once had in the Grecian Archipelago. The route also being so diversified with hills, afforded fresh objects of attraction at every turn; and

to-day, by good fortune, the usually troublesome people have attended more to their harvest-making, and left me to the enjoyment of the scenery. My trusty Blissett made a flonikan pay the penalty of death for his temerity in attempting a flight across the track. The day's journey lasted thirteen miles, and brought us into a village called Isamiro.

Next day the caravan, after quitting Isamiro, began winding up a long but gradually inclined hill—which, as it bears no native name, I will call Somerset—until it reached its summit, when the vast expanse of the pale-blue waters of the N'yanza burst suddenly upon my gaze. It was early morning. The distant sea-line of the north horizon was defined in the calm atmosphere between the north and west points of the compass; but even this did not afford me any idea of the breadth of the lake, as an archipelago of islands, each consisting of a single hill, rising to a height of 200 or 300 feet above the water, intersected the line of vision to the left; while on the right the western horn of the Ukerewé Island cut off any further view of its distant waters to the eastward of north. A sheet of water—an elbow of the sea, however, at the base of the low range on which I stood—extended far away to the eastward, to where, in the dim distance, a hummock-like elevation of the mainland marked what I understood to be the south and east angle of the lake. The large and important islands of Ukerewé and Mzita, distant about twenty or thirty miles, formed

the visible north shore of this firth. The name of the former of these islands was familiar to us as that by which this long-desired lake was usually known. It is reported by the natives to be of no great extent; and though of no considerable elevation, I could discover several spurs stretching down to the water's edge from its central ridge of hills. The other island, Mzita, is of greater elevation, of a hog-backed shape, but being more distant, its physical features were not so distinctly visible. In consequence of the northern islands of the Bengal Archipelago before mentioned obstructing the view, the western shore of the lake could not be defined: a series of low hill-tops extended in this direction as far as the eye could reach; while below me, at no great distance, was the debouchure of the creek, which enters the lake from the south, and along the banks of which my last three days' journey had led me. This view was one which, even in a well-known and explored country, would have arrested the traveller by its peaceful beauty. The islands, each swelling in a gentle slope to a rounded summit, clothed with wood between the rugged, angular, closely cropping rocks of granite, seemed mirrored in the calm surface of the lake, on which I here and there detected a small black speck, the tiny canoe of some Muanza fisherman. On the gently shelving plain below me, blue smoke curled above the trees, which here and there partially concealed villages and hamlets, their brown thatched

roofs contrasting with the emerald green of the beautiful milk-bush, the coral branches of which cluster in such profusion round the cottages, and form alleys and hedgerows about the villages as ornamental as any garden shrub in England. But the pleasure of the mere view vanished in the presence of those more intense and exciting emotions which are called up by the consideration of the commercial and geographical importance of the prospect before me. I no longer felt any doubt that the lake at my feet gave birth to that interesting river, the source of which has been the subject of so much speculation, and the object of so many explorers. The Arabs' tale was proved to the letter. This is a far more extensive lake than the Tanganyika; "so broad you could not see across it, and so long that nobody knew its length." [1] I had now the pleasure of perceiving that a map I had constructed on Arab testimony, and sent home to the Royal Geographical Society before leaving Unyanyembé, was so substantially correct that in its general outlines I had nothing whatever to alter. Further, as I drew that map after proving their first statements about the Tanganyika, which were made before my going there, I have every reason to feel confident of their veracity relative to their travels north through Karagwah, and to Kibuga in Uganda. When Shaykh Snay told us of the Ukerewé, as he called the N'yanza,

[1] This magnificent sheet of water I have ventured to name VICTORIA, after our gracious Sovereign.—J. H. S.

on our first arrival at Kazé, proceeding westward from Zanzibar, he said, "If you have come only to see a large bit of water, you had better go northwards and see the Ukerewé; for it is much greater in every respect than the Tanganyika;" and so, as far as I can ascertain, it is. Muanza, our journey's end, now lay at our feet. It is an open, well-cultivated plain on the southern end, and lies almost flush with the lake —a happy, secluded-looking corner, containing every natural facility to make life pleasant. After descending the hill, we followed along the borders of the lake, and at first entered the settlement, when the absence of boats arousing my suspicions, made me inquire where the Arabs, on coming to Muanza, and wishing to visit Ukerewé, usually resided. This, I heard, was some way further on; so with great difficulty I persuaded the porters to come away and proceed at once to where they said an Arab was actually living. It was a singular coincidence that, after Shaykh Snay's caution as to my avoiding Sultan Mahaya's village, by inquiring diligently about him yesterday, and finding no one who knew his name, the first person I should have encountered was himself, and that, too, in his own village. The reason of this was, that big men in this country, to keep up their dignity, have several names, and thus mystify the traveller. I then proceeded along the shore of the lake in an easterly direction, and on the way shot a number of red Egyptian geese, which were very

numerous; they are the same sort here as I once saw in the Somali country. Another goose, which unfortunately I could not kill, is very different from any I ever saw or heard of: it stands as high as the Canadian bird, or higher, and is black all over, saving one little white patch beneath the lower mandible. It was fortunate that I came on here, for the Arab in question, called Mansur bin Salim, treated me very kindly, and he had retainers belonging to the country who knew as much about the lake as anybody, and were of very great assistance. I also found a good station for making observations on the lake. It was Mansur who first informed me of my mistake of the morning, but said that the evil reports spread at Unyanyembé about Mahaya had no foundation; on the contrary, he had found him a very excellent and obliging person.

To-day we marched eight miles, and have concluded our journey northwards, a total distance of 226 miles from Kazé, which, occupying twenty-five days, is at the rate of nine miles per diem, halts inclusive.

Early in the morning of the 4th I took a walk of three miles easterly along the shore of the lake, and ascending a small hill (which, to distinguish it, I have called Observatory Hill), took compass-bearings of all the principal features of the lake. Mansur and a native, the greatest traveller of the place, kindly accompanied and gave me every obtainable information. This man had traversed the island, as he called it, of Ukerewé

from north to south. But by his rough mode of describing it, I am rather inclined to think that instead of its being an actual island, it is a connected tongue of land, stretching southwards from a promontory lying at right angles to the eastern shore of the lake, which, being a wash, affords a passage to the mainland during the fine season, but during the wet becomes submerged, and thus makes Ukerewé temporarily an island. If this conjecture be true, Mzita must be similarly circumstanced. Cattle, he says, can cross over from the mainland at all seasons of the year, by swimming from one elevation of the promontory to another; but the Warudi, who live upon the eastern shore of the lake, and bring their ivory for sale to Ukerewé, usually employ boats for the transit. A sultan called Machunda lives at the southern extremity of the Ukerewé, and has dealings in ivory with all the Arabs who go there. One Arab at this time was stopping there, and had sent his men coasting along this said promontory to deal with the natives on the mainland, as he could not obtain enough ivory on the island itself. Considering how near the eastern shore of the lake is to Zanzibar, it appears surprising that it can pay men to carry ivory all the way round by Unyanyembé. But the Masai, and especially those tribes who live near to the lake, are so hostile to travellers, that the risk of going there is considered too great to be profitable, though all Arabs concur in stating that a surprising

quantity of ivory is to be obtained there at a very cheap rate. The little hill alluded to as marking the south-east angle of the lake, I again saw; but so indistinctly, though the atmosphere was very clear, that I imagined it to be at least forty miles distant. It is due east of my station on Observatory Hill. I further draw my conclusions from the fact, that all the hills in the country are much about the same height—two or three hundred feet above the basial surface of the land; and I could only see the top of the hill like a hazy brown spot, contrasted in relief against the clear blue sky. Indeed, had my attention not been drawn to it, I probably should have overlooked it, and have thought there was only a sea horizon before me. On facing to the W.N.W., I could only see a sea horizon; and on inquiring how far back the land lay, was assured that, beyond the island of Ukerewé, there was an equal expanse of it east and west, and that it would be more than double the distance of the little hill before alluded to, or from eighty to one hundred miles in breadth. On my inquiring about the lake's length, the man faced to the north, and began nodding his head to it; at the same time he kept throwing forward his right hand, and, making repeated snaps of his fingers, endeavoured to indicate something immeasurable; and added, that nobody knew, but he thought it probably extended to the end of the world. To the east of the Observatory, a six hours' journey,

probably fourteen or fifteen miles, the village of Sukuma is situated, and there canoes are obtainable for crossing to Ukerewé, which island being six hours' paddling, and lying due north of it, must give the firth a breadth of about fifteen miles. Whilst walking back to camp, I shot two red geese and a florikan, like those I once shot in the Somali country. This must have been a dainty dish for my half-starved Arab companion, who had lost all his property on first arriving here, and was now living on Mahaya's generosity. It appears that nine months ago he was enabled, by the assistance of Mahaya, to hire some boats and men at Sukuma, and had sent his property, consisting of fifteen loads of cloth and 250 jembis or hoes, by them to Ukerewé, to exchange for ivory. But by the advice of Mahaya, and fearing to trust himself as a stranger amongst the islanders, he did not accompany his merchandise. Sultan Machunda, a man of the highest character by Unyanyembé report, on seeing such a prize enter his port, gave orders for its seizure, and will now give no redress to the unfortunate Mansur. All Mahaya's exertions to recover it have proved abortive: and Mansur has therefore been desirous of taking his revenge by making an attack in person on Ukerewé, but the "generous" Mahaya said, "No, your life is yet safe, do not risk it; but let my men do what they can, and in the meanwhile, as I have been a party to your losses, I will feed you and your people;

and if I do not succeed in the end, you shall be my guest until I can amass sufficient property to reimburse your losses." Mansur has all this time been living, like the slaves of the country, on jowari porridge, which is made by grinding the seed into flour and boiling it in water until it forms a good thick paste, when master and man sit round the earthen pot it is boiled in, pick out lumps, and suck it off their fingers. It was a delicious sight yesterday, on coming through Muanza, to see the great deference paid to Sich Belooch, Shadad, mistaken for the great Arab merchant (or Mundewa), my humble self, in consequence of his riding the donkey, and to perceive the stoical manner in which he treated their attentions; but, more fortunate than I usually have been, he escaped the rude peeping and peering of the crowd, for he did not, like his employer, wear "double eyes." During the last five or six marches, the word Marabŭ, for Arab, instead of Mzungŭ, European, has usually been applied to me; and no one, I am sure, would have discovered the difference, were it not that the tiresome pagazis, to increase their own dignity and importance generally, gave the clue by singing the song of "the White Man." The Arabs at Unyanyembé had advised my donning their habit for the trip, in order to attract less attention: a vain precaution, which I believe they suggested more to gratify their own vanity in seeing an Englishman lower himself

to their position, than for any benefit that I might receive by doing so. At any rate, I was more comfortable and better off in my flannel shirt, long togs, and wide-awake, than I should have been, both mentally and physically, had I degraded myself, and adopted their hot, long, and particularly uncomfortable gown.

Sultan Mahaya sent a messenger to say that he was hurt at the cavalier manner in which I treated him yesterday, and, to show his wounded feelings, gave an order to his subjects that no man should supply me with provisions, or render me any assistance during my sojourn at Muanza. Luckily my larder was well supplied with game, or I should have had to go supperless to bed, for no inducement would prevail on the people to sell anything to me after the mandate had been proclaimed. This morning, however, we settled the difference in the most amicable manner, thus: previously to my departure for Observatory Hill, I sent the jemadar, the kirangozi, and a large deputation of the Belooches and pagazis, to explain away the reason of my having left his house so rudely, and to tender apologies, which were accompanied, as an earnest of goodwill, with a large kahongo, consisting of one barsati, one dhoti Amerikan, and one gora kiniki, as also an intimation that I would pay him a visit the next day. This pleased him excessively; it was considered a visit of itself; and he returned the usual bullock, with a notification

that I must remain where I was, to enable him to return the compliment I had paid him, for he intended walking out to see me on the morrow.

As my time was getting short, I forestalled Mahaya in his intentions, and on the 5th changed ground to the Sultanat, a rural-looking little place, perched on a small rocky promontory, shrouded by green trees, facing the N.W. side of the lake. Mahaya received me with great courtesy, arranged a hut comfortably, and presented a number of eggs and fresh milk, as he had heard that I was partial to such fare. He is a man of more than ordinary stature, a giant in miniature, with massive and muscular but well-proportioned limbs; he must number fifty years or more. His dress was the ordinary barsati; his arms were set off by heavy brass and copper ornaments encircling the wrists, and by numberless sambo, or thin circles made from the twisted fibres of an aloetic plant, on each of which a single infi, or white porcelain bead resembling a little piece of tobacco-pipe, was strung; these ranged in massive rows down the whole of his upper arm. Just above his elbow-joints sat a pair of large ivory rings. On his forehead two small goat or deer horns were fastened by thin talismanic ornaments of thong for keeping off the evil eye; and, finally, his neck was adorned with two strings of very coarse blue beads. Mahaya has the fame of being the best and most just sultan in these quarters, and his benign square countenance, lit up with a pleasing

expression when in conversation, confirms this opinion, though a casual observer passing by that dark, broad, massive face, still more darkened by a matting of short, close, and tightly-curled-up ringlets, would be apt to carry away a contrary impression. Before leaving Kazé, I notified my intention of visiting Ukerewé, supposing I could do so in three or four days, and explained to my men my wishes on this point. Hearing this, they told both Mahaya and Mansur, in direct terms, that I was going, and so needlessly set them to work finessing to show how much they were in earnest in their consideration of me. However, they have both been very warm in dissuading me from visiting Ukerewé, apparently quite in a parental way, for each seems to think himself in a measure my guardian. Mahaya thinks it his duty to caution those who visit him from running into danger, which a journey to Ukerewé, he considers, would be. Mansur, on the other hand, says, as I have come from his Sultan Majid, he also is bound to render me any assistance in his power; but strongly advises my giving up the notion of going across the water. I could get boats from Usukuma, he said, but there would be great delay in the business, as I should have first to send over and ask permission from Machunda to land, and then the collecting men and boats would occupy a long time. As regards the collection of boats taking a long time, these arguments are very fair, as I know from experi-

ence; but the only danger would consist in the circumstance of the two sultans being at enmity with each other, as in this land anyone coming direct from an enemy's country is suspected and treated as an enemy. This difficulty I should have avoided by going straight to Sukuma (where the boats, I am inclined to think, usually do start from, though all concur in stating that this is their point of departure), and there obtaining boats direct. However, I told them that I should have gone if I had found boats ready at once to take me across; but now I saw the probability of so much delay, that I could not afford to waste time in trying to obtain boats, which, had I succeeded in getting, I should have employed my time not in going to Ukerewé, but to the more elevated and friendly island of Mzita, this being a more suitable observatory than the former. These negroes' manœuvres are quite incomprehensible. If Mahaya had desired to fleece me—and one can hardly give a despotic nigger credit for anything short of that—he surely would have tried to detain me under false hopes, and have thus necessitated my spending cloths in his village; while, on the contrary, he lost all chance of gaining anything by giving advice, which induced me to leave him at once, never to return again to see him.

At my request, Mahaya assembled all his principal men, and we went into a discussion about the lake, but not a soul knew anything about its northern extremity, although people had sometimes travelled in

canoes, coasting along its shores by the Karagwah district to as far, I believe, as the Line. His wife, a pretty, crummy little creature of the Wanyoro tribe, came farther from the north than anybody present, and gave me the names of many districts in the Uganda country, which, she says, lies along the sea-shore. She had never heard of there being any end to the Lake, and supposed, if any way of going round it did exist, she would certainly have known it. It is remarkable that the Arabs should not be better acquainted with the ground that lies to the eastward of Kibuga, which evidently shows us that there must be some insurmountable difficulties between that place and Kikuyu, whither the Arabs go trading *viâ* Mombas from Zanzibar; for if a passage were open by which they could get to Kikuyu, exactly one-third of the distance which they now travel *viâ* Unyamŭézi to Zanzibar would be saved. This suggests a probability that the Lake expands considerably as it continues north to the northward of the Line, and is so broad that canoes cannot cross it there, as they can to the southward of the equator. It is well known that there is no communication between the east and west shores of the lake, excepting by a few occasional canoe-parties coasting along the southern end, because the waters are so very broad they dare not venture. That there can be no high mountain-range intersecting the N'yanza from the watercourses which we hear of north of the equator, as some people have supposed, is evident from

the numerous accounts given of the kingdom of Uganda being so flat and marshy from the equator to 2° or 3° north latitude; whilst I must have seen any, did they exist, on the south side of the equator, being only 150 miles from it when standing on its southern shore. Now, judging from all the information given us by the several Egyptian expeditions and missionaries sent up the Nile, who came across hills of no great elevation in 4½° north latitude and 31° or 32° east longitude, which are intersected by the Nile in the same way that the east-coast range is intersected by the interior plateau rivers, as we saw on our passage inwards from Zanzibar; and further, by the Arabs telling us that all the country on the same meridian, from the Line up to the second parallel north latitude, is flat and full of watercourses; and then again, by knowing the respective heights of the N'yanza on the one side being nearly 4000 feet, and the Nile's bed in latitude 4° N., or beyond the small hills alluded to, being under 2000 feet,—it would indeed be a marvel if this lake is not the fountain of the Nile. The reason why those expeditions sent up the Nile have failed in discovering the N'yanza, is clearly attributable to the important rapids which must exist in consequence of this great variation of altitude between the north end of the N'yanza (which, let us suppose, is on the equator), and the position, in 4° 44′ north latitude, at which the expeditions and missions arrived, their further progress being stopped by these rapids.

Indeed, by all accounts of the country lying between the N'yanza, as seen by the Arabs in Uganda and let us say Gondokoro, a mission-station on the Nile, in north latitude 4° 44′, which was occupied by two Austrian missionaries, Knoblecher and Dooyak, we find it is analogous in every respect to what we observed between the low Mrima or maritime plain in front of Zanzibar, and the high interior plateau, divided from one another by the east-coast range, which is of granitic formation, the same in its nature exactly as those which they describe, and intersected by rivers so rapid and boisterous that no canoes can live upon them; as, for instance, we found the Kinyani and Lufiji rivers were when passing over the east-coast range. There the land dropped from 2000 or more feet to less than 300 in the short distance of ninety miles.

I will now proceed to give, first, the missionary account in 4° 44′ N., and then the Arab one in 2° N.—a debatable bit of ground, extending over 2° 44′, or 160 English miles. Talking of the missionaries, "these two men," says Dr Petermann, "kept an annual hygrometrical and meteorological register with great precision and scientific regularity. They had various instruments with them; they fixed their station, Gondokoro, at 4° 44′ north latitude by astronomical observations, and determined the altitude of the Nile's bed to be only 1605 feet above the sea, by numerous good barometrical observations. . . . Gon-

dokoro is surrounded on three sides by small granitic hills, ranging from 2000 to 4000 feet, which are intersected by the Nile coming from the south, as the king of the Bari country says, from 200 to 300 miles;" which is equivalent to saying from the N'yanza, as it lies exactly on the place he directs us to. "The mean annual temperature there is 83°.1 Fahr. The wettest months in the year are February, March, April, May, and August. Thunder accompanies nearly all the storms, and earthquakes are prevalent. The Nile begins to rise at Gondokoro in May, and keeps increasing till September. The country from Gondokoro southwards entirely changes from the swampy nature which exists northwards of it, and the people there begin to talk a different language to those in the north, and are very fond of eating mice. The winds prevail from the east, rarely coming from the west."

As the Arabs do not keep thermometers, scientific instruments, or properly distributed months and seasons, I must say for them that from 2° to 6° south latitude we found the mean temperature in the hottest month, August, to be only 80°; that Uganda must be quite 4000 feet, to be higher than the lake which it borders; that the height of the rainy season is during the months of February, March, April, and May; and that the rivers, as we see by the Malagarazi, increase more after than before that date. Though it appears that the precession of the rain tends from the

southward to the northward, the same influence that swells the Malagarazi would also affect the Uganda rivers, as they rise merely on opposite sides of the axis of the same mountains. The Arabs say, as we also have found it, "that thunder accompanies nearly all the storms, and the lightning there is excessive, and so destructive that the King of Uganda expresses the greatest dread of it—indeed his palace alone has been often destroyed by lightning. The Kitangura and Katonga rivers are affected by the rainy season in the same proportion as the Malagarazi, and flow north-easterly towards the lake. There the Kivira river in north latitude 3°, of which they bring information, flows somewhere to the northward, and is not a slow sluggish stream like the other two, but is rapid and boisterous, showing that the country drops to the northward." Now here, in 3° north latitude, where this river is said to flow, I think will be found the southern baseline of those small hills, from 2000 to 4000 feet high, lying to the south of Gondokoro, as the missionaries describe them; though these hills, to any one looking at them from the northern side, where the land is low, might appear a barrier to the waters of the lake lying beyond them. This idea would not occur to any one standing on the southern side, where the land is nearly if not quite as high as these hills themselves. Indeed, from the levels given, the two countries about Kibuga and Gondokoro may be described as two landings, with the fall between them representing a stair-

case formed by the hills in question. The country in latitudes 2° and 5° is therefore terraced like a hanging garden.

The N'yanza, as we now see, is a large expansive sheet of water, flush with the basial surface of the country, and lies between the Mountains of the Moon (on its western side), having, according to Dr Krapff, snowy Kænia on its eastern flank. Krapff tells us of a large river flowing down from the western side of this snowy peak, and trending away to the north-west in a direction leading right into my lake. Now, returning again to the western side, we find that the N'yanza is plentifully supplied by those streams coming from the Lunæ Montes, of which the Arabs, one and all, give such consistent and concise accounts; and the flowings of which, being north-easterly, must, in course of time and distance, commingle with those north-westerly off-flowings, before mentioned, of Mons Kænia. My impression is, after hearing everybody's story on the matter, that these streams enter at opposite sides of the lake, on the northern side of the equator, and are consequently very considerable feeders to it. To help at once in the argument that the N'yanza exists as a large sheet of water to the north of the equator, I will anticipate a story in my diary, by adverting to it before its order of succession. On the return to Unyanyembé, a native of Msalala told me that he had once travelled up the western shore of the N'yanza to the district of Kitara, where, he

says, it is a corroboration of the Arabs' stories that coffee grows, and which place, by fair computation of the distances given as their travelling rates, I believe to be in about 1° north lat. To the east of this land, at no great distance from the shore, he described the island of Kitiri as occupied by a tribe called Watiri, who also grow coffee; and there the sea was of such great extent, and when winds blew was so boisterous, that the canoes, although as large as the Tanganyika ones (which he had also seen), did not trust themselves upon it.

Now supposing, for instance, that there is no overflow of water at the north end of the N'yanza, still, from its altitude being so great in comparison with the Nile at Goudokoro, it must be a considerable contributor to that river's volume, if only by the ordinary process of percolation. If further proof is required about the extent of the N'yanza, *all* the Arabs say that, on passing through the Karagwah district, in latitude 1° south, they can see from the summit of a high mountain its expansive and boundless waters extending away to the eastward as far as the eye can reach. The lake has the credit of being very deep, which I cannot believe. It certainly bears the appearance of the temporary deposit of a vast flood overspreading a large flat surface, rather than the usual characteristics of a lake or inland sea, lying in deep hollows, or shut in, like the Tanganyika, by mountains. The islands about it are low hill-tops,

standing out like paps on the soft placid bosom of the waters, and are precisely similar to those amongst which I have been travelling; indeed, any part of the country inundated to the same extent would wear the same aspect. Its water appears, perhaps owing to the disturbing influence of the wind, of a dirty-white colour; but it is very good and sweet, though not so pleasant to my taste as the very clear Tanganyika water. The natives, however, who have wonderfully keen palates for detecting the relative distinctions in such matters, differ from me, and affirm that all the inhabitants prefer it to any other, and consequently never dig wells on the margin of the lake; whereas the Tanganyika water is invariably shunned, nobody ever drinking it unless from necessity; not so much because they consider it to be unwholesome, as because it does not quench or satisfy the thirst so well as spring-water. Whether this peculiarity in the qualities of the waters is to be attributed to the N'yanza lying on a foundation chiefly composed of iron, or whether the one lake is drained by a river, whilst the other is stagnant, I must leave for other and superior talents to decide. Fish and crocodiles are said to be very abundant in the lake; but with all my endeavours to obtain some specimens, I have succeeded in seeing only two sorts—one similar to those taken at Ujiji, of a perch-like form, and another, very small, resembling our common minnow, but not found in the Ujiji market. The quantity of mosquitoes on

the borders of the lake is perfectly marvellous; the grass, bushes, and everything growing there, are literally covered with them. As I walked along its shores, disturbing the vegetation, they rose in clouds, and kept tapping, in dozens at a time, against my hands and face, in the most disagreeable manner. Unlike the Indian mosquito, they are of a light dun-brown colour. The Muanza dogs are the largest that I have yet seen in Africa, and still are not more than twenty inches high; but Mahaya says the Ukerewé dog is a fine animal, and quite different from any on the mainland. There are but very few canoes about here, and those are of miserable construction, and only fitted for the purpose they turn them to—catching fish close to the shore. The paddle the fishermen use is a sort of mongrel breed between a spade and a shovel. The fact of there being no boats of any size here, must be attributed to the want of material for constructing them. On the route from Kazé there are no trees of any girth, save the calabash, whose wood is too soft for the purpose of boat-building. I hear that the island of Ukerewé has two sultans besides Machunda, and that it is very fertile and populous. Mahaya says, "All the tribes, from the Wasukumas (or Northern Wanyamŭézis, Sukuma meaning the north), along the south and east of the lake, are so savage and inhospitable to travellers, that it would be impossible to go amongst them unless accompanied by a large and expensive escort.

As no further information about the lake could be gained, I bade Mahaya and the Shaykh adieu on the 6th, leaving as a token of recollection one shukka Amerikan for the former, one dhoti kiniki for his wife, and a fundo of beads for the poor Arab, and retraced my steps by a double march back to Ukŭmbi. Whilst passing alongside the archipelago, I shot two geese and a crested crane. What a pity it seemed I could not pluck the fruit almost within my grasp! Had I had but a little more time, and a few loads of beads, I could with ease have crossed the Line, and settled every question which we had come all this distance to ascertain. Indeed, to perform that work, nobody could have started under more advantageous circumstances than were then within my power, all hands being in first-rate condition and health, and all in the right temper for it. But now a new and expensive expedition must be formed, for the capabilities of the country on the eastern flank of the Mountains of the Moon, and along the western shores of the N'yanza, are so notoriously great that it is worthy of serious attention. My reluctance to return may be easier imagined than described. I felt as much tantalised as the unhappy Tantalus must have been when unsuccessful in his bobbings for cherries in the cherry-orchard, and as much grieved as any mother would be at losing her first-born, and resolved and planned forthwith to do everything that lay in my power to visit the lake again.

On the 7th we made a march of fourteen miles, passing our second station in Urima by two miles, partly to avoid the chief of that village, a testy, rude, and disagreeable man, who, on the last occasion, inhospitably tried to turn us out of a hut in his village, because we would not submit to his impudent demand of a cloth for the accommodation—a proceeding quite at variance with anything we had met in our former receptions, and we resisted the imposition with pertinacity equal to his own. Besides this, by coming on the little extra distance, we arrived at the best and cheapest place for purchasing cows and jembés.

Next day we halted. I purchased two jembés for one shukka Amerikan, but could not come to any terms with these grasping savages about their cows, although their country teems with them, and they are sold at wonderfully cheap prices to ordinary traders. They would not sell to me unless I gave double value for them. The Fauna of this country is most disappointing. Nearly all the animals that exist here are also to be found in the south of Africa, where they range in far greater numbers. But then we must remember that a caravan route usually takes the more fertile and populous tracks, and that many animals might be found in the recesses of the forests not far off, although there are so few on the line. The elephants are finer here than in any part of the world, and have been known, I hear, to carry tusks exceeding 500 lb. the pair in weight. The principal wild animals be-

sides these are the lion, leopard, hyæna, fox, pig, Cape buffalo, gnu, kudu, hartebeest, pallah, steinboc, and the little madoka, or Sultana gazella. The giraffe, zebra, quagga, rhinoceros, and hippopotamus are all common. The game-birds are the bustard, florikan, guinea-fowl, partridge, quail, snipe, various geese and ducks, and a very dark-coloured rock-pigeon or sand-grouse. The birds in general have very tame plumage, and are much more scarce, generally speaking, than one finds in most other countries.

The traveller on entering these agricultural districts meets with a treatment quite opposite to what he does from the pastoral tribes—such, for instance, as the Somal, Gallas, Masai, &c. &c. Here they at once hail his advent as a matter of good omen, or the precursor of good fortune, and allow him to do and see whatever he likes. They desire his settling amongst them, appreciate the benefits of commerce and civilisation, and are not suspicious, like the plundering pastorals, of every one coming with evil intentions towards them. The Somal, about as bad a lot as any amongst the rovers, will not admit a stranger into their country, unless accompanied by one of their tribe, who becomes answerable for the traveller's actions, and even with this passport he is watched with the eyes of Argus. Every strange act committed by him, no matter how simple, absurd, or trifling, is at once debated about in council, and always ends to Viator's disadvantage. They add to everything they see or

hear, by conjuring up the most ridiculous phantoms; and the more ridiculous they are, the more firmly do they at last believe in them themselves. The worse their grounds are, the more jealously do they guard against anybody's seeing them; and woe betide any one who should frequent any particular spot too often: he is at once set down as designing a plot against it, to fortify the place and take it from them; this idea is their greatest bugbear. Among that tribe blood shed by any means—by the stealthy knife or in fair fight—is deemed meritorious and an act of heroism. No one is ever sure of his life unless he has force to carry him through, or can rely on the chief of the clan as his pillar of safety. This latter plan is probably the safer one, for, as the old adage goes, "there is honesty amongst thieves"; so with these savages it is a matter of importance to their honour and dignity, according to their quaint notions of rectitude, to protect their trust to their utmost; whereas, on the contrary, were that trust not reposed in them, they would feel justified in taking any liberties, or act in opposition to any of those general laws which guide the conduct of civilised men.

I would not, however, desire the African agricultural people to be considered models of perfection. Individually, or in small bodies, the mass of them are very far from being so, for they would commit any excesses without the slightest feelings of compunction. The fear of retribution alone keeps their

hands from blood and plunder. The chiefs and principal men, if they have no higher motives, keep their different tribes in order, and do not molest travellers without good cause, or from provocation, as they know that protecting the traveller is the only way in which they can keep up that connection with the commerce of the coast which they all so much covet. It may be worthy of remark that I have always found the lighter-coloured savages more boisterous and warlike than those of a dingier hue. The ruddy black, fleshy-looking Wazaramos and Wagogos are much lighter in colour than any of the other tribes, and certainly have a far superior, more manly and warlike independent spirit and bearing than any of the others.

We started early on the 9th, and crossed the Jordan by a ferry at a place lower down than on the first occasion. After leaving the low land, we rose up to the higher ground where we had first gained a sight of the N'yanza's waters, and now took our final view. To myself the parting with it was a matter of great regret; but I believe I was the sole sufferer from disappointment in being obliged to go south, when all my thoughts or cares were in the north. But this feeling was much alleviated by seeing the happy, contented, family state to which the whole caravan had at length arrived. Going home has the same attraction with these black people that it has with schoolboys. The Belooches have long since behaved to admiration, and now even the lazy pagazis, since com-

pleting their traffic, have lighter hearts, and begin to feel a freshness dawn upon them. We soon entered our old village in Nera, having completed fourteen miles. Here the chief, who had travelled up the western shore of the N'yanza, assured me that canoes like the Tanganyika ones were used by the natives, and were made from large trees which grew on the mountain-slopes overlooking the lake. The disagreeable-mannered Wasukumas (or north men) are now left behind; their mode of articulation is most painful to the civilised ear. Each word uttered seems to begin with a T'hu or T'ha, producing a sound like that of spitting sharply at an offensive object. Any stranger with his back turned would fancy himself insulted by the speaker. The country throughout is well stocked with cattle, and bullocks are cheap—two dhotis, equal to four dollars, being the price of a moderate-sized animal; but milch cows are dear in consequence of the great demand for sour curd. Sheep and goats sell according to their skins: a large one is preferred to a shukka, equal to one dollar; but a dhoti, the proper price of three small goats, is scarcely the value of the largest. The bane of this people is their covetousness. They do not object to sell cheaply to a poor man, yet they hang back at the sight of much cloth, and price their stock, not at its value, but at what they want, or think they may get, obstinately abiding by their decision to the last. Cattle are driven from this to Unyanyembé, and consequently must be

cheaper here than in those more southern parts, still I could not purchase them so well: indeed, a traveller can never expect to buy at a reasonable rate in a land where every man is a sultan, and his hut a castle; where no laws regulate the market, and every proprietor is grasping. Bombay suggests that to buy cattle cheap from the Washenzi (savages), you should give them plenty of time to consider the advantages and disadvantages of the transaction, for their minds are not capable of arriving at a rapid conclusion; but friend Bombay forgets that, whilst waiting to beat them down a cloth or two, four or five are consumed by the caravan in that waiting. The women, especially the younger ones, are miserably clad here: a fringe, like the thong kilt of the Nubian maidens, made of aloe fibres, with a single white bead at the end of each string, is the general wear: it is suspended by a strap tied round the waist. Hanging over the belly, it covers about a foot of *ground* in breadth, but not more than seven or eight inches in depth. The fibrous strings, white by nature, soon turn black and look like india-rubber, the effect of butter first rubbed in, and then constant friction on the grimy person. The dangling, waving motion of this strange appendage, as the wearer moves along, reminded me of the common fly-puzzler sometimes attached to horses' head-stalls. Amongst a crowd of fifty or sixty people, not more than two or three have a cloth of native make, and rarely one of foreign manufacture is to be seen. Some

women have stood before me in the very primitive costume of a bunch of leafy twigs.

But far worse clad than these are the Wataturu, a tribe living to the eastward, and the Watuta, living to the westward of this place, to whose absolute nakedness I will draw your attention, because a ridiculous opinion prevails that man, by natural impulse, as was the case with our original progenitors Adam and Eve, entertains an innate sense of shame from the exposure of his person.

Of the first mentioned, the Wataturu, a people living a little to the northward of Turu, I have only seen a few males, and they were stark naked, and adhered to the ancient Jewish rite, which is the more remarkable, as they are the only natives that I am aware of who indulge in this practice, and none are Mussulmans. The Wataturus despise any one who is weak enough to cover his person, considering that he does so only to conceal his natural imperfections. Their women are currently reported to be as naked as the men, but I did not see any of them, and cannot vouch for it.

Of the Watuta tribe, the second mentioned, who live a little to the westward of Msené, these savages are said to be all but naked also, only wearing a cylinder, or a piece of hollow bamboo. This is a second living example, though I have no doubt there are many more in Africa, antagonistic to the received opinion, which holds that man is possessed of an in-

herent sense of modesty, and that, from some normal, yet incomprehensible, action on his mind, he is induced to cover up certain portions of his body.

On coming here I had the misfortune to make my donkey over to Bombay, to save his foot, which had been galled by too constant walking; for though unable to ride, he was too proud to say nay, and was therefore placed upon it, whilst carrying the gun devoted to his charge, Captain Burton's smooth elephant. Now Bombay rode much after the fashion of a sailor, trusting more to balance and good-luck than skill in sticking on; and the consequence was, that with the first side-step the donkey made he came to the ground an awkward cropper, falling heavily on the small of the stock of the gun, which snapped short off, and was irredeemably damaged. At first I rated him heartily, for this was the second of Captain Burton's guns which had been damaged in my hands. I then told Bombay of the circumstances which led to the accident to the first gun. It was done whilst hippopotamus-shooting on the coast rivers opposite to Zanzibar; and as Bombay had a little experience in that way to relate, we had long yarns about such sport, which served to improve our Hindoostani (the language I always conversed with him in), as well as to divert our useless yet unavoidable feelings of regret at the accident, and also killed time.

One day, when on the Tanga river, near its mouth, I was busily engaged teasing hippopotami, with one

man, a polesman, in a very small canoe, just capable of carrying what it had on board, myself in the bows, with my 4-bore Blissett in hand, while Captain Burton's monster elephant-gun, a double-barrelled 6-bore, weighing, I believe, 20 lb., was lying at the stern in the poler's charge.

The river was a tidal one, of no great breadth, and the margin was covered by a thick growth of the mangrove shrub, on the boughs of which the sharp-edged shells of the tree-oyster stuck in strings and clusters in great numbers. The best time to catch the hippopotamus is when the tide is out and the banks are bared, for then you find him wallowing in the mud or basking on the sand (when there is any), like jungle hog, and with a well-directed shot on the ear, or anywhere about the brain-pan, you have a good chance of securing him. I especially mention this, as it is quite labour in vain, in places where the water is deep, to fire at these animals, unless you can kill them outright, as they dive under like a water-rat, and are never seen more if they are only wounded. I, like most raw hands at this particular kind of sport, began in a very different way from what, I think, a more experienced hunter would have done, by chasing them in the water, and firing at their heads whenever they appeared above it; and even fired slugs about their eyes and ears, in hopes that I might irritate them sufficiently to make them charge the canoe. This teasing dodge proved pretty successful, for when

the tide had run clean out, only pools and reaches, connecting by shallow runnels the volume of the natural stream, remained for the hippopotami to sport about in; and my manœuvring in these confined places became so irritating, that a large female came rapidly under water to the stern of the canoe, and gave it such a sudden and violent cant with her head or withers, that that end of the vessel shot up in the air, and sent me sprawling on my back, with my legs forced up by the seat—a bar of wood—at right angles to my body; whilst the poler and the big double gun were driven like a pair of shuttlecocks, flying right and left of the canoe high up into the air. The gun on one side fell plump into the middle of the stream, and the man on the other dropped, *post* first, on to the hippopotamus's back, but rapidly scrambled back into the canoe. The hippopotamus then, as is these animals' wont, renewed the attack, but I was ready to receive her, and as she came rolling porpoise-fashion close by the side of the canoe, I fired a quarter of a pound of lead, backed by four drams of powder, into the middle of her back, the muzzle of the rifle almost touching it. She then sank, and I never saw her more; but the gun (after lying on the sandy bottom the whole of that night), I managed, by the aid of several divers, to find on the following day.

Bombay says that on one occasion, when coming down the Pangani river in a canoe with several other men, an irritated hippopotamus charged and upset it,

upon which he and all his friends dived under water and then swam to the shore, leaving the hippopotamus to vent his rage on the shell of the canoe, which he most spitefully stuck to. This, he assures me, is the proper way to dodge a hippopotamus, and escape the danger of a bite from him. On another occasion, when I was hippopotamus-hunting in one of the boats belonging to a large frigate, the property of Sultan Majid of Zanzibar, in an inlet of the sea close to Kaolé, I chased a herd of hippopotami in deep water, till one of the lot, coming as usual from below, drove a tusk clean through the boat with such force that he partially hoisted her out of the water; but the brute did no further damage, for I kept him off by making the men splash their oars rapidly whilst making for the shore, where we just arrived in time to save ourselves from sinking.

The day previous to this adventure, I bagged a fine young male hippopotamus close to this spot, by hitting him on the ear when standing in shallow water. The ivory of these animals is more prized than that of the elephant, and in consequence of the superior hardness of its enamel, it is in great requisition with the dentist.

Hippopotami are found all down this coast in very great numbers, but especially in the deltas of the rivers, or up the streams themselves, and afford an easy, remunerative, and pleasant sport to any man who is not addicted to much hard exercise. The

Panjani, Kingani, and Lufiji rivers are full of them, as well as all the other minor feeders to the sea along that coast. If these animals happen to be killed in places so far distant from the sea that the tidal waters have not power to draw them out to the ocean depths, their bodies will be found, when inflated with gas, after decomposition, floating on the surface of the water a day or two afterwards, and can easily be secured by the sportsman, if he be vigilant enough to take them before the hungry watchful savages come and secure them, to damp their rapacious appetites. Mussulmans will even eat these amphibious creatures without cutting their throats, looking on them as cold-blooded animals, created in the same manner as fish.

The following day, 10th August, we made a halt to try our fortune again in purchasing cows, but failed as usual; so the following morning we decamped at dawn, and marched thirteen miles to our original station in southern Nera. Here I purchased four goats for one dhoti Amerikan, the best bargain I ever made. Thunder had rumbled, and clouds overcast the skies for two days; and this day a delicious cooling shower fell. The people said it was the little rains—chota barsāt, as we call it in India—expected yearly at this time, as the precursor of the later great falls. As Seedi Bombay was very inquisitive to-day about the origin of Seedis, his caste, and as he wished to know by what law of

nature I accounted for their cruel destiny in being the slaves of all men, I related the history of Noah, and the disposition of his sons on the face of the globe; and showed him that he was of the black or Hametic stock, and by the common order of nature they, being the weakest, had to succumb to their superiors, the Japhetic and Semitic branches of the family; and, moreover, they were likely to remain so subject until such time as the state of man, soaring far above the beast, would be imbued by a better sense of sympathy and good feeling, and would then leave all such ungenerous appliances of superior force to the brute alone. Bombay, on being created a Mussulman by his Arab master, had been taught a very different way of accounting for the degradation of his race, and narrated his story as follows: "The Arabs say that Mahomet, whilst on the road from Medina to Mecca, one day happened to see a widow woman sitting before her house, and asked her how she and her three sons were; upon which the troubled woman (for she had concealed one of her sons on seeing Mahomet's approach, lest he, as is customary when there are three males of a family present, should seize one and make him do porterage) said, 'Very well; but I've only two sons.' Mahomet, hearing this, said to the woman reprovingly, 'Woman, thou liest; thou hast three sons, and for trying to conceal this matter from me, henceforth remember that this is my decree—that the two boys which thou hast

not concealed shall multiply and prosper, have fair faces, become wealthy, and reign lords over all the earth; but the progeny of your third son shall, in consequence of your having concealed him, produce Seedis as black as darkness, who will be sold in the market like cattle, and remain in perpetual servitude to the descendants of the other two.'"

On the 12th we returned to our former quarters, the village of Salawé; but I did not enjoy such repose as on the former visit, for the people were in their cups, and, *nolens volens*, persisted in entering my hut. Sometimes I rose and drove them out, at other times I turned round and feigned to sleep; but these manœuvres were of no avail; still they poured in, and one old man, more impudent than the rest, understanding the trick, seized my pillow by the end, and tugging at it as a dog pulls at a quarter of horse, roused me with loud impatient "Whu-hu" and "Hi, Hi's," until at last, out of patience, I sent my boots whirling at his head. This cleared the room, but only for a moment: the boisterous, impudent crowd, true to savage nature, enjoying the annoyance they had occasioned, returned exultingly, with shouts and grins, in double numbers. The Belooehes then interfered, and, in their zeal to keep order, irritated some drunkards, who at once became pugnacious. On seeing the excited state of these drunkards, bawling and stepping about in long, sudden, and rapid strides, with brandished spears and agitated bows, endeavour-

ing to exasperate the rest of the mob against us, I rose, and going out before them, said that I came forth for their satisfaction, and that they might now stand and gaze as long as they liked; but I hoped as soon as their legs and arms were tired that they would depart in peace. The words acted with magical effect upon them; they urgently requested me to retire again, but finding that I did not, they took themselves homewards. The sultan arrived late in the evening, he said from a long distance, on purpose to see me, and was very importunate in his desire for my halting a day. As I had paid all the other sultans the compliment of a visit, he should consider it a slight if I did not stay a little while with him. On the occasion of my passing northwards he had been absent, and could not entertain me; so I must now accept a bullock, which he would send for on the morrow. A long debate ensued, which ended by my giving him one shukka Amerikan, and one dhoti kiniki.

Travelling through the Nindo Wilderness to-day (13th), the Belooches were very much excited at the quantity of game they saw; but though they tried their best, they did not succeed in killing any. Troops of zebras, the quagga and giraffe, some varieties of antelopes roaming about in large herds, a buffalo and one ostrich, were the chief visible tenants of this wild. We saw the fresh prints of a very large elephant; and I have no doubt that by any sportsman, if he

had but leisure to learn their haunts and watering-places, a good account might be made of them—but one and all are wild in the extreme. Ostrich-feathers bedeck the frizzly polls of many men and women, but no one has ever heard of any having been killed or snared by huntsmen. These ornaments, as well as the many skulls and skins seen in every house, are said to be found lying about in places where the animals have died a natural death.

The following day we left an hour before dawn, and crossed the second broad wilderness to Kahama. At 9 A.M. I called the usual halt to eat my rural breakfast of cold fowl, sour curd, cakes, and eggs, in a village on the south border of the desert. As the houses were devoid of all household commodities, I asked the people stopping there to tend the fields to explain the reason, and learned that their fear of the plundering Wamandas was such that they only came there during the day to look after their crops, and at night they retired to some distant place of safe retreat in the jungles, where they stored all their goods and chattels. These people, in time of war, thus putting everything useful out of the way of the forager's prying eyes, it is very seldom that blood is spilt. This country being full of sweet springs, accounts for the denseness of the population and numberless herds of cattle. To look upon its resources, one is struck with amazement at the waste of the world: if instead of

this district being in the hands of its present owners, it were ruled by a few scores of Europeans, what an entire revolution a few years would bring forth! An extensive market would be opened to the world, the present nakedness of the land would have a covering, and industry and commerce would clear the way for civilisation and enlightenment. At present the natural inert laziness and ignorance of the people is their own and their country's bane. They are all totally unaware of the treasures at their feet. This dreadful sloth is in part engendered by the excessive bounty of the land in its natural state; by the little want of clothes or other luxuries, in consequence of the congenial temperature; and from the people having no higher object in view than the first-coming meal, and no other stimulus to exertion by example or anything else. Thus they are, both morally and physically, little better than brutes, and as yet there is no better prospect in store for them. The climate is a paradox quite beyond my solving, unless the numerous and severe maladies that we all suffered from, during the first eight months of our explorations, may be attributed to too much exposure; and even that does not solve the problem. To all appearance, the whole of the country to the westward of the east-coast range is high, dry, and healthy. No unpleasant exhalations pollute the atmosphere; there are no extremes of temperature; the air is neither too hot nor too cold; and a little

care in hutting, dressing, and diet should obviate any evil effects of exposure. Springs of good water, and wholesome food, are everywhere obtainable. Flies and mosquitoes, the great Indian pests, are scarcely known, and the tsetse of the south nowhere exists. During the journey northwards, I always littered down in a hut at night; but the ticks bit me so hard, and the anxiety to catch stars between the constantly fleeting clouds, to take their altitudes, perhaps preying on my mind, kept me many whole nights consecutively without obtaining even as much as one wink of sleep—a state of things I had once before suffered from. But there really was no assignable cause for this, unless weakness or feverishness could create wakefulness, and then it would seem surprising that even during the day, or after much fatigue, I rarely felt the slightest inclination to close my eyes. Now, on returning, without anything to excite the mind, and having always pitched the tent at night, I enjoyed cooler nights and perfect rest. Of diseases, the more common are remittent and intermittent fevers, and these are the most important ones to avoid, since they bring so many bad effects after them. In the first place, they attack the brain, and often deprive one of one's senses. Then there is no rallying from the weakness they produce. A little attack, which one would only laugh at in India, prostrates you for a week or more, and this weakness brings on other disorders: cramp, for instance, of the

most painful kind, very often follows. When lying in bed, my toes have sometimes curled round and looked me in the face; at other times, when I have put my hand behind my back, it has stuck there until, with the other hand, I have seized the contracted muscles, and warmed the part affected with the natural heat, till, relaxation taking place, I was able to get it back. Another nasty thing is the blindness which attacked another of our party in a manner exactly similar to my complaint. He, like myself, left Africa with a misty veil floating before his eyes.

There are other disorders, but so foreign to my experience that I dare not venture to describe them. For as doctors disagree about the probable causes of their appearance, I most likely would only mislead if I tried to account for them. However, I think I may safely say they emanate from general debility, produced by the much-to-be-dreaded fevers.

The caravan broke ground at 4 P.M. on the 15th, and, completing the principal zigzag made to avoid wars, arrived at Senagongo. Kanoni, followed by a host of men, women, and children, advanced to meet the caravan, all roaringly intoxicated with joy, and lavishing greetings of welcome, with showers of "Yambo, Yambo Sanas" ("How are you?" and, "Very well, I hope?"), which we as warmly returned: the shakings of hands were past number, and the Belooches and Bombay could scarcely be seen moving under the hot

embraces and sharp kisses of admiring damsels. When recovered from the shock of this great outburst of feelings, Kanoni begged me to fire a few shots, to apprise his enemies, and especially his big brother, of the honours paid him. No time was lost: I no sooner gave the order than bang, bang went every one of the escort's guns, and the excited crowd, immediately seeing a supposed antagonist in the foreground, rushed madly after him. Then spears were flourished, thrust, stabbed, and withdrawn; arrows were pointed, huge shields protected black bodies, sticks and stones flew like hail; then there was a slight retreat, then another advance—dancing to one side, then to the other—jumping and prancing on the same ground, with bodies swaying here and bodies swaying there, until at length the whole foreground was a mass of moving objects, all springs and hops, like an army of frogs, after the first burst of rain, advancing to a pond: then again the guns went off, giving a fresh impulse to the exciting exercise. Their great principle in warfare appears to be, that no one should be still. At each report of the guns, fresh enemies were discovered retreating, and the numbers of their slain were quite surprising. These, as they dropped, were, with highly dramatic action, severally and immediately trampled down and knelt upon, and hacked and chopped repeatedly with knives, whilst the slayer continued showing his savage wrath by worrying his supposed victim with all the angry energy that dogs display

when fighting. This triumphal entry over, Kanoni led us into his boma, and treated us with sour curd. Then, at my request, he assembled his principal men and greatest travellers to debate upon the N'yanza. One old man, shrivelled by age, stated that he had travelled up the western shores of the N'yanza two moons (sixty days) consecutively, had passed beyond Karagwah into a country where coffee grows abundantly, and is called Muanyé. He described the shrub as standing between two and three feet high, having the stem nearly naked, but much branched above; it grows in large plantations, and forms the principal article of food. The people do not boil and drink it as we do, but pulverise and form it into porridge or cakes. They also eat the berry raw, with its husk on. The Arabs are very fond of eating these berries raw, and have often given us some. They bring them down from Uganda, where, for a pennyworth of beads, a man can have his fill. When near these coffee plantations, he (our informer) visited an island on the lake, called Kitiri, occupied by the Watiri, a naked lot of beings, who subsist almost entirely on fish and coffee. The Watiris go about in large canoes like the Tanganyika ones; but the sea-travelling, he says, is very dangerous. In describing the boisterous nature of the lake, he made a rumbling, gurgling noise in his throat, which he increased and diversified by pulling and tapping at the skin covering the apple, and by puffing and blowing with great vehemence indicated

extraordinary roughness of the elements. The sea itself, he said, was boundless. Kanoni now told me that the Muingira river lies one day's journey N.N.W. of this, and drains the western side of the Msalala district into the southern end of the N'yanza creek. It is therefore evident that those extensive lays in the Nindo and Salawé districts which we crossed extend down to this river, which accounts for there being so many wild animals there: water being such an attractive object in these hot climes, all animals group round it. Kanoni is a dark, square, heavy-built man, very fond of imbibing pombé, and, like many tipplers, overflowing with human kindness, especially in his cups. He kept me up several hours to-night, trying to induce me to accept a bullock, and to eat it in his boma, in the same manner as I formerly did with his brother. He was much distressed because I would not take the half of my requirements in cattle from him, instead of devoting everything to his brother Kurua; and not till I assured him I could not stay, but instead would leave Bombay and some Belooches with cloth to purchase some cows from his people, would he permit of my turning in to rest. It is strange to see how very soon, when questioning these negroes about anything relating to geography, their weak brains give way, and they can answer no questions, or they become so evasive in their replies, or so rambling, that you can make nothing out of them. It is easily discernible at what time you should cease to ask any

further questions; for their heads then roll about like a ball upon a wire, and their eyes glass over and look vacantly about as though vitality had fled from their bodies altogether. Bombay, though, is a singular exception to this rule; but then, by long practice, he has become a great geographer, and delights in pointing out the different features on my map to his envying neighbours.

We came to Mgogwa this morning, the 16th, and were received by Kurua with his usual kind affability. Our entrance to his boma was quiet and unceremonious, for we came there quite unexpectedly—hardly giving him time to prepare his musket and return our salute. Though we were allowed a ready admission, a guinea-fowl I shot on the way was not. The superstitious people forbade its entrance in full plumage, so it was plucked before being brought inside the palisade. Kurua again arranged a hut for my residence, and was as assiduous as ever in his devotion to my comforts. All the elders of the district soon arrived, and the usual debates commenced. Kurua chiefly trades with Karagwah and the northern kingdoms, but no one could add to the information I had already obtained. One of his men stated that he had performed the journey between Pangani (latitude 5° south), on the east coast of Africa, and Lake N'yanza three times, in about two months each time. The distance was very great for the little time it took him; but then he had to go for his life the whole way, in consequence

of the Masai, or Wahumba, as some call them, being so inimical to strangers of any sort that he dare not stop or talk anywhere on the way. On leaving Pangani, he passed through Usambara, and entered on the country of the warring nomadic race, the Masai; through their territories he travelled without halting until he arrived at Usukuma, bordering on the lake. His fear and speed were such that he did not recognise any other tribes or countries besides those enumerated. Wishing to ascertain what number of men a populous country like this could produce in case of an attack, and to gain some idea of savage tactics, I proposed having a field-day. Kurua was delighted with the idea, and began roaring and laughing about it with his usual boisterous energy, to the great admiration of all the company. The programme was as follows:—At 3 P.M. on the 17th, Kurua and his warriors, all habited and drawn up in order of battle, were to occupy the open space in front of the village, whilst my party of Belooches, suddenly issuing from the village, would perform the enemy and commence the attack. This came off at the appointed time, and according to orders the forces were drawn up, and an engagement ensued. The Belooches, rushing through the passages of the palisaded village, suddenly burst upon the enemy, and fired and charged successively; to which the Wamandas replied with equal vigour, advancing with their frog-like leaps and bounds, dodging and squatting, and springing and flying in the most wild and fantas-

tic manner; stabbing with their spears, protecting with their shields, poising with bows and arrows pointed, and, mingling with the Belooches, rushed about striking at and avoiding their guns and sabres. But all was so similar to the Senagongo display that it does not require a further description. The number of Kurua's forces disappointed me,—I fear the intelligence of the coming parade did not reach far. The dresses they wore did credit to their nation—some were decked with cock-tail plumes, others wore bunches of my guinea-fowl's feathers in their hair, whilst the chiefs and swells were attired in long red baize mantles, consisting of a strip of cloth four feet by twenty inches, at one end of which they cut a slit to admit the head, and allowed the remainder to hang like a tail behind the back. Their spears and bows are of a very ordinary kind, and the shield is constructed something like the Kaffir's, from a long strip of bull's hide, which they painted over with ochreish earth. The fight over, all hands rushed to the big drums in the cow-yard, and began beating them as though they deserved a drubbing: this "sweet music" set everybody on wires in a moment, and dancing never ceased till the sun went down, and the cows usurped the revelling place. Kurua now gave me a good milch cow and calf, and promised two more of the same stamp. Those which were brought by the common people were mere weeds, and dry withal; they would not bring any good ones, I think, from

fear of the sultan's displeasure, lest I should prefer theirs to his, and deprive him of the consequent profits. My chief reason for leaving Bombay behind at Senagongo was, that business was never done when I was present. For, besides staring at me all day, the people speculated how to make the most of the chance offered by a rich man coming so suddenly amongst them, and in consequence of this avariciousness offered their cattle at such unreasonable prices as to preclude the transaction of any business.

On the 18th we halted. My anticipations about the way of getting cows proved correct, for Bombay brought twelve animals, costing twenty-three dhotis Amerikan and nine dhotis kiniki. Kurua now gave me another cow and calf, and promised me two more when we arrived at the Ukumbi district, as he did not like thinning one herd too much. I gave in return for his present one barsati, five dhotis Amerikan, and two dhotis kiniki, with a promise of some gunpowder when we arrived at Unyanyembé, for he is still bent on going there with me. Perhaps I may consider my former obstruction in travel by Kurua a fortunate circumstance, for though the eldest brother's residence lay directly in my way, he might not possess so kind a nature as these two younger brothers. Still I cannot see any good reason for the kirangozi abandoning the proper road: there certainly could be no more danger on the one side than on the other, and all would be equally glad to have had me. It is true

that I should have had to pass through his enemies' hands to the other brother, and such a course usually excites suspicion; but, by the usual custom of the country, Kurua should have been treated by him only as a rebellious subject, for though all three brothers were by different mothers, they are considered in line of succession as ours are, when legitimately begotten by one mother. Some time ago the eldest brother made a tool of an Arab trader, and with that force on his side threatened these two brothers with immediate destruction unless they resigned to him the entire government, and his rights as senior. They admitted in his presence the justness of his words and the folly of waging war, as such a measure could only bring destruction on all alike; but on his departure they carried on their rule as before. Bombay, talking figuratively with me, considers Kurua's stopping me something like the use the monkey turned the cat's paw to; that is, he stopped me simply to enhance his dignity, and gain the minds of the people by leading them to suppose I saw justice in his actions. Pombé-brewing, the chief occupation of the women, is as regular here as the revolution of day and night, and the drinking of it just as constant. It is made of bajéri and jowari (common millets), and is at first prepared by malting in the same way as we do barley; then they range a double street of sticks, usually in the middle of the village, fill a number of pots with these grains mixed in water, which they place in con-

tinuous line down the street of sticks, and, setting fire to the whole at once, boil away until the mess is fit to put aside for refining: this they then do, leaving the pots standing three days, when fermentation takes place and the liquor is fit to drink. It has the strength of labourers' beer, and both sexes drink it alike. This fermented beverage resembles pig-wash, but is said to be so palatable and satisfying—for the dregs and all are drunk together—that many entirely subsist upon it. It is a great help to the slave-masters, for without it they could get nobody to till their ground; and when the slaves are required to turn the earth, the master always sits in judgment with lordly dignity, generally under a tree, watching to see who becomes entitled to a drop. In the evening my attention was attracted by small processions of men and women, possessed of the Phépo, or demon, passing up the palisaded streets, turning into the different courts, and paying each and every house by turns a visit. The party advanced in slow funereal order, with gently springing, mincing, jogging action, some holding up twigs, others balancing open baskets of grain and tools on their heads, and with their bodies, arms, and heads in unison with the whole hobling-bobling motion, kept in harmony to a low, mixed, droning, humming chorus. As the sultan's door was approached, he likewise rose, and, mingling in the crowd, performed the same evolutions. This kind of procession is common at Zanzibar: when any demon-

iacal possessions take place in the society of the blacks, it is by this means *they* cast out devils. While on the subject of superstition, it may be worth mentioning what long ago struck me as a singular instance of the effect of supernatural impression on the uncultivated mind. During boyhood my old nurse used to tell me with great earnestness of a wonderful abortion shown about in the fairs of England, of a child born with a pig's head; and as solemnly declared that this freak of nature was attributable to the child's mother having taken fright at a pig when in the interesting stage. The case I met in this country is still more far-fetched, for the abortion was supposed to be produceable by indirect influence on the wife of the husband taking fright. On once shooting a pregnant Kudu doe, I directed my native huntsman, a married man, to dissect her womb and expose the embryo; but he shrank from the work with horror, fearing lest the sight of the kid, striking his mind, should have an influence on his wife's future bearing, by metamorphosing her progeny to the likeness of a fawn.

We bade Kurua adieu in the early morning of the 19th, as a caravan of his had just arrived from Karagwah, and appointed to meet at the second station, as marching with cattle would be slow work for him. Our march lasted nine miles. The succeeding day we passed Ukumbi, and arrived at Uyombo. On the way I was obliged to abandon one of the donkeys, as he was completely used up. This made up our

thirty-second loss in asses since leaving Zanzibar. My load of beads was now out, and I had to purchase rations with cloth—a necessary measure, but not economical, for the cloth does not go half as far as beads of the same value. I have remarked throughout this trip, that in all places where Arabs are not much in the habit of trading, very few cloths find their way, and in consequence the people take to wearing beads; and beads and baubles are the only foreign things much in requisition.

As remarks upon the relative valuation of commodities appear in various places in this diary, I will endeavour to give a general idea how it is that I have found this plentiful country—quite beyond any other I have seen in Africa in fertility and stock—so comparatively dear to travel in. The Zanzibar route to Ujiji is now so constantly travelled over by Arabs and Sowahilis, that the people, seeing the caravans approach, erect temporary markets, or come hawking things for sale, and the prices are adapted to the abilities of the purchasers; and at such markets our Shaykh bought for us, and transacted all business. It is also to be observed that where things are brought for sale, they are invariably cheaper than in those places where one has to seek and ask for them; for in the one instance a livelihood is the consequence of trade, whereas in the other a chance purchaser is treated as a windfall to be made the most of. Now this line is just the opposite to the Ujiji one, and

therefore dear; but added to those influences here, the sultans, to increase their own importance whilst having me their guest, invariably gave out that I was no peddling Arab or Sowahili, as they say, "Bana Warungwana," for Zanzibar merchant; but an independent Mundéwa, or Sultan of the Wazungu (white or wise men), and the people took the hint to make me pay or starve. Then again, not having the Shaykh with me, I had to pay for and settle everything myself, and from having no variety of beads in this exclusively bead country, there was great inconvenience.

Kurua now joined us, and reported the abandoned donkey dead. A cool shower of rain fell, to the satisfaction of every thirsty soul. It is delightful to observe the freshness which even one partial shower imparts to all animated nature after a long-continued drought.

During the four succeeding days we have marched fifty-eight miles, and are now at our old village in Ulékampuri. As we have now traversed all the ground, I must try to give a short description, with a few reflections on the general character of all we have seen or heard, before concluding this diary. To give a faithful idea of a country, it is better that the object selected for comparison should incline to the large and grander scale than to the reverse, otherwise the reader is apt to form too low an idea of it. And yet, though this is leaning to the smaller, I can

think of no better comparison for the surface of this high land than the long sweeping waves of the Atlantic Ocean; and where the hills are fewest, and in lines, they resemble small breakers curling on the tops of the rollers, all irregularly arranged, as though disturbed by different currents of wind. Where the hills are grouped, they remind me of a small chopping sea in the Bristol Channel. That the hills are nowhere high, is proved by the total absence of any rivers along this line, until the lake is reached; and the passages between or over them are everywhere gradual in their rise; so that in travelling through the country, no matter in which direction, the hills seldom interfere with the line of march. The flats and hollows are well peopled, and cattle and cultivation are everywhere abundant. The stone, soil, and aspect of this tract is uniform throughout. The stone is chiefly granite, the rugged rocks of which lie like knobs of sugar over the surface of the little hills, intermingled with sandstone in a highly ferruginous state; whilst the soil is an accumulation of sand the same colour as the stone, a light brownish grey, and appears as if it were formed of disintegrated particles of the rocks worn off by time and weathering. Small trees and brushwood cover all the outcropping hills; and palms on the plains, though few and widely spread, prove that water is very near the surface. Springs, too, are numerous, and generally distributed. The mean level of the country between Unyanyembé

and the lake is 3767 feet; that of the lake itself, 3750 feet. The tribes, as a rule, are well disposed towards all strangers, and wish to extend their commerce. Their social state rather represents a conservative than a radical disposition; and their government is a sort of semi-patriarchal-feudal arrangement, and, like a band of robbers, all hold together from feeling the necessity of mutual support. Bordering the south of the lake, there are vast fields of iron; cotton is also abundant; and every tropical plant or tree could grow; those that do exist, even rice, vegetate in the utmost luxuriance. Cattle are very abundant, and hides fill every house. On the east of the lake, ivory is said to be very abundant and cheap; and on the west we hear of many advantages which are especially worthy of our notice. The Karagwa hills overlooking the lake are high, cold, and healthy, and have enormous droves of cattle bearing horns of stupendous size; and ivory, fine timber, and all the necessaries of life, are to be found in great profusion there. Again, beyond the equator, of the kingdom of Uganda we hear from everybody a rapturous account. That country evidently swarms with people who cultivate coffee and all the common grains, and have large flocks and herds, even greater than what I have lately seen. Now if the N'yanza be really the Nile's fount, which I sincerely believe to be the case, what an advantage this will be to the

English merchant on the Nile, and what a field is opened to the world, if, as I hope will be the case, England does not neglect this discovery!

But I must not expatiate too much on the merits and capabilities of inner Africa, lest I mislead any commercial inquirers; and it is as well to say at present, that the people near the coast are in such a state of slothful helplessness and insecurity, that for many years, until commerce, by steady and certain advance, shall in some degree overcome the existing apathy, and excite the population to strive to better their position, no one need expect to make a large fortune by dealing with them. That commerce does make wonderful improvements on the barbarous habits of the Africans can now be seen in the Masai country, and the countries extending north-westward from Mombas up through Kikuyu into the interior, where the process has been going on during the last few years. There even the roving wild pastorals, formerly untamable, are now gradually becoming reduced to subjection; and they no doubt will ere long have as strong a desire for cloths and other luxuries as any other civilised beings, from the natural desire to equal in comfort and dignity of appurtenances those whom they now must see constantly passing through their country. Caravans are penetrating farther, and going in greater numbers, every succeeding year, in those directions, and Arab merchants say that

those countries are everywhere healthy. The best proof we have that the district is largely productive, is the fact that the caravans and competition increase on those lines more and more every day. I would add, that in the meanwhile the staple exports derived from the far interior of the continent will consist of ivory, hides, and horns; whilst from the coast and its vicinity the clove, the gum copal, some textile materials drawn from the banana, aloe, and pine-apples, with oleaginous plants such as the ground-nut and cocoa-nut, are the chief exportable products. The cotton-plant which grows here, judging from its size and difference from the plant usually grown in India, I consider to be a tree cotton and a perennial. It is this cotton which the natives weave into coarse fabrics in their looms. Then, again, the coffee-plant of Uganda, before alluded to, being a native of that place, and being consequently easily grown, ought in time to afford a very valuable article of export. Rice, although it is not indigenous to Africa, I believe is certainly capable of being produced in great quantity and of very superior quality; and this is also the case with sugar-cane and tobacco, both of which are grown generally over the continent. There is also a species of palm growing on the borders of the Tanganyika Lake, which yields a concrete oil very much like, if not the same as, the palm-oil of Western Africa; but this is limited, and would never be of much value. Salt, which is found in

great quantity in pits near the Malagarazi river, and the iron I have already spoken about, could only be of use to the country itself in facilitating traffic, and in maturing its resources.

It is a singular piece of luck that, with a few pounds' worth of kit, I should, in the course of three weeks, have discovered and brought to light a matter, the importance of which cannot be over-estimated, and on which endless sums have been fruitlessly lavished for ages past by ambitious monarchs, and eager and enterprising governments. Thousands of years, I may say from Ptolemy to the present time, has this inquiry been going on; and now, so far as the main features and utility of such discovery are concerned, it is wellnigh, if not entirely, solved. But out of justice to my commandant, Captain Burton, I must add that the advantages over all other men, under which I accomplished the journey, are solely attributable to him. For I was engaged in organising an expedition in another quarter of the globe when he induced me to relinquish it, by inviting me to co-operate with him in opening up Africa; and this brought me to Kazé, the starting-point for my separate journey. These fertile regions have been hitherto unknown from the same cause which Dr Livingstone has so ably explained in regard to the western side of Africa—the jealousy of the short-sighted people who live on the coast, who, to preserve a monopoly of one particular article exclusively to

themselves (ivory), have done their best to keep everybody away from the interior. I say short-sighted, for it is obvious that, were the resources of the country once fairly opened, the people on the coast would double or triple their present incomes, and Zanzibar would soon swell into a place of real importance. All hands would then be employed, and luxury would take the place of beggary.

We left Ulékampuri at 1 A.M. on the 25th, and marched the last eighteen miles into Kazé under the delightful influence of a cool night and a bright full moon. As the caravan, according to its usual march of single file, moved along the serpentine footpath in peristaltic motion, firing muskets and singing "the return," the Unyanyembé villagers, men, women, and children, came running out and flocking on it, piercing the air with loud shrill noises, accompanied with the lullabooing of these *fairs*, which, once heard, can never be mistaken. The crowd was composed in great part of the relatives of my porters, who evinced their feelings towards their adult masters as eagerly as stray deer do in running to join a long-missing herd. The Arabs, one and all, came out to meet us, and escorted us into their depot. Their congratulations were extremely warm, for they had been anxious for our safety in consequence of sundry rumours abroad concerning the war-parties which lay in my track. Captain Burton greeted me on arrival at the old house, where I had the satisfaction of finding him greatly

restored in health, and having everything about him in a high state of preparation for the journey homewards.

It affords me great pleasure to be able to report the safe return of the expedition in a state of high spirits and gratification. All enjoyed the salubrity of the climate, the kind entertainments of the sultans, the variety and richness of the country, and the excellent fare everywhere. Further, the Belooches, by their exemplary conduct, proved themselves a most efficient, willing, and trustworthy guard, and are deserving of the highest encomiums; they, with Bombay, have been the life and success of everything, and I sincerely hope they may never be forgotten.

Thus ends my Second Expedition. The Arabs told me I could reach the N'yanza in fifteen to seventeen marches, and I have returned in sixteen, although I had to take a circuitous line instead of a direct one. The provisions, too, have just held out. I took a supply for six weeks, and have completed *that* time *this* day. The total road-distance there and back is 452 miles, which, admitting that the Arabs make sixteen marches of it, gives them a marching rate of more than fourteen miles a-day.

MY HOME IN PALESTINE.

BY LAURENCE OLIPHANT.

[*MAGA.* February 1883.]

Haifa, Palestine, 1*st January.*

IT is only to be expected that, as facilities of locomotion increase, and knowledge extends, the growing requirements of a civilisation for new summer and winter resorts should be met by the discovery of localities expressly adapted for the purpose. Thus, within the last few years, we have seen the Engadine created into a summer sanitarium; and the popularity of Egypt as a winter residence has been steadily growing, and has probably only received a temporary check owing to existing political events. In consequence, no doubt, of the greater numbers in quest of health and rest during the summer, and of the ease with which pleasant spots for the purpose of a *villegiatura* may be discovered, they exist in almost infinite variety, and people may safely be

left to themselves to find them. A winter abroad in a warm climate is a more serious matter. It inevitably involves a long journey; and in the degree in which the invalid travels south do the amenities of civilisation cease, and the hardships incidental to comparative barbarism increase. I venture to think, therefore, that whoever contributes a new idea in regard to the advantages held out by localities which are not generally known or recognised as winter or health resorts, may find his justification for so doing in the possible benefit he may be the means of conferring upon some of his fellow-creatures.

On the Mediterranean, as a rule, just in proportion as you get quiet and economy do you get bad accommodation. The objection to Egypt is that, whether you stay in Cairo or go up the Nile, you merely exchange one very expensive alternative for another. In the former case you have the choice of two, or at most three, hotels, crowded with tourists or visitors; in the latter, of a *dahabeeyah* or Cook's steamer. Lodgings are out of the question, and so is travelling of any kind except by water. In Algiers, to have comfort, you must keep near the principal centre of civilisation. In the towns of Southern Europe the winter climate is generally too cold to meet all the requirements of those in search of a radical change. It has long been a wonder to me that, under these circumstances, the merits of the coast of Syria have not been more generally recog-

nised. It is true that at the present moment there are only two places on that coast which offer the requisite accommodation, and this only on a limited scale; but the supply would meet the demand if a beginning were once made.

These two places are Beyrout and Haifa. At Beyrout there are a couple of excellent hotels. There are now nearly 300 public carriages plying for hire: the neighbourhood furnishes most picturesque drives along good roads. Persons deciding upon spending the winter could find other and cheaper accommodation than that of the hotels. The better class of houses are well built—of stone—and generally situated in a garden. There is a street of European shops, besides a well-stocked native bazaar, where all the necessaries, and most of the luxuries, of life can be obtained; while for those who desire to vary their lives with the excitement of travel and exploration, the valleys of the Lebanon offer attractions unsurpassed by mountain scenery in any part of the world. And every facility exists at Beyrout for making it the best point of departure for expeditions to all parts of Asiatic Turkey. Those less dependent upon society and the resources of civilisation may, however, find in Haifa the charm which attracted me to that spot in preference to any other upon the eastern shore of the Mediterranean.

Four years ago I arrived at Haifa from Nazareth, on my way to Beyrout by land; and struck by the

beauty of the spot and the comparative civilisation which had been introduced by the German colony, of which more presently, I was glad of the opportunity which presented itself of choosing it as a winter residence. During the interval which had elapsed since my former visit, there are evident signs of a progress rare among Turkish towns. The streets have been paved, the number of substantial white limestone buildings has increased; and in spite of the obstacles thrown in the way by the Government, the statistics since that time have shown a steadily increasing commerce. Indeed, seen from seaward, or from the low grassy promontory of Ras el Krum, which forms the south-west point of the shore enclosing the Bay of Acre, the town begins to present quite an imposing appearance. The clean well-built stone houses at intervals line the sandy beach, fringed here and there with trees for a mile, and extend up the lower slopes of Carmel, along the flanks of which mountain vineyards and olive-groves rise in terraces. At the curve of the bay, on the eastern margin of the town, the brook Kishon struggles to debouch into the sea. At most seasons of the year, prevented from doing so by sandbanks, it is forced back, forming a small lake, which furnishes a supply of water to the gardens of oranges, figs, and pomegranates which surround it; while groves of stately date-palms impart a still more oriental character to the scenery. The present town of Haifa is comparatively

modern, but the promontory is one to which many historical associations attach; and the traces of the ruins which exist upon it date from a remote antiquity. Ancient Greek and Roman authors mention Sycaminum as a city occupying this position; the name evidently derived from the Hebrew word Succa, signifying a "hut." The name "Sycaminum" occurs in the Talmud, as well as "Haifa," as being a town in the neighbourhood of Accho or Acre. It is conjectured by some to be the Biblical Gibeah; but it does not appear in connection with any marked event in history until the year 1100, when it was besieged and taken by storm by Tancred; but after the battle of Hättin it fell into the hands of Saladin. The existing ruins upon the site of the old town consist of a massive piece of sea-wall; of the foundations of a construction of what was apparently a circular fort; of remains of tombs and wells, with here and there mounds, out of which crop fragments of rude masonry. A hundred and twenty years ago the then existing town of Haifa was destroyed by a certain Sheikh Omar el Zahir, who had made himself master of central Palestine, and chosen Acre for his place of residence. For some years the shores of this part of the bay remained abandoned, and the present town only sprang up in the early part of this century, about two miles from the ancient Haifa, at the head of the bay, under rather peculiar circumstances. At this point the hills approach the sea, and here the

crusaders evidently had a stronghold; for there are the remains of a fortress, since turned into a jail, and a fragment of a wall and archway, which may possibly date from a still more remote epoch. To this strip of land, Abdallah, one of the successors of Sheikh Omar el Zahir, transferred the population of a rebellious village, which he punished by razing their houses to the ground; and on the hill above he put a castle, while he interned the people between it and the sea by means of a wall, thus keeping them, as it were, in prison. This confinement, however, appears not to have lasted very long—possibly because it was expensive, probably also because, on the death of Abdallah, the author of the punishment, the political state of the country changed: the walls were allowed to crumble away; the garrison was removed from the castle, which is already a picturesque ruin; and the people began to forget their history, and to adapt themselves to the conditions which surrounded them.

While the sea-coast town of Haifa was undergoing these vicissitudes, there lived in its immediate vicinity a group of men whose fortunes had been as varying as those of the native population, and who had clung with a pertinacity which has since rendered them celebrated throughout the world, to that sacred mountain whose venerated lanes they had appropriated at the time of the Crusades, and upon which they had built a monastery more than seven hundred years ago.

Like the present town of Haifa, the existing monastery of Carmel only dates from the early part of this century; but it is none the less a picturesque feature in the landscape, and in fact forms the chief attraction to the tourist, who seldom does more than ride through Haifa, to pass the night with the Carmelite fathers.

For seven centuries has this pious Foundation represented Christianity in this corner of Palestine; and yet, to judge from the slender influence it has exercised over the fortunes of the inhabitants in the past, we may fairly assume that Haifa would have remained an obscure and insignificant village to the present day, were it not that, fifteen years ago, it was selected as a fitting spot on which to plant a colony, by a body of Germans, chiefly from the kingdom of Würtemberg, who had decided, upon religious grounds, to establish themselves in Palestine.

The founder of the Society, Mr Hoffman, was a clergyman of the Lutheran Church, who had been educated at Tübingen, and was for some years Director of the College of Crischona, near Basle. He abandoned his charge at Crischona, and founded a college at Salon, near Ludwigsburg. He was shortly after elected to the Diet at Frankfort, where he presented a petition, signed by 12,000 persons, in favour of Church reformation.

At this time Mr Hoffman was publishing a journal in which he elaborated the views which were now formulating themselves in his mind, and his writings

began to exercise a considerable influence in Germany, Russia, Switzerland, and America. The main feature of his teaching was the absolute necessity of endeavouring to embody the moral precepts of Christ in daily life, and by social reorganisation to render possible a higher religious ideal than could be attained in society as at present constituted.

His views brought him into collision with the ecclesiastical authorities, and he was expelled from the Church, followed by a large gathering of those who had adopted his views, and who were thenceforth known as the "Temple Society." At a meeting of the leaders in 1867, it was determined that the head-quarters of the Society should be established in Palestine, as a sort of pivotal centre; about four-fifths of its members, who now numbered over 5000 persons, remaining, however, in the various countries of Europe and in the United States, there, by strenuous moral effort, to bear a witness for the new and higher life which they were struggling to realise. While it was felt that Christ's new kingdom should embrace all countries and all races, a special significance attached to the land which was to form, as it were, the corner-stone upon which the new spiritual temple was to be built; and it was to the moral and material restoration of that land, in the first instance, that the Temple Society especially addressed itself. The members believed that by setting an example of simple, honest industry to the natives; by applying themselves

particularly to the cultivation of the land; by being scrupulously just in all their commercial dealings, and practising to their utmost endeavour the simple Christian virtues,—they could not fail ultimately to make their influence felt. They entirely deprecated any attempt by preaching or dogmatising to convert any to their views, trusting solely that their example would commend whatever of truth they might hold to those by whom they were surrounded. Animated by these sentiments, the leaders started for Constantinople in 1868, and after vainly endeavouring to procure a firman, proceeded to the coast of Syria, where, attracted by the great advantages of soil, climate, and situation, they decided to establish themselves, in the first instance, at Haifa. Here they at once set to work to purchase land and build themselves houses. Believing in the responsibilities of individual ownership, they did not share in any of the communistic views so common in these days; but as the settlers were for the most part men of humble means, with nothing but their trades to depend upon, a loan fund and savings bank were formed, a village laid out, and the work of a permanent settlement seriously entered upon. Under any circumstances the first experiences of settlers in a new home are proverbially attended with great difficulty and discomfort; but in the case of these German emigrants, the obstacles which they had to overcome were of an especially annoying and perplexing kind. Apart from the fact that they

arrived ignorant of the language, methods of agriculture, and habits and customs of the native population, whose primitive and half-savage mode of life it was impossible for the new-comers to adopt, the Turkish Government, strongly averse to the establishment of a foreign colony, set all its machinery in motion to frustrate the attempt. It refused to sell Government land except at exorbitant prices; and in spite of the treaties existing between Turkey and foreign Governments enabling foreigners to purchase land, secure titles, &c., the negotiations for the land they now occupy extended over a period of twelve years, before the titles were satisfactorily and legally completed, even in the case of purchases from private owners. Nor were they allowed during this period to pay their taxes direct to the Government, but were compelled to pay them through the former Arab owners, in whose names the titles still were, and who took this opportunity of assessing them at an exorbitant rate, and putting the balance in their pockets. Since they have secured their own titles, they have discovered that for all these years they had been paying four times as much as they need have done.

Notwithstanding the insecurity of their tenure, the injustice to which they were subjected in the matter of taxation, the permanent hostility of the Government, and the local difficulties with regard to labour, supplies, &c., by which they were surrounded, they persevered, while paying dearly for their experience,

and finally succeeded in struggling through the first years of their existence, their numbers meanwhile being slowly recruited from Europe and America. They were thus enabled to form three other colonies: one in the immediate vicinity of Jaffa; another called Sharon, about an hour distant from that town; and a fourth in the suburbs of Jerusalem, not far from the Jaffa gate. It is here that the founder of the Society, Mr Hoffman, has now taken up his residence. The united population of the four colonies is about 1000 souls: a few families are also settled at Nazareth and Beyrout. The colony at Haifa, numbering a little over 300, consists mostly of Germans, German-Americans, Russians, and a few Swiss. These possess 700 acres of land, of which 100 are laid out in vineyards upon the slopes of Mount Carmel. Besides agriculture, the colonists have gone into trade and manufacture. They make excellent olive-oil soap, the export of which to America is yearly increasing: they have a wind grist-mill, a steam-mill is now in process of erection, and a factory for carving olive-wood. They have opened places of business in Haifa, and deal in merchandise, provisions, and dry goods. They do a good deal of business with Nazareth, now that they have got a road; and all branches of ordinary handicraft are represented in the colony. They have their own skilled physician, an architect, and engineer; while the British, American, and German vice-consulates are all held by members of the colony.

Their schools are supported by a two-thirds donation from the German Government, and one-third from the colonists.

If these excellent people can look back only upon struggles, privations, and hardships, they have now the satisfaction of looking round and observing the wonderful change which their presence has effected upon the neighbourhood. They can point with pride to their clean, trim village, running back in two streets from the sea to the base of Carmel, with its double line of shade-trees, its neat little gardens, and comfortable houses, looking, by contrast with the native bazaar, like some rare exotic transplanted to a foreign soil. They can look at the substantial houses which have sprung up between the colony and the town; as capital has been attracted during the last few years, they can see not only their own land, which they are constantly improving and draining, giving evidence of the care which has been bestowed upon it, and their terraced vineyards and increasing flocks, but they can see that their example is being imitated by the natives, who are adopting their better methods of agriculture. They can point to the fact that land has risen more than three times in value since their arrival; that the statistics of the port show a constantly increasing trade; and that, so far from having excited a feeling of hostility among the natives, they are universally respected, and often co-operate with them in their agricultural labours on terms of perfect harmony.

All this has been the work of scarce fifteen years; and when we compare these sound practical results with all that the Carmelites have to show, after a seven hundred years' occupation of the mountain, with all the wealth and prestige of their order and their church behind them, we are enabled to contrast the effects of practice with those of theory, and are driven to the conclusion that a very small amount of ploughing, done from a right spirit, may be worth a good deal of baptism.

But of all the numerous benefits which the German colony has conferred upon the native population, that which has perhaps exercised the most marked influence upon them has been the construction of roads for wheeled vehicles. When they came here, such a thing as a cart of any kind was unknown in the country. Now they are extensively used by the Arabs, and their numbers are constantly increasing. To make the cart before the road seems to be a proceeding somewhat analogous to putting the cart before the horse; and yet there is a wide difference between the performances. Given a horse and cart, and a tolerably level country, your cart becomes your road-maker. You find the line of country offering the least natural obstruction, and you go along it. There is not a vestige of a road from Haifa to Acre—a distance of about ten miles—but there are omnibuses, driven by natives, running almost every hour, who take you between the two places in two hours and

a half for a shilling. Sometimes the road is better than any piece of macadamised road in the world; but sometimes it is worse,—very much worse indeed: that depends upon the tide; for in fine weather and low tide it is a continuous stretch of the smoothest and hardest sand imaginable. This is fortunate, as the omnibuses have the barest apologies for springs, though they trundle smoothly along, their wheels just touching the rippling waves, as easily as if one was driving over a damp billiard-table. When the tide is high, and we have to plough through the fine deep sand above, it is a very different matter; or when the Kishon and the Belus, the two streams we have to cross on the way, flooded with winter rains, burst all sandy barriers, and rush headlong into the sea: then the journey may be in the highest degree exciting, as the question whether they are fordable or not becomes problematical, and sometimes the passengers resort to ferry-boats, towing the swimming horses and floating omnibus after them; but these experiences are confined to certain times of the year, and usually the drive from Haifa to Acre along the edge of the waves, with the cool sea-breeze fanning one all the way, is as agreeable as can be imagined. Then there is a carriage-road to Nazareth—a distance of twenty-two miles. This had to be constructed at a cost of about £200, the whole of which expense was borne by the German colony—a fact which does not prevent the natives, who contributed nothing towards

it, from using it freely. There is, besides, the road which, passing round the projecting promontory upon which the monastery of Carmel is situated—enters the northern end of the plain of Sharon, and extends to Cæsarea; indeed there is no reason, so far as the country is concerned, why it should not extend to Jaffa, a distance of sixty miles. One very important reason for making the cart before the road in Turkey is, that in order to make a road, you must get a concession. But as the Government now refuses to grant concessions for any purpose to any one, limiting itself to taking *backsheesh* for promises, no sane individual would endeavour to get a concession to build a road; but you do not require a concession to build a cart, and having built it you can drive it at your own risk. You may possibly have to bribe a *caimakam* to permit you to remove stones or other obstacles; and you would get into serious trouble if you tried to build a bridge. But there are various unostentatious ways of opening up the country, developing its resources, and helping the inhabitants, by which the vigilance of the Government to prevent improvement of any kind may be eluded, and risk of serious penalties avoided. The most effective of all ways really to benefit the country, would be for foreigners to come to it; and the fact that Haifa has just advanced sufficiently in civilisation to make it combine comfort with economy as a winter resort, points it out as the locality especially adapted for a beginning to be made in this direction.

There is an excellent hotel, kept by a German, in the colony; while those who prefer it can find board and lodging at the monastery, where the fathers have accommodation for a hundred guests. For my own part, I preferred renting a house in the colony; and though it involved furnishing throughout, the undertaking proved more simple and economical than I could have imagined. Nor could any better evidence be required of the resources of the colony than the fact that I was enabled either to purchase or have made, everything I required to furnish and install myself simply but comfortably in a roomy two-storeyed house. Most of the colonists now speak Arabic, and among the younger members excellent servants are to be found. Mutton, veal, pork, and chickens are the principal articles of meat diet to be obtained; and the native bazaar affords a plentiful supply of fruit and vegetables.

The population of Haifa has now increased to about 6000 inhabitants, and we ride or drive to it from the colony, a mile distant, between high cactus hedges. During the grain season it presents quite a busy aspect: hundreds of camels, with grain from the Hauran, are at this time of the year clustered in picturesque groups under the high cactus hedge at the gate of the town, where the principal warehouses for the reception of their loads are collected. During more than half the year the harbour is seldom without one steamer; sometimes there are as many as

four or five loading with barley, wheat, the maize of the country, sesame, carob-beans, and other native products, among which may be mentioned olive-oil, nuts, cheese, colocynth, and, sad to relate, charcoal. There is an express prohibition against the exportation of this article, as it is made at the expense of the remaining woods which still cover Carmel and some of the neighbouring hills. It is painful to see this denudation going on when the urgent need of the country is more wood, and when it is so necessary to prevent its further desiccation; but the most stringent enactments of the Government are always to be overcome by *backsheesh*, and the exportation of charcoal takes place openly under the eyes of the authorities. There can be no doubt, now that it has once fairly made a start, that Haifa is destined to become the most important port in Palestine. With the vast and fertile plain of Esdraelon as a back country, across which a railroad could be constructed without difficulty to the great grain-producing district of the Hauran, and a sufficient outlay of capital on its harbour, it would be the natural outlet for the chief products of the country.

Its commercial development may be left, however, to the laws which govern trade; it has been rather to the tourist or invalid that I have sought to recommend it, than to the capitalist. It is impossible to conceive a more agreeable climate during the winter months than it offers. From October to January the

temperature is generally that of the finest summer weather in England. Then it begins to get a little chilly, and a fire in the evenings is a grateful addition to the natural temperature; but this is only occasionally the case during the rainy weather. The rains of Palestine have become a bugbear, because they prevent travelling in tents, and are relatively disagreeable in a country where the days are invariably fine; but the rainiest winter month here would be considered a fine summer month in England. It does not begin to get really hot till May; and the experience of the colonists, who work out in the fields in all weathers, is, that the climate of Carmel is exceptionally bracing and healthy. But its most powerful attraction is the charming excursions which may be made in the neighbourhood, and the objects of interest which abound within an easy day's drive or ride, to say nothing of its own beauty of situation, and the lovely view of the Bay of Acre which it commands, the fortifications of that town glistening white in the distance, and the circling hills of Palestine, overtopped by snow-clad Hermon, changing in hue with those tender variations of atmosphere which give such an inexpressible charm to Eastern scenery. From these smooth sandy beaches we may bathe at all times of the year without the risk of an impossible temperature; and the conchologist would find in the multitudes of shells with which they are strewn, a never-ending interest and delight. Here

are sometimes to be found the *Murex vandarus* and *Murex tremantus*, the prickly shells of the fish which, in old time, yielded the far-famed Tyrian purple. After a storm the beach is strewn with sponges, which are obtained off the coast, and form an article of commerce. For those who love sport, the thickets of Carmel contain wild boar; while partridges, snipe, quail, woodcock, and the delicious francolin, are to be found in quantities at the right seasons of the year. The natives despise the fresh-water fish which abound in the Kishon, Belus, and other streams; but they none the less afford fair sport to the unambitious angler who likes variety and quantity rather than quality, and condescends to a worm.

As I have already said, we can drive in three different directions,—either along the beach to Acre, or by the road to Nazareth, or round the promontory of Carmel along the plain of Sharon. Let us choose the last road, which, for the first half-hour, traverses the lands of the colony: it is one of the pleasantest, for it is smooth and stoneless till we reach the curious mound at the base of the cliff upon which the monastery is situated. It is a circular stony tumulus about fifty feet high, washed by the sea, and the rocks bear marks of men's handiwork. Probably excavation would bring to light a ruin; but it is so covered with earth that the Arabs plough over it: it is known by them as Tel-es-Senak. The road passes between it and the base of the steep rocky side of Carmel, which

seems here almost honeycombed with caves. These are worth stopping to examine, though they look mere holes in the rock. Some of the apertures are so filled up with *débris* that an entrance is impossible; but if we lie down and peer in, we see the marks of cuttings in the rock, showing that they have been inhabited. Others are larger, and have been carved into rude doorways; and in these, again, are stone divisions, as though the occupant had made himself a stone bed. Some are cut into oblong shapes resembling sarcophagi, and suggest that they may have been used for tombs. Everywhere the steep limestone rock bears marks of having been much inhabited: flights of steps are cut into it; square cuttings exist where solid blocks have been taken out of it. In one place there is a complete corridor behind a series of flying buttresses of rock, where flocks of goats take shelter now. In the crusading days Carmel must have been a perfect rabbit-warren of hermits if all these caves were occupied—and those I have so far examined certainly have been. There is, however, also a theory to the effect that they served as sentry-boxes to the crusaders. At any rate, not a twentieth part of them have been examined, for they abound all through this limestone mountain, and here alone is occupation enough cut out for the winter resident. From the point where these first caves are situated we have a magnificent view of an unbroken line of beach for about twelve miles, and on a pro-

jecting point at its furthest extremity discern the outlines of the noble ruin of Athlit. Skirting the base of the range for half an hour more, we reach a narrow gorge, and in order to explore it, have to leave our carriage, and proceed on foot. So far the scenery has been treeless. Carmel, rugged and barren, has been on our left, and a strip of plain with the sea on our right; but here, to our surprise, pent up between the projecting flanks of the moun tain, we come upon a garden of figs, olives, and pomegranates. It is not above a hundred yards across, but it wedges itself up into the mountain till it becomes a strip scarce three trees wide, and then we suddenly come upon the cause of all this fertility. Gushing from a cleft in the limestone rock is a rill of purest water, conducted into a tank about twelve feet square, hewn out of the solid rock, perhaps by the old monks, probably by men more or less holy far anterior to them; for since the time of Elijah, Carmel has been celebrated for its sacred character, and has been much affected in consequence by devotees. Among the Jews, it takes rank for sanctity immediately after Sinai, being the second most sacred mountain in the world. There is something about this solitary spot, replete with the traces of a handiwork of the remote past, which cannot fail to impress the beholder. But there are other surprises in store for him. Looking up the valley, we perceive that it seems at one time or other to have been spanned by

a work of solid masonry. What remains of it projects nearly half across the chasm, and we eagerly scramble towards it. We now find ourselves traversing a smooth white limestone surface, into which, where the ascent is steepest, steps have been cut. On one side of us is a wall of limestone, and from it project layers of petrified twigs and branches of trees. The rock at our feet seems strewn with these stone memorials of a bygone forest, and here people who have a turn rather for fossils than for caves will have their appetite abundantly gratified. Passing beyond the overhanging masonry, we find that it forms a sort of rampart for a little plateau of earth, upon which there is another little garden about a quarter of an acre in extent, the owner of which lives in a hut at the mouth of a cave, and stares at us with astonishment. At the upper end of his little garden is another stone cistern, five or six feet square, fed from a capacious spring in the rock, which has been arched over, the whole embowered by fruit-trees, and forming a cool and most romantic retreat from the world. So, at least, thought the earliest monks, for here they erected their first monastery, one chamber of which, massively built, is still standing. I am inclined to think, however, that the solid masonry construction is of older date than the Crusades, though it may have formed part of a military as well as a monkish stronghold. There is a wild rocky path, which I have yet to explore, leading further up the glen, by

which the ridge may be traversed, and we may drop down upon the plain near Haifa on the opposite side of the mountain. The native name for this spot is Ain Siah; and according to tradition, it was on the coast opposite the gorge that the crusading king, Saint Louis of France, was wrecked when the monks gave him shelter and hospitality, and in return for it he helped them at a later period to collect funds for the construction of a larger building, which was afterwards erected on the site where the present monastery now stands. Not one, probably, in a hundred tourists who visit that monastery have ever heard of, much less explored, the romantic glen, scarcely an hour's ride distant from it, whose rocky recesses gave birth to the now celebrated order of the Carmelite monks.

Emerging once more on to the plain of Sharon, and continuing southward, we presently find ourselves entering extensive olive-groves. The country we have been traversing is somewhat stony, but so fertile as to have tempted the German colony to purchase a considerable tract of land. They were, however, soon compelled to abandon the attempt to cultivate it themselves, owing to the turbulent character of the population of the village of El Tireh, to which the gardens we are now entering belong. In spite of every effort to conciliate them, it was found impossible to overcome their unruly and thievish propensities; and rather than risk collisions, the

land has been let to Arab tenants, who cultivate it on shares. The people of El Tireh are notorious for their bad character all through the country. They are fanatical Moslems, and sufficiently wealthy, when they commit acts of depredation, to bribe the authorities to condone their offence; so they are a terror to their poorer and less influential neighbours. Their village is worth visiting, however, on account of the ruins of an old crusading castle, now converted into a mosque, and of the numerous caverns and ancient rock-hewn cisterns with which the hillside and glens that run back into the mountain abound. I had only time to stay long enough to see that the place was worth another visit; and notwithstanding their evil reputation, I was treated with much civility by the villagers. Once more striking across the plain from the base of the range to the sea, we arrive in little more than half an hour at a low limestone ridge which separates the plain from the beach. The formation of the country here is very peculiar. The plain, which had sloped from the mountains gently towards the sea, now almost takes an opposite incline, so that the winter streams from Carmel, not finding a natural slope seaward, are apt to stagnate in marshes at the base of the range, thus rendering the country to the south of Tireh during the early summer months very feverish. As if still further to render the drainage difficult, there extends parallel with the sea, and a few hundred yards from it, a range of limestone

rocks about fifty feet high, here and there rent into chasms. Skirting these, we suddenly find ourselves at an opening, apparently artificial. It is just wide enough to admit the carriage; and now we perceive the deep ruts of ancient chariot-wheels in the white rock, and examining more minutely, find holes in the entrance-rocks at each side, showing that in old time this passage could be barred. For about fifty yards we traverse the narrow passage. Here and there on the sides we observe steps cut in the face of the rock, the surface of which, in all directions, bears the marks of cuttings. We emerge from this artificial cleft upon a small sandy plain, and find ourselves suddenly in the presence of the ruins of Athlit, the most striking feature of which is a magnificent isolated fragment of wall, some sixty feet high. The carved blocks which formed its external casing have been partially removed, and it looks like some grand skeleton of departed greatness. We enter the ruins by a gateway, in which there are still massive wooden doors, and perceive immediately on our right the traces of three tiers of vaults, one above another, forming possibly the foundations upon which the temple was built, of which the fragment of wall is all that remains. High up on its inner surface we see the spring of three of the arches which probably formed the support of the roof, and which rest upon corbels formed respectively of the heads of a man and a woman and a bunch of acanthus-leaves. Attracted

by a hole in the rubbish at our feet, we scramble into it, and find ourselves in a dark vault, the dimensions of which a lighted lucifer-match fails to reveal; but this is only a visit of reconnaissance, so we do not waste time over it, but proceed on our exploration, enabled only to gather vague ideas as to the former shape and aspect of these massive ruins; for they have been built over by the squalid group of peasantry who have made them their home, and whose huts, nestling into them in every direction, render examination difficult. Then they have for centuries served as a quarry, from which ready-cut blocks of stone could be taken away to build the fortifications of Acre, or construct mosques or public buildings in the towns on the coast. No doubt all that was finest in the shape of columns or stone-carving has long since been removed, but from the fragments that remain we are enabled to form some idea of the past grandeur of the place. Situated on a projecting promontory, washed on three sides by the sea, Athlit was protected by a sea-wall, the massive fragments of which still remain, and which has evidently succumbed to the ravages, not of the ocean, but of man. On the occasion of my visit there was a heavy sea rolling, and the effect was inexpressibly grand. I stood on the edge of the ruin, some fifty feet above the rocks, and watched the breakers swirling over them, and dashing themselves upon the ancient masonry, through the base of which here and there breaches have been

made, leaving the upper part of the wall intact, thus forming rude archways through which the breakers swept into the base of the cliff. Following round to the southern side, I again entered a vault, this time sufficiently lighted by apertures to allow me to perceive that it was about 120 yards in length, 30 feet in breadth, and about the same in height. The natives used it for storing their grain. Altogether I know of no more impressive ruin to the west of the Jordan than Athlit, though it is scarcely ever visited by travellers—probably because no Biblical association attaches to it, and because it, of course, does not compare with the ruins to the east of the Jordan, and with those of other parts of Syria outside of Palestine. The earliest mention of Athlit, so far as I have been able to discover, is in the Talmud and Midrash, where it is called by the name of "Better" (it is known among the Arabs to this day as "Bitter") in connection with the historical record of that remarkable revolt undertaken by the Jews against the Romans in the year A.D. 130, under the leadership of Simon, surnamed Barcochebas, "son of the star," who was recognised by the celebrated Rabbi ben Akiba as the Messiah, and who succeeded in wresting from the Roman rule a large portion of the ancient Jewish kingdom, and in maintaining his independence during three years and a half. Better was one of the principal strongholds of this short-lived struggle, and is celebrated in Jewish literature as the last spot upon

which Jewish national independence was maintained. There can be no doubt, therefore, that prior to this period it was a Roman city of some importance.

It was destined once again to play a prominent part in the history of the country. It became celebrated during the Crusades under the name of *Castellum Peregrinorum*, or the *Château des Pélerins*. At the beginning of the thirteenth century it bore the name of *Petra Incisa*, probably owing to the rock-cut passage to it, which I have already described. In 1218, the Templars restored the castle and constituted it the chief seat of their order, on which occasion it is recorded that they "found a number of strange unknown coins"—possibly a currency used by Barcochebas. At this time the castle was regarded as an outwork of Acre, which was the chief crusading stronghold. In 1220 it was unsuccessfully besieged by Muazzam, Sultan of Egypt, and it was only abandoned by the crusaders in 1291 because Acre had been taken, and it remained the only spot still held by the Christians in the country. It has thus had the curious privilege of having been the last Jewish and the last Christian possession in Palestine.

If we have started from Haifa early enough, and not lingered too long on the way, we have still time to reach Tantura, the Biblical Dor, see what there is to be seen, and get home comfortably to dinner. Following the coast-road for five miles more, and passing the obscure ruins of Hadara and Kefr Lam,

we observe to the right, standing alone on the sea-shore about half a mile to the north of the town, another lofty isolated fragment of wall, that from a distance somewhat resembles a lighthouse, but which now turns out to be all that remains of an ancient castle, whose substructures date from a period anterior to the middle ages. The limestone range which we have remarked at Athlit continues to cut off the plain from the sea, and in it are caverns, while near Tantura it is covered with the shapeless ruins of an ancient town. This was probably the part occupied by the Jews, who, we are told in the Bible, were unable to completely drive the Canaanites out of the place, but compelled them to pay tribute while they occupied the upper portion of the town. In former times there must have been a good harbour at Tantura, formed by a chain of rocky islets, upon which are the remains of the old sea-wall, while their sides are hollowed by caverns. Even now, when the breakers are not too high to prevent the coasting craft from running through, they find here a secure shelter; and there is an attempt at trade on a small scale. But the inhabitants, like those of Tireh, have a doubtful reputation; and though they entertained me hospitably, I met some years ago a party of tourists at Jerusalem who had been robbed by them.

Classical authors mention Dor as having been a Phœnician colony. During the wars of the Diadochi, it was besieged and partly destroyed; but the town

and harbour were subsequently restored by Gabinius, a Roman general. It must at one time have been a handsome city; for we read that in the time of St Jerome its ruins were still a subject of admiration. There is a marsh near, where a friend who accompanied me had last year killed a wild boar; and a little below it, a stream which is carried through the limestone ridge by an artificial cutting, and spanned by an old Roman single-arched bridge in good preservation. Below this it expands into a deep, narrow, very sluggish stream, known as the Crocodile river. My friend assured me that the existence of crocodiles is no myth, for he had himself seen the carcass of one not long since, which had been killed by the natives. The Arab tradition as to the origin of these animals in the river is, that there was once a quarrel between two brothers whose properties were divided by the stream, and that one was more powerful than the other, and constantly threatening to annex his property, on which the latter applied to an influential friend in Egypt for help. His friend replied that he was unable to come himself, but sent him instead a brace of crocodiles to put into the dividing river; and by this simple means he succeeded in protecting his property ever after. I found a very good English-built boat submerged in this stream, and on inquiry was informed that the irrepressible British tourist had contrived to get it here, expressly for the purpose of hunting crocodiles; but I could hear nothing as

to his success. The river falls into a large lagoon, which is separated from the sea by a low beach, over which the waves break in a storm. These lagoons extend more or less to Cæsarea; but this would be beyond the limits of a day's excursion from Haifa. There is, however, a spot in the neighbourhood which has recently become interesting, not from its ancient remains—though these exist—so much as from the experiment attempted by the Central Committee of Roumania, who have chosen it as the site for a Jewish agricultural colony. It is distant about three miles from the sea, and is about four hundred feet above it, on one of the lower spurs of the Carmel range. As the settlers are only just getting into the Arab huts as their first year's lodgings, and as they have not yet begun to cultivate, it is too early to judge of the probable chances of success. Indeed the obstacles thrown in the way by the Government threaten to make it almost impossible for them, unless assisted by foreign influence, even to establish themselves permanently on the land of which they are not permitted to become owners, but where, at present, it is proposed to place them as labourers of a foreign proprietor. From the top of the highest hill of this property, which I visited, a magnificent view is obtained southward over the plain of Sharon as far as Cæsarea, and eastward over the high wooded and undulating slopes, characterised by Captain Conder, who has done so much excellent work in the

exploration of Palestine, as the most available country for colonisation, and known by the natives as "the breezy land"; behind which, still further east and north, rise the higher mountains of Palestine, with the rounded summit of Tabor, backed by snow-clad Hermon in the extreme north-east, while immediately to the north the Carmel range shuts in the view. The more one explores the hills and valleys of all this neighbourhood, the more impressed does one become with the numerous traces which abound of the dense population which must at one time have inhabited all this country. Everywhere among the rocks we come upon steps, or grooves, or cuttings, or other evidences of man's handiwork. Here at this hamlet of Summarin my attention was drawn to the ruts in the limestone formed by chariot-wheels, and I found that they led to the remains of what had once been a town. There were the foundations of the old walls; and at one place the three sides of what had once been a chamber hewn out of the solid rock. Each side contained rows of niches two inches apart—each niche being about a foot high, six inches across, and six inches deep. On the most perfect side there were six rows—each row containing eighteen niches, and they were continued probably below the *débris*, which had partially filled in the flooring. I could only imagine them to have served as receptacles for cinerary urns. The peasantry still occupied the little hamlet, which was now to become partly ten-

anted by the Roumanian Jews, of whom half-a-dozen were present at the time of my visit, contrasting strangely in their long *caftans* and curled locks with the swarthy *fellahin*, whose copartners in cultivation they were to be during the early stage of the settlement. The latter showed a considerable repugnance to the prospect of this description of co-operation—not at all upon religious, but upon purely economic grounds. Practically they saw that they were to be the teachers and the Jews the pupils, and they wished this fact to be taken into consideration in the future division of profits. They made high demands in consequence; and as it is not in the Jewish nature to submit to high demands, there was a good deal of warm discussion on the subject. They looked at the weak *chetif* physiques of these immigrants, fresh from the Ghetto of some Roumanian town, with a not unnatural suspicion of their powers of endurance, and indeed it required an effort of imagination to picture them running their furrows at the tail of a plough. However, it is a good sign for the nation that their hearts should be so set upon developing a capacity for agricultural pursuits, and it is one which all well-wishers to the land and its former people would do well to encourage and aid to their utmost. One of the *fellahin*, seeing my interest in ruins and topographical curiosities, led me to the head of a valley, where he said there was a mysterious rock with a hole in it, where the roaring of a mighty river might be

heard. The aperture was a crack in a table-rock of limestone, about three inches by two, its sides were worn smooth by listeners who had placed their ears upon it from time immemorial. On following the example of the thousands who had probably preceded me I was saluted by a strong draught of air, which rushed upwards from unknown depths, and heard to my surprise the mighty roaring sound that had given the rock its mystical reputation; but I felt at once that no subterranean river large enough to produce the rushing of such a torrent was likely, for physical reasons, to exist in this locality, for the noise was that of a distant Niagara. I was puzzled till I ascended a neighbouring hill, where the roar of the sea was distinctly audible; and I am therefore disposed to think that the fissure must have led to a cave on the sea-shore, from which the sound is conducted, as by a whispering gallery, to this point, distant from it about three miles. There was a fine plateau of arable land on this property, while some of the hillsides were fairly wooded, and others covered with a thick under-brush, in which are to be found wild cats, gluttons, porcupines, and other animals. The natives, however, were highly excited, because they had killed the previous day an animal which they all declared they had never seen before. They had attempted to skin it, but had been unable to do so, on account of its odour. On inspecting the carcass, I found to my surprise that it was a fine specimen of what appeared

to be an ordinary American skunk,—an animal with which I have unfortunately had reason to be too well acquainted for it to be easy for me to be mistaken in its identity. But if naturalists, who are wiser than I am, deny the possibility of the existence of these animals in Asia, then they have, at all events, far nearer relations in the Old World than I imagined. Had he been alive, and favoured me with a whiff, all doubts would have been at an end. The testimony of the natives was that they had never smelt such a smell before.

From Summarin, we may, if we like, cross the hills, drop into the plain of Esdraelon, and still reach Haifa the same night; but the excursion is rather too long to be made comfortably in one day, as there are many interesting spots to be visited. I have dwelt upon it at some length, merely as a specimen of what is done in the neighbourhood of Carmel. As for the mountain itself, it is a ten-mile ride along the backbone of the range from one end to the other, at an altitude varying from 1200 to 1800 feet above the sea, intersected by numerous gorges and ravines, all which require exploring, and in regard to which I hope, at some future time, to have something to say. Besides which, there is a romantic mountainous country away to the north-east, where, in spite of the exhaustive survey of the Palestine Exploration Fund, a good deal of interesting work remains to be done; and for this no better central position could be found than Haifa.

A visit to Palestine hitherto has always been inseparably connected in the mind of the traveller with tent-life—and this involves either a very expensive outlay, with all the paraphernalia of a dragoman and his caravan of mules, and extortionate charges—or it means travelling over a certain route fixed by Cook, at £1, 5s. a-day, with a miscellaneous herd of tourists. A winter residence at Haifa can be arranged for a much lower sum; and provided the visitor is satisfied with such excursions as I have indicated—not involving more than one night away from home, and therefore rendering a tent equipage unnecessary—he will find plenty of interesting exploration. It is always possible to rough it with native accommodation for one night, so that a dragoman and his caravan may be dispensed with. A servant, who speaks a little of some tongue besides Arabic, to cook and interpret, mounted on another animal, and carrying some bedding, food, and a change of clothes, is all the caravan required. Those, however, who do not like roughing it, or care for exploring at a distance, will have riding, driving, bathing, and shooting to their hearts' content without spending a night away from a house furnished with all the ordinary comforts of civilisation, in the midst of an honest, industrious, and simple community of Germans, whose work deserves the countenance and encouragement of all who have the welfare of the country they are labouring to benefit at heart. And it ought surely to be no little satisfaction to those

in search of health or amusement to feel, that in choosing Haifa as their winter resort, they are contributing indirectly to the prosperity and development of a country to whose restoration so many sacred promises are attached. Haifa may be reached by the Austrian Lloyd's steamers, which touch there once a fortnight, either from Beyrout or from Alexandria. Letters, however, arrive by the land-post every week; and there can be no doubt that if sufficient inducement offered, the Messagerie and Russian boats, which pass it every week on their way from Beyrout to Jaffa and Egypt, would call here. Besides which, the commercial lines of Moss and Ball occasionally look in, and would do so regularly with a very little more encouragement. It depends upon the public to remedy its present comparative isolation, which, however, to many may prove rather an attraction than a drawback.

A SKETCH IN THE TROPICS.

FROM A SUPERCARGO'S LOG.

[*MAGA.* SEPTEMBER 1843.]

IT was on a November morning of the year 1816, and about half an hour before daybreak, that the door of an obscure house in the Calle St Agostino, at the Havannah, was cautiously opened, and a man put out his head, and gazed up and down the street as if to assure himself that no one was near. All was silence and solitude at that early hour; and presently the door opening wider, gave egress to a young man muffled in a shabby cloak, who, with hurried but stealthy step, took the direction of the port. Hastening noiselessly through the deserted streets and lanes, he soon reached the quay, upon which were numerous storehouses of sugar and other merchandise, and piles of dye-woods, placed there in readiness for shipment. Upon approaching one of the latter, the young man gave a low whistle, and the next instant a figure glided from between two huge heaps of logwood, and seizing his hand, drew

him into the hiding-place from which it had just emerged.

A quarter of an hour elapsed, and the first faint tinge of day just began to appear, when the noise of oars was heard, and presently in the grey light a boat was seen darting out of the mist that hung over the water. As it neared the quay, the two men left their place of concealment, and one of them, pointing to the person who sat in the stern of the boat, pressed his companion's hand, and hurrying away, soon disappeared amid the labyrinth of goods and warehouses.

The boat came up to the stairs. Of the three persons it contained, two sailors, who had been rowing, remained in it; the third, whose dress and appearance were those of the master of a merchant vessel, sprang on shore, and walked in the direction of the town. As he passed before the logwood, the stranger stepped out and accosted him.

The seaman's first movement, and not an unnatural one, considering he was at the Havannah and the day not yet broken, was to half draw his cutlass from its scabbard; but the next moment he let it drop back again. The appearance of the person who addressed him was, if not very prepossessing, at least not much calculated to inspire alarm. He was a young man of handsome and even noble countenance, but pale and sickly-looking, and having the appearance of one bowed down by sorrow and illness.

"Are you the captain of the Philadelphia schooner

that is on the point of sailing?" inquired he, in a trembling, anxious voice.

The seaman looked hard in the young man's face, and answered in the affirmative. The stranger's eye sparkled.

"Can I have a passage for myself, a friend, and two children?" demanded he.

The sailor hesitated before he replied, and again scanned his interlocutor from head to foot with his keen grey eyes. There was something inconsistent, not to say suspicious, in the whole appearance of the stranger. His cloak was stained and shabby, and his words humble; but there was a fire in his eye that flashed forth seemingly in spite of himself, and his voice had that particular tone which the habit of command alone gives. The result of the sailor's scrutiny was apparently unfavourable, and he shook his head negatively. The young man gasped for breath, and drew a well-filled purse from his bosom.

"I will pay beforehand," said he; "I will pay whatever you ask."

The American started; the contrast was too great between the heavy purse and large offers and the beggarly exterior of the applicant. He shook his head more decidedly than before. The stranger bit his lip till the blood came, his breast heaved, his whole manner was that of one who abandons himself to despair. The sailor felt a touch of compassion.

"Young man," said he in Spanish, "you are no merchant. What do you want at Philadelphia?"

"I want to go to Philadelphia. Here is my passage-money, here my pass. You are captain of the schooner. What do you require more?"

There was a wild vehemence in the tone and manner in which these words were spoken, that indisposed the seaman still more against his would-be passenger. Again he shook his head, and was about to pass on. The young man seized his arm.

"*Por el amor de Dios, Capitan*, take me with you. Take my unhappy wife and my poor children."

"Wife and children!" repeated the captain. "Have you a wife and children?"

The stranger groaned.

"You have committed no crime? you are not flying from the arm of justice?" asked the American, sharply.

"So may God help me, no crime whatever have I committed," replied the young man, raising his hand towards heaven.

"In that case I will take you. Keep your money till you are on board. In an hour at furthest I weigh anchor."

The stranger answered nothing, but as if relieved from some dreadful anxiety, drew a deep breath, and with a grateful look to heaven, hurried from the spot.

When Captain Ready, of the smart-sailing Balti-

more-built schooner, The Speedy Tom, returned on board his vessel, and descended into the cabin, he was met by his new passenger, on whose arm was hanging a lady of dazzling beauty and grace. She was very plainly dressed, as were also two beautiful children who accompanied her; but their clothes were of the finest materials, and the elegance of their appearance contrasted strangely with the rags and wretchedness of their husband and father. Lying on a chest, however, Captain Ready saw a pelisse and two children's cloaks of the shabbiest description, and which the new-comers had evidently just taken off.

The seaman's suspicions returned at all this disguise and mystery; and a doubt again arose in his mind as to the propriety of taking passengers who came on board under such equivocal circumstances. A feeling of compassion, however, added to the graceful manners and sweet voice of the lady, decided him to persevere in his original intention; and politely requesting her to make herself at home in the cabin, he returned on deck. Ten minutes later the anchor was weighed, and the schooner in motion.

The sun had risen and dissipated the morning mist. Some distance astern of the now fast-advancing schooner rose the streets and houses of the Havannah, and the forest of masts occupying its port; to the right frowned the castle of the Molo, whose threaten-

ing embrasures the vessel was rapidly approaching. The husband and wife stood upon the cabin stairs, gazing, with breathless anxiety, at the fortress.

As the schooner arrived opposite the castle, a small postern leading out upon the jetty was opened, and an officer and six soldiers issued forth. Four men, who had been lying on their oars in a boat at the jetty stairs, sprang up.

The soldiers jumped in, and the rowers pulled in the direction of the schooner.

"*Jesus Maria y José!*" exclaimed the lady.

"*Madre de Dios!*" groaned her husband.

At this moment the fort made a signal.

"Up with the helm!" shouted Captain Ready.

The schooner rounded to; the boat came flying over the water, and in a few moments was alongside. The soldiers and their commander stepped on board.

The latter was a very young man, possessed of a true Spanish countenance—grave and stern. In few words he desired the captain to produce his ship's papers, and parade his seamen and passengers. The papers were handed to him without an observation; he glanced his eye over them, inspected the sailors one after the other, and then looked in the direction of the cabin, expecting the appearance of the passengers, who at length came on deck, the stranger carrying one of the children and his wife the other. The Spanish officer started.

"Do you know that you have a state-criminal on board?" thundered he to the captain. "What is the meaning of this?"

"*Santa Virgen!*" exclaimed the lady, and fell fainting into her husband's arms. There was a moment's deep silence. All present seemed touched by the misfortunes of this youthful pair. The young officer sprang to the assistance of the husband, and relieving him of the child, enabled him to give his attention to his wife, whom he laid gently down upon the deck.

"I am grieved at the necessity," said the officer, "but you must return with me."

The American captain, who had been contemplating this scene apparently quite unmoved, now ejected from his mouth a huge quid of tobacco, replaced it by another, and then stepping up to the officer, touched him on the arm, and offered him the pass he had received from his passengers. The Spaniard waved him back almost with disgust. There was, in fact, something very unpleasant in the apathy and indifference with which the Yankee contemplated the scene of despair and misery before him. Such cold-bloodedness appeared premature and unnatural in a man who could not yet have seen more than five-and-twenty summers. A close observer, however, would have remarked that the muscles of his face were beginning to be agitated by a slight convulsive twitching, when, at that moment, his mate

stepped up to him and whispered something. Approaching the Spaniard for the second time, Ready invited him to partake of a slight refreshment in his cabin, a courtesy which it is usual for the captains of merchant vessels to pay to the visiting officer. The Spaniard accepted, and they went below.

The steward was busy covering the cabin table with plates of Boston crackers, olives, and almonds, and he then uncorked a bottle of fine old Madeira that looked like liquid gold as it gurgled into the glasses. Captain Ready seemed quite a different person in the cabin and on deck. Throwing aside his dry say-little manner, he was good-humour and civility personified, as he lavished on his guest all those obliging attentions which no one better knows the use of than a Yankee when he wishes to administer a dose of what he would call "soft sawder." Ready soon persuaded the officer of his entire guiltlessness in the unpleasant affair that had just occurred; and the Spaniard told him by no means to make himself uneasy, that the pass had been given for another person, and that the prisoner was a man of great importance, whom he considered himself excessively lucky to have been able to recapture.

Most Spaniards like a glass of Madeira, particularly when olives serve as the whet. The American's wine was first-rate, and the officer seemed to find himself particularly comfortable in the cabin. He did not forget, however, to desire that the prisoner's baggage

might be placed in the boat, and, with a courteous apology for leaving him a moment, Captain Ready hastened to give the necessary orders.

When the captain reached the deck, a heartrending scene presented itself to him. His unfortunate passenger was seated on one of the hatchways, despair legibly written on his pale features. The eldest child had climbed up on his knee, and looked wistfully into its father's face, and his wife hung round his neck sobbing audibly. A young negress, who had come on board with them, held the other child, an infant a few months old, in her arms. Ready took the prisoner's hand.

"I hate tyranny," said he, "as every American must. Had you confided your position to me a few hours sooner, I would have got you safe off. But now I see nothing to be done. We are under the cannon of the fort, that could sink us in ten seconds. Who and what are you? Say quickly, for time is precious."

"I am a Columbian by birth," replied the young man, "an officer in the patriot army. I was taken prisoner at the battle of Cachiri, and brought to the Havannah with several companions in misfortune. My wife and children were allowed to follow me, for the Spaniards were not sorry to have one of the first families of Columbia entirely in their power. Four months I lay in a frightful dungeon, with rats and venomous reptiles for my only companions. It is a

miracle that I am still alive. Out of seven hundred prisoners, but a handful of emaciated objects remain to testify to the barbarous cruelty of our captors. A fortnight back they took me out of my prison, a mere skeleton, in order to preserve my life, and quartered me in a house in the city. Two days ago, however, I heard that I was to return to the dungeon. It was my death-warrant, for I was convinced I could not live another week in that frightful cell. A true friend, in spite of the danger, and by dint of gold, procured me a pass that had belonged to a Spaniard dead of the yellow fever. By means of that paper, and by your assistance, we trusted to escape. *Capitan!*" said the young man, starting to his feet, and clasping Ready's hand, his hollow sunken eye gleaming wildly as he spoke, "my only hope is in you. If you give me up I am a dead man, for I have sworn to perish rather than return to the miseries of my prison. I fear not death—I am a soldier; but alas for my poor wife, my helpless, deserted children!"

The Yankee captain passed his hand across his forehead with the air of a man who is puzzled, then turned away without a word, and walked to the other end of the vessel. Giving a glance upwards and around him that seemed to take in the appearance of the sky, and the probabilities of good or bad weather, he ordered some of the sailors to bring the luggage of the passenger upon deck, but not to put it into the boat. He told the steward to give the soldiers and

boatmen a couple of bottles of rum, and then, after whispering for a few seconds in the ear of his mate, he approached the cabin stairs. As he passed the Columbian family, he said in a low voice, and without looking at them,

"Trust in Him who helps when need is at the greatest."

Scarcely had he uttered the words, when the Spanish officer sprang up the cabin stairs, and as soon as he saw the prisoners, ordered them into the boat. Ready, however, interfered, and begged him to allow his unfortunate passenger to take a farewell glass before he left the vessel. To this the young officer good-naturedly consented, and himself led the way into the cabin.

They took their places at the table, and the captain opened a fresh bottle, at the very first glass of which the Spaniard's eye glistened, his lips smacked. The conversation became more and more lively; Ready spoke Spanish fluently, and gave proof of a joviality which no one would have suspected to form a part of his character, dry and saturnine as his manner usually was. A quarter of an hour or more had passed in this way, when the schooner gave a sudden lurch, and the glasses and bottles jingled and clattered together on the table. The Spaniard started up.

"Captain!" cried he furiously, "the schooner is sailing!"

"Certainly," replied the captain, very coolly. "You

surely did not expect, Señor, that we were going to miss the finest breeze that ever filled a sail."

Without answering, the officer rushed upon deck, and looked in the direction of the Molo. They had left the fort full two miles behind them. The Spaniard literally foamed at the mouth.

"Soldiers!" vociferated he, "seize the captain and the prisoners. We are betrayed. And you, steersman, put about."

And betrayed they assuredly were; for while the officer had been quaffing his Madeira, and the soldiers and boatmen regaling themselves with the steward's rum, sail had been made on the vessel without noise or bustle, and, favoured by the breeze, she was rapidly increasing her distance from land. Meantime Ready preserved the utmost composure.

"Betrayed!" repeated he, replying to the vehement ejaculation of the Spaniard. "Thank God we are Americans, and have no trust to break, nothing to betray. As to this prisoner of yours, however, he must remain here."

"Here!" sneered the Spaniard. "We'll soon see about that, you treacherous——"

"Here," quietly interrupted the captain. "Do not give yourself needless trouble, Señor; your soldiers' guns are, as you perceive, in our hands, and my six sailors well provided with pistols and cutlasses. We are more than a match for your ten, and at the first suspicious movement you make, we fire on you."

The officer looked around, and became speechless when he beheld the soldiers' muskets piled upon the deck, and guarded by two well-armed and determined-looking sailors.

"You would not dare!" exclaimed he.

"Indeed would I," replied Ready; "but I hope you will not force me to it. You must remain a few hours longer my guest, and then you can return to port in your boat. You will get off with a month's arrest, and as compensation, you will have the satisfaction of having delivered a brave enemy from despair and death."

The officer ground his teeth together, but even yet he did not give up all hopes of getting out of the scrape. Resistance was evidently out of the question, his men's muskets being in the power of the Americans, who, with cocked pistols and naked cutlasses, stood on guard over them. The soldiers themselves did not seem very full of fight, and the boatmen were negroes, and consequently non-combatants. But there were several trincadores and armed cutters cruising about, and if he could manage to hail or make a signal to one of them, the schooner would be brought to, and the tables turned. He gazed earnestly at a sloop that just then crossed them at no great distance, staggering in towards the harbour under press of sail. The American seemed to read his thoughts.

"Do me the honour, Señor," said he, "to partake

of a slight *déjeûner à la fourchette* in the cabin. We will also hope for the pleasure of your company at dinner. Supper you will probably eat at home."

And so saying, he motioned courteously towards the cabin stairs. The Spaniard looked in the seaman's face, and read in its decided expression, and in the slight smile of intelligence that played upon it, that he must not hope either to resist or outwit his polite but peremptory entertainer. So, making a virtue of necessity, he descended into the cabin.

The joy of the refugees at finding themselves thus unexpectedly rescued from the captivity they so much dreaded, may be more easily imagined than described. They remained for some time without uttering a word; but the tears of the lady, and the looks of heartfelt gratitude of her husband, were the best thanks they could offer their deliverer.

On went the schooner; fainter and fainter grew the outline of the land, till at length it sank under the horizon, and nothing was visible but the castle of the Molo and the topmasts of the vessels riding at anchor off the Havannah. They were twenty miles from land, far enough for the safety of the fugitive, and as far as it was prudent for those to come who had to return to port in an open boat. Ready's good-humour and hearty hospitality had reconciled him with the Spaniard, who seemed to have forgotten the trick that had been played him, and the punishment he would incur for having allowed himself to

be entrapped. He shook the captain's hand as he stepped over the side, the negroes dipped their oars into the water, and in a short time the boat was seen from the schooner as a mere speck upon the vast expanse of ocean.

The voyage was prosperous, and in eleven days the vessel reached its destination. The Columbian officer, his wife and children, were received with the utmost kindness and hospitality by the young and handsome wife of Captain Ready, in whose house they took up their quarters. They remained there two months, living in the most retired manner, with the double object of economising their scanty resources and of avoiding the notice of the Philadelphians, who at that time viewed the patriots of Southern America with no very favourable eye. The insurrection against the Spaniards had injured the commerce between the United States and the Spanish colonies, and the purely mercantile and lucre-loving spirit of the Philadelphians made them look with dislike on any persons or circumstances who caused a diminution of their trade and profits.

At the expiration of the above-mentioned time, an opportunity offered of a vessel going to Marguerite, then the headquarters of the patriots, and the place where the first expeditions were formed under Bolivar against the Spaniards. Estoval (that was the name by which the Columbian officer was designated in his passport) gladly seized the opportunity, and taking a

grateful and affectionate leave of his deliverer, embarked with his wife and children. They had been several days at sea before they remembered that they had forgotten to tell their American friends their real name. The latter had never inquired it, and the Estovals being accustomed to address one another by their Christian names, it had never been mentioned.

Meantime, the good seed Captain Ready had sown brought the honest Yankee but a sorry harvest. His employers had small sympathy with the feelings of humanity that had induced him to run the risk of carrying off a Spanish state-prisoner from under the guns of a Spanish battery. Their correspondents at the Havannah had had some trouble and difficulty on account of the affair, and had written to Philadelphia to complain of it. Ready lost his ship, and could only obtain from his employers certificates of character of so ambiguous and unsatisfactory a nature, that for a long time he found it impossible to get the command of another vessel.

In the autumn of 1824, I left Baltimore as supercargo of the brig Perseverance, Captain Ready. Proceeding to the Havannah, we discharged our cargo, took in another, partly on our own account, partly on that of the Spanish Government, and sailed for Callao on the 1st December, exactly eight days before the celebrated battle of Ayacucho dealt the finishing blow to Spanish rule on the southern continent of Ame-

rica, and established the independence of Peru. The Spaniards, however, still held the fortress of Callao, which, after having been taken by Martin and Cochrane four years previously, had again been treacherously delivered up, and was now blockaded by sea and land by the patriots, under the command of General Hualero, who had marched an army from Columbia to assist the cause of liberty in Peru.

Of all these circumstances we were ignorant, until we arrived within a few leagues of the port of Callao. Then we learned them from a vessel that spoke us, but we still advanced, hoping to find an opportunity to slip in. In attempting to do so, we were seized by one of the blockading vessels, and the captain and myself taken out and sent to Lima. We were allowed to take our personal property with us, but of brig or cargo we heard nothing for some time. I was not a little uneasy; for the whole of my savings during ten years' clerkship in the house of a Baltimore merchant were embarked in the form of a venture on board the Perseverance.

The captain, who had a fifth of the cargo, and was half owner of the brig, took things very philosophically, and passed his days with a penknife and stick in his hand, whittling away, Yankee fashion; and when he had chopped up his stick, he would set to work notching and hacking the first chair, bench, or table that came under his hand. If any one spoke to him of the brig, he would grind his teeth a little, but

said nothing, and whittled away harder than ever. This was his character, however. I had known him for five years that he had been in the employ of the same house as myself, and he had always passed for a singularly reserved and tacitum man. During our voyage, whole weeks had sometimes elapsed without his uttering a word except to give the necessary orders.

In spite of his peculiarities, Captain Ready was generally liked by his brother captains, and by all who knew him. When he did speak, his words (perhaps the more prized on account of their rarity) were always listened to with attention. There was a benevolence and mildness in the tones of his voice that rendered it quite musical, and never failed to prepossess in his favour all those who heard him, and to make them forget the usual sullenness of his manner. During the whole time he had sailed for the Baltimore house, he had shown himself a model of trustworthiness and seamanship, and enjoyed the full confidence of his employers. It was said, however, that his early life had not been irreproachable; that when he first, and as a very young man, had command of a Philadelphian ship, something had occurred which had thrown a stain upon his character. What this was, I had never heard very distinctly stated. He had favoured the escape of a malefactor, ensnared some officers who were sent on board his vessel to seize him. All this was very vague, but what was positive was the fact, that the owners of the ship he

then commanded had had much trouble about the matter, and Ready himself remained long unemployed, until the rapid increase of trade between the United States and the infant republics of South America had caused seamen of ability to be in much request, and he had again obtained command of a vessel.

We were seated one afternoon outside the French coffee-house at Lima. The party consisted of seven or eight captains of merchant-vessels that had been seized, and they were doing their best to kill the time, some smoking, others chewing, but nearly all with penknife and stick in hand, whittling as for a wager. On their first arrival at Lima, and adoption of this coffee-house as a place of resort, the tables and chairs belonging to it seemed in a fair way to be cut to pieces by these indefatigable whittlers; but the coffee-house keeper had hit upon a plan to avoid such deterioration of his chattels, and had placed in every corner of the room bundles of sticks, at which his Yankee customers cut and notched, till the coffee-house assumed the appearance of a carpenter's shop.

The costume and airs of the patriots, as they called themselves, were no small source of amusement to us. They strutted about in all the pride of their fire-new freedom, regular caricatures of soldiers. One would have on a Spanish jacket, part of the spoils of Ayacucho—another, an American one, which he had bought from some sailor—a third, a monk's robe, cut short,

and fashioned into a sort of doublet. Here was a shako wanting a brim, in company with a gold-laced velvet coat of the time of Philip V.; there, a hussar jacket and an old-fashioned cocked hat. The volunteers were the best clothed, also in great part from the plunder of the battle of Ayacucho. Their uniforms were laden with gold and silver lace, and some of the officers, not satisfied with two epaulettes, had half-a-dozen hanging before and behind, as well as on their shoulders.

As we sat smoking, whittling, and quizzing the patriots, a side-door of the coffee-house was suddenly opened, and an officer came out whose appearance was calculated to give us a far more favourable opinion of South American *militaires*. He was a man about thirty years of age, plainly but tastefully dressed, and of that unassuming, engaging demeanour which is so often found the companion of the greatest decision of character, and which contrasted with the martial deportment of a young man who followed him, and who, although in much more showy uniform, was evidently his inferior in rank. We bowed as he passed before us, and he acknowledged the salutation by raising his cocked hat slightly but courteously from his head. He was passing on when his eyes suddenly fell upon Captain Ready, who was standing a little on one side, notching away at his tenth or twelfth stick, and at that moment happened to look up. The officer started, gazed earnestly at Ready for

the space of a moment, and then, with delight expressed on his countenance, sprang forward, and clasped him in his arms.

"Captain Ready!"

"That is my name," quietly replied the captain.

"Is it possible you do not know me?" exclaimed the officer.

Ready looked hard at him, and seemed a little in doubt. At last he shook his head.

"You do not know me?" repeated the other, almost reproachfully, and then whispered something in his ear.

It was now Ready's turn to start and look surprised. A smile of pleasure lit up his countenance as he grasped the hand of the officer, who took his arm and dragged him away into the house.

A quarter of an hour elapsed, during which we lost ourselves in conjectures as to who this acquaintance of Ready's could be. At the end of that time the captain and his new (or old) friend reappeared. The latter walked away, and we saw him enter the Government House, while Ready joined us, as silent and phlegmatic as ever, and resumed his stick and penknife. In reply to our inquiries as to who the officer was, he only said that he belonged to the army besieging Callao, and that he had once made a voyage as his passenger. This was all the information we could extract from our taciturn friend; but we saw plainly that the officer was somebody of importance,

from the respect paid him by the soldiers and others whom he met.

The morning following this incident we were sitting over our chocolate, when an orderly dragoon came to ask for Captain Ready. The captain went out to speak to him, and presently returning, went on with his breakfast very deliberately.

When he had done, he asked me if I were inclined for a little excursion out of the town, which would, perhaps, keep us a couple of days away. I willingly accepted, heartily sick as I was of the monotonous life we were leading. We packed up our valises, took our pistols and cutlasses, and went out.

To my astonishment the orderly was waiting at the door with two magnificent Spanish chargers, splendidly accoutred. They were the finest horses I had seen in Peru, and my curiosity was strongly excited to know who had sent them, and whither we were going. To my questions, Ready replied that we were going to visit the officer whom he had spoken to on the preceding day, and who was with the besieging army, and had once been his passenger, but he declared he did not know his name or rank.

We had left the town about a mile behind us, when we heard the sound of cannon in the direction we were approaching; it increased as we went on, and about a mile further we met a string of carts, full of wounded, going in to Lima. Here and there we caught sight of parties of marauders, who dis-

appeared as soon as they saw our orderly. I felt a great longing and curiosity to witness the fight that was evidently going on—not, however, that I was particularly desirous of taking share in it, or putting myself in the way of the bullets. My friend the captain jogged on by my side, taking little heed of the roar of the cannon, which to him was no novelty; for having passed his life at sea, he had had more than one encounter with pirates and other rough customers, and been many times under the fire of batteries, running in and out of blockaded American ports. His whole attention was now engrossed by the management of his horse, which was somewhat restive, and he, like most sailors, was a very indifferent rider.

On reaching the top of a small rising ground, we beheld to the left the dark frowning bastions of the fort, and to the right the village of Bella Vista, which, although commanded by the guns of Callao, had been chosen as the headquarters of the besieging army—the houses being, for the most part, built of huge blocks of stone, and offering sufficient resistance to the balls. The orderly pointed out to us the various batteries, and especially one which was just completed, and was situated about three hundred yards from the fortress. It had not yet been used, and was still masked from the enemy by some houses which stood just in its front.

While we were looking about us, Ready's horse,

irritated by the noise of the firing, the flashes of the guns, and perhaps more than anything by the captain's bad riding, became more and more unmanageable, and at last taking the bit between his teeth, started off at a mad gallop, closely followed by myself and the orderly, to whose horses the panic seemed to have communicated itself. The clouds of dust raised by the animals' feet, prevented us from seeing whither we were going. Suddenly there was an explosion that seemed to shake the very earth under us, and Ready, the orderly, and myself, lay sprawling with our horses on the ground. Before we could collect our senses and get up, we were nearly deafened by a tremendous roar of artillery close to us, and at the same moment a shower of stones and fragments of brick and mortar clattered about our ears.

The orderly was stunned by his fall; I was bruised and bewildered. Ready was the only one who seemed in no ways put out, and with his usual phlegm, extricating himself from under his horse, he came to our assistance. I was soon on my legs, and endeavouring to discover the cause of all this uproar.

Our unruly steeds had brought us close to the new battery, at the very moment that the train of a mine under the houses in front of it had been fired. The instant the obstacle was removed, the artillerymen had opened a tremendous fire on the fort. The Spaniards were not slow to return the compliment, and fortunate it was that a solid fragment of wall

intervened between us and their fire, or all our troubles about the brig and everything else would have been at an end. Already upwards of twenty balls had struck the old broken wall. Shot and shell were flying in every direction, the smoke was stifling, the uproar indescribable. It was so dark with the smoke and dust from the fallen houses, that we could not see an arm's length before us. The captain asked two or three soldiers who were hurrying by, where the battery was; but they were in too great haste to answer, and it was only when the smoke cleared away a little, that we discovered we were not twenty paces from it. Ready seized my arm, and pulling me with him, I the next moment found myself standing beside a gun, under cover of the breastworks.

The battery consisted of thirty, twenty-four, and thirty-six pounders, served with a zeal and courage which far exceeded anything I had expected to find in the patriot army. The fellows were really more than brave, they were foolhardy. They danced rather than walked round the guns, and exhibited a contempt of death that could not well be surpassed. As to drawing the guns back from the embrasures while they loaded them, they never dreamed of such a thing. They stood jeering and scoffing the Spaniards, and bidding them take better aim.

It must be remembered that this was only three months after the battle of Ayacucho, the greatest

feat of arms which the South American patriots had achieved during the whole of their protracted struggle with Spain. That victory had literally electrified the troops, and inspired them with a courage and contempt of their enemy, that frequently showed itself, as on this occasion, in acts of the greatest daring and temerity.

At the gun by which Ready and myself took our stand, half the artillerymen were already killed, and we had scarcely come there, when a cannon-shot took the head off a man standing close to me. The wind of the ball was so great that I believe it would have suffocated me, had I not fortunately been standing sideways in the battery. At the same moment, something hot splashed over my neck and face, and nearly blinded me. I looked, and saw the man lying without his head before me. I cannot describe the sickening feeling that came over me. It was not the first man I had seen killed in my life, but it was the first whose blood and brains had spurted into my face. My knees shook and my head swam ; I was obliged to lean against the wall, or I should have fallen.

Another ball fell close beside me, and, strange to say, it brought me partly to myself again ; and by the time a third and fourth had bounced into the battery, I began to take things pretty coolly—my heart beating rather quicker than usual, I acknowledge ; but nevertheless, I began to find an indescribable sort of

pleasure, a mischievous joy, if I may so call it, in the peril and excitement of the scene.

Whilst I was getting over my terrors, my companion was moving about the battery with his usual *sangfroid*, reconnoitring the enemy. He ran no useless risk, kept himself well behind the breastworks, stooping down when necessary, and taking all proper care of himself. When he had completed his reconnaissance, he, to my no small astonishment, took off his coat and neck-handkerchief, the latter of which he tied tight round his waist, then taking a rammer from the hand of a soldier who had just fallen, he ordered, or rather signed to the artilleryman to draw the gun back.

There was something so cool and decided in his manner, that they obeyed without testifying any surprise at his interference, and as though he had been one of their own officers. He loaded the piece, had it drawn forward again, pointed and fired it. He then went to the next gun and did the same thing there. He seemed so perfectly at home in the battery that nobody ever dreamed of disputing his authority, and the two guns were entirely under his direction. I had now got used to the thing myself, so I went forward and offered my services, which, in the scarcity of men (so many having been killed), were not to be refused, and I helped to draw the guns backwards and forwards and load them. The captain kept running from one to the other, pointing them,

and admirably well too; for every shot took effect within a circumference of a few feet on the bastion in front of us.

This lasted nearly an hour, at the end of which time the fire was considerably slackened, for the greater part of our guns had become unserviceable. Only about a dozen kept up the fire (the ball, I was going to say), and amongst them were the two that Ready commanded. He had given them time to cool after firing, whereas most of the others, in their desperate haste and eagerness, had neglected that precaution. Although the patriots had now been fifteen years at war with the Spaniards, they were still very indifferent artillerymen—for artillery had little to do in most of their fights, which were generally decided by cavalry and infantry; and even in that of Ayacucho there were only a few small field-pieces in use on either side. The mountainous nature of the country, intersected too by mighty rivers and the want of good roads, were the reasons of the insignificant part played by the artillery in these wars.

Whilst we were thus hard at work, who should enter the battery but the very officer we had left Lima to visit! He was attended by a numerous staff, and was evidently of very high rank. He stood a little back, watching every movement of Captain Ready, and rubbing his hands with visible satisfaction. Just at that moment the captain fired one of the guns, and, as the smoke cleared away a little, we

saw the opposite bastion rock and then sink down into the moat. A joyous hurrah greeted its fall, and the general and his staff sprang forward.

It would be necessary to have witnessed the scene that followed in order to form any adequate idea of the mad joy and enthusiasm of its actors. The general seized Ready in his arms and eagerly embraced him, then almost threw him to one of his officers, who performed the like ceremony, and, in his turn, passed him to a third. The imperturbable captain flew, or was tossed like a ball, from one to the other. I also came in for my share of the embraces.

I thought them all stark-staring mad; and, indeed, I do not believe they were far from it. The balls were still hailing into the battery; one of them cut a poor devil of an orderly nearly in two, but no notice was taken of such trifles. It was a curious scene enough; the cannon-balls bouncing about our ears —the ground under our feet slippery with blood— wounded and dying lying on all sides—and we ourselves pushed and passed about from the arms of one black-bearded fellow into those of another. There was something thoroughly exotic, completely South American and tropical, in this *impromptu*.

Strange to say, now that the breach was made— and a breach such that a determined regiment, assisted by a well-directed fire of artillery, could have had no difficulty in storming the town—there was no appear-

ance of any disposition to profit by it. The patriots seemed quite contented with what had been done; most of the officers left the batteries, and the thing was evidently over for the day. I knew little of Spanish Americans then, or I should have felt less surprised than I did at their not following up their advantage. It was not from want of courage; for it was impossible to have exhibited more than they had done that morning. But they had had their moment of fury, of wild energy and exertion, and the other side of the national character—indolence—now showed itself. After fighting like devils, at the very moment when activity was of most importance they lay down and took the *sièsta*.

We were about leaving the battery, with the intention of visiting some of the others, when our orderly came up in all haste with orders to conduct us to the general's quarters. We followed him, and soon reached a noble villa, at the door of which a guard was stationed. Here we were given over to a sort of major-domo, who led us through a crowd of aides-de-camp, staff-officers, and orderlies, to a chamber whither our valises had preceded us. We were desired to make haste with our toilet, as dinner would be served so soon as his Excellency returned from the batteries; and, indeed, we had scarcely changed our dress and washed the blood and smoke from our persons, when the major-domo reappeared and announced the general's return.

Dinner was laid out in a large saloon, in which some sixty officers were assembled when we entered it. With small regard to etiquette, and not waiting for the general to welcome us, they all sprang to meet us with a "*Buen venidos, capitanes!*"

The dinner was such as might be expected at the table of a general who commanded at the same time an army and the blockade of a much-frequented port. The most delicious French and Spanish wines were there in the greatest profusion; the conviviality of the guests was unbounded; but although they drank their champagne out of tumblers, no one showed the smallest symptom of inebriety.

The first toast given was—Bolivar.

The second—Sucre.

The third—The Battle of Ayacucho.

The fourth—Union between Columbia and Peru.

The fifth—Hualero.

The general rose to return thanks, and we now, for the first time, knew his name. He raised his glass and spoke, evidently with much emotion.

"Señores! Amigos!" said he, "that I am this day amongst you, and able to thank you for your kindly sentiments towards your general and brother in arms, is owing, under Providence, to the good and brave stranger whose acquaintance you have only this day made, but who is one of my oldest and best friends." And so saying, he left his place, and approaching Captain Ready affectionately embraced him. The

seaman's iron features lost their usual imperturbability, and his lips quivered as he stammered out the two words—

"Amigo siempre."

The following day we passed in the camp, and the one after returned to Lima—the general insisting on our taking up our quarters in his house.

From Hualero and his lady I learned the origin of the friendship existing between the distinguished Columbian general and my taciturn Yankee captain. It was the honourable explanation of the mysterious stain upon Ready's character.

Our difficulties regarding the brig were now soon at an end. The vessel and cargo were returned to us, with the exception of a large quantity of cigars belonging to the Spanish Government. These were, of course, confiscated; but the general bought them and made them a present to Captain Ready, who sold them by auction; and cigars being in no small demand amongst that tobacco-loving population, they fetched immense prices, and put thirty thousand dollars into my friend's pocket.

To be brief, at the end of three weeks we sailed from Lima, and in a vastly better humour than when we arrived there.

HOW I CAUGHT MY FIRST SALMON:

A CANADIAN SKETCH.

BY THE HON. SIR H. STAFFORD NORTHCOTE, BART.

[*MAGA.* JUNE 1877.]

DEAR N.,—If you can tear yourself away from the Washington belles, I shall be very glad if you will pay me a long visit at Burnlands, and I will try and put you in the way to become a real fisherman.—Yours truly, G. S.

Now, was an offer of this kind acceptable or not?

To consider the question mathematically, let the three following postulates be granted, as mankind's old enemy Euclid would have said:

Let it be granted that the place of my temporary sojourn was Washington, U.S.

Let it be granted that the thermometer stood at 100° in the sun, for there was no shade for it to stand in, and that the air had become so thoroughly baked through that the nights were hotter than the days: further that the Washington belles alluded to

by S. had ceded their places to half-a-dozen perspiring Beckys and Dinahs of an undoubted age—who were the sole representatives of Mother Eve in the American metropolis; and last and pleasantest assumption, let it be granted that I, spoilt child of fortune, happened to have £50 loose at my bankers.

The veriest dolt that ever blundered across the Pons Asinorum can divine the nature of the reply I returned to my Montreal friend's kind invitation, and can picture to himself the glee with which on July 1st I embarked on the New York and Washington Air Line on my way to the country of the Canucks. The humours (?) of American travel have been so often described by abler pens than mine, that I shall not attempt to reproduce their details—more especially as a residence in the States of some years has stripped the gloss of romance off the main features of "voyaging"—viz., candy-eating and expectoration. I will therefore draw a veil—a very necessary precaution during summer travelling in America—over the incidents of the journey northwards; and, merely raising it from time to time to decline "dime" novels, veteran oysters, and cheap *sucrerie*, will beg the reader to rejoin me in the hospitable mansion of a Canadian friend, washed, clothed, and in my right mind. Here my host and I discuss cigars and claret-punch, salmon and sherry-cobblers; and the upshot of our deliberations is the purchase by myself of a ticket on one of the steamers that run daily between Montreal and

Quebec. On the following morning I accordingly embark thereon, and have the luck to fall in with the usual *agrémens* of American travel—viz., several pretty young ladies, without incumbrances; by which term I mean parents, *bien entendu*, not children. I have the additional good fortune—for it is, alas! daily becoming rarer, even on the Mississippi—to witness an explosion. Another steamer has presumed to race with the "City of ——," and our boiler has entered its protest against such audacity. Canadians being a slower-going race than their neighbours of the U.S., none of our party are killed or even injured, with the exception of a young English tourist recently imported—to judge from his toilet, regardless of expense—who leaps overboard promptly to shun the scalding water, and comes in in consequence for a disagreeable amount of cold. However, he is fished out, "not dead, but very wet,"—the ladies cease praying and the gentlemen swearing—or, by the way, was the reverse the case?—and we await in patience the arrival of a tow-boat. While so doing I have leisure to moralise over the philosophy of the river *habitués*. When the explosion occurred, a young bride, quitting her husband's arm, rushed up to an old priest with whom I had been chatting, and exclaimed, "Priez, mon père, mais priez donc pour nous —nous mourons tous!" The good Padre evinced no inclination to comply with this request, and merely replied, "Courage, mon enfant! ça arrive tous les

jours; il n'y a pas de danger." Thus speaking he would have renewed his conversation with me, had my stoicism been quite equal to the occasion.

However, the accident delayed us many hours, and we had to pass the night on board our dilapidated vessel, and it was broad daylight when we came in sight of Quebec, the most picturesque town on the Western continent. I need not dwell on the beauties of Quebec. To many of your readers they are familiar. To those who have not visited our great colony I will only say: Imagine an old French town rising with an almost startling abruptness on the left bank of a broad deep stream, a stream such as America alone can boast of. For miles along the banks of the St Lawrence the traveller has seen nothing but wooden shanties, standing amongst semi-cultivated fields. When, too, as in my case, the eye has been fatigued for months by the monotonous regularity of American cities, resembling, with their rectangular and equidistant streets, one of those children's puzzles fitted in piece by piece, and stowed away safely at night in a cardboard box,—then, I say, the voyager, coming suddenly on the glittering tin roofs and narrow streets of Quebec, and hearing the *patois* of its inhabitants, may be pardoned in supposing for a moment that some merciful enchanter has spared him the pangs of sea-sickness, and has conveyed him with a stroke of the wand to one of those quaint old Norman or Breton towns, whose picturesque squalor

still successfully defies the efforts of the sanitary reformer.

Fortunately for me, the Allan steamer was on the point of leaving for England; and through the courtesy of one of the proprietors of the line I was offered a passage on her down the river as far as Father Point, the spot at which the pilot hands over the charge of the vessel to the regular authorities. By a great piece of good fortune, my host lived within a few miles of the Point; for I can assure my untravelled readers that at the time of which I write — some eighteen years back — when once you wandered from the regular beaten tracks between city and city, locomotion was difficult, and it was very rarely that the traveller could get within hail of his destination by such commodious means as an ocean steamer; and it was therefore with feelings of much complacency that I commenced the descent of the St Lawrence—a complacency by no means lessened by the discovery of several friends on board, and carried to an even higher pitch by the recollection of my La Rochefoucauld, and the application of his celebrated aphorism to the probable difference that would exist in our sensations forty-eight hours later.

Down, still down, the gradually broadening river. First we catch a glimpse of the silver streak which marks the Montmorency Falls, the highest in Canada. Down past Three Rivers, Murray Bay, Cacouna—the fashionable Montreal watering-place; down past the

tempting-looking entrance to the Saguenay—name dear to the lovers of the picturesque as well as to the votaries of Izaak Walton; down the river still, through wooded hills, through low-lying banks—there is a monotony about the scenery—holloa! I am getting sleepy. I . . . .

"Sorry to lose you, Mr N., but here we are at Father Point," says a voice in my ear; and I am aroused from a most delightful doze by Captain Brown's hearty voice and shake of the shoulder. Good heavens! where am I? The night is pitch-dark, the hour 1 A.M. Water, water everywhere. I don't believe it is Father Point. Brown can't tell in the dark. Dash it! I'll go on to England sooner than budge. If I don't actually say all this, at all events these ideas pass rapidly through my brain. However, "needs must" is the rule on board ship. My traps are slung over the side into a little boat that I begin to descry alongside, and, with an adieu to Captain B.—not half so cordial as it would have been had he let me sleep on—I scramble down the side of the Polynesian, and in a few minutes find myself on shore. My traps are hastily stowed away into a "buckboard"—a species of light cart used by the inhabitants of Lower Canada—and a drive of twenty minutes brings me to Mr S.'s hospitable mansion; by which high-sounding term, gentle readers, you must understand a small frame-house, originally a farm, but which had been done up and slightly enlarged by my

entertainer, to serve as his headquarters during the fishing season.

Regular hours are unknown in these latitudes, especially on Saturday night. People sleep when they like, eat when (and as much as) they like, and rise at the same equally convenient hour. So my kind hostess had taken the trouble to sit up for me, and, after giving me a warm welcome and a cold supper, left me to complete the slumber Captain Brown had so unkindly interrupted.

There being no Episcopalian church within a hundred miles of Burnlands, our religious exercises were scant on the Sabbath. S., as behoved a *pater-familias*, read prayers to his domestics, in which duty his amiable daughter most ably assisted him; and I can recommend to any English country host who is anxious to see his guests at morning prayers to allow the young ladies of his establishment to take a prominent part in their conduct. There was an intensity in the manner in which Mdlle. declaimed the words "miserable sinners" at the embarrassed coachman, her *vis-à-vis*, that made me feel assured she had detected the wriggling and blushing Jehu greasing the horses' oats or selling their allowance of corn. But fearful of coming in for a share of these personalities, I absorbed myself in prayers for the success of our salmon-fishing on the morrow. Battledore and shuttlecock with the ladies, and a walk with S. round his farm, filled up the day; and the next morning, at an

early hour, I found myself, seated with S. in his buckboard, jogging along behind one of those unsurpassable Canadian ponies, whom I will back for endurance against any corresponding quantity of steel and iron. Cob-shaped, about 14.3 in height, these little beasts will go at the rate of seven miles an hour for a whole day, with no other refreshment than a mouthful of hay at the mid-day halt, and occasional godowns of water at the little brooks that from time to time traverse the road. They never require the whip; the voice guides a good pony entirely. You hear the driver exclaiming, in his Canadian *patois*, "Ma(r)che, donc, Dandy! ma(r)che, donc, mon brave!" or, if Dandy appear refractory, "Ma(r)che, Dandy! ma(r)che, vilaine bête! ma(r)che, paresseuse!"

Thanks to these objurgations, we proceeded successfully, though, our steed being lame, we *only* drove him fifty miles the first day, halting for the night at a French hotel, not, I must own, of the pretensions of the Bristol or Louvre, but, notwithstanding, an establishment where, by dint of using your own knives and forks, and provisions, and by sleeping in your ulster on a chair, very tolerable accommodation was procurable. Nevertheless we did not linger at Madame Brochu's, and at an early hour next morning "En route, Dandy," was the cry; and a further drive of twenty-five miles through half-cleared, half-burnt woods parallel to the line of the Intercolonial Railway, then in process of construction, brought us

to S.'s camp, which was picturesquely situated on the banks of the small river Causapscal, a tributary of my host's river the Metapediac.

Dandy was indulged with a good night's rest; and I may note, *en passant*, that the game little beast completed, on the following day, the whole seventy-five miles' return journey to Burnlands, arriving there, I was subsequently informed, as fresh as paint.

S. and I proceeded to inspect the camp and its occupants, who deserve a few lines of description.

First and foremost Peter presents himself. Peter, an old French *habitant*, *valet de chambre*, bedmaker, tent-pitcher, camp-keeper, and odd-job man in general, with an irrepressible tongue and a taste for stimulants, but a most good-tempered and willing old fellow.

Next came four Indians for poling our canoes, under the headship of a dry old chief named Nowell. A colony of these Indians live in a small village down the Restigouche river, and hire themselves out to sportsmen during the fishery season.

Last but not least appeared Angus the cook—also a French Canadian *habitant*—and who in every respect may be described as a "very plain" disciple of Soyer. I beg pardon, his language should not come under this category. Anxious to atone for his culinary deficiencies by the fluency of his excuses, Angus had formed the laudable idea of making himself proficient in the native tongue of the Milords his em-

ployers. But English teachers being scarce in the backwoods where he spent the greater part of his life as a trapper, he found himself compelled to resort for instruction to the navvies who were at that time engaged on the construction of the Intercolonial Railway. From them he acquired a stock of phrases which he employed with more zeal than understanding. At least it appeared to me redundant to say, as he invariably did, "By heavens, you fellows! why don't you come to dinner?" or, "D—n it, you fellows, tea's ready!" Angus had no idea of giving offence or taking a liberty, but solemnly assured me he knew that was the usual style of speaking in England; and he utterly repudiated my suggestion that he should adopt some such forms as, "Messieurs, le dîner est prêt," or "Le thé est servi."

After S. had tried his luck ineffectually the next morning in the pools near the camp, he proposed that we should make an expedition up the Causapscal, and try some salmon-pools thirteen or fourteen miles higher up. A keg of salt pork, a little tea, and a big whisky-flask were accordingly wrapped up in a waterproof sheet; and with this simple baggage we started. S. stowed himself away in one canoe, I embarked in another; and after the difficulties attendant on the stowage of too much leg had been surmounted, old Nowell, the principal Indian, gave the sign, and we started on our upward journey.

A more picturesque voyage it would be difficult to

conceive. Our route lay entirely through a virgin forest in the full pride of its summer beauty. Countless maple-trees fringed the banks of the river, which ran (broken here and there into small rapids by the black rocks which projected their heads above the stream), a "silver streak" that would have delighted the heart of the distinguished Edinburgh Reviewer. Not a trace of human life was discernible,—no ugly shanties, or half-cleared fields with the stumps of *quondam* monarchs of the forest sticking mournfully out of the ground, as though entering their silent protest against the desecration of their domain. The axe has not yet penetrated here; and the only visible signs of life were occasional trout leaping at the flies, or a hawk perched on a distant bough, expectant of his prey.

There are many easier tasks in life than a hard day's poling of a canoe against a strong current, and I was not surprised to find old Nowell pretty well played out by the evening. The merciful man is merciful to his beast, even when the beast is an Indian; so we called a halt, hauled the canoes ashore, and commenced our preparations for the night. S. was elected cook, the Indians camp-builders, and I as the greenhorn had to content myself with the position of odd-job man. My principal task was to collect bundles of the loose cedar-boughs that littered the ground, to form sleeping-couches for the night; and I may observe, *en passant*, that a softer couch never did man

sleep on. Whilst engaged in this duty, I had full opportunity to observe the wonderful ingenuity with which the Indians, after felling a few trees, and running up a shed similar to those in use in this country for stowing away farm-waggons, "skinned" one or two large trees, removing the whole of their bark without a fracture, and spreading it, a dew-defying roof, over our heads. A large fire had been kindled in the meantime at the foot of the shed, and I proceeded to proffer my assistance to the cook, whose whole soul was intent on certain experiments connected with our frying-pan, the upshot of which was to add a new and gratifying aroma to the varied odours of the forest.

There is nothing like a day's work in the open air to facilitate the demolition of pork chops; and the number of times I asked S. for more would have taken Mr Bumble's breath away. Tobacco followed as a matter of course, and was supplemented by the least taste in life to keep all quiet within. The propriety of turning in for the night was then mooted, and the toilet question discussed—dress or undress. By a majority of two deshabille was voted. But start not, ladies; the sole distinction in the backwoods between full and evening dress, consists in the presence or absence of boots—we Sybarites resolving to dispense with them. Accordingly we wrapped our waterproof blankets round us, pillowed our heads on our knapsacks, thrust our feet into the burning logs, and

slept the sleep of the just. Towards midnight, however, I awoke to replenish the fire; and seldom have I so deeply regretted my inability to transfer to canvas the scene that presented itself to my eyes. Not a breath of wind stirred amongst the maple and cedar boughs. On three sides of us the forest stretched dark and ghost-like in its stillness, save where the flicker of our camp-fire fitfully illuminated its recesses. At our feet flowed the Causapscal, with a soothing ripple very provocative of slumber. About twenty paces from us our four Indians were grouped around their fire. From time to time one of them would lean back against the tree beneath which he sat and doze off for a few minutes, after which he would resume his pipe and his conversation with his comrades apparently quite refreshed. A modern Indian's only chance of looking picturesque nowadays is by firelight; but seen under this aspect in a Canadian forest at midnight they have still a vestige of Fenimore Cooperism clinging to their shabby habiliments. I lay for half an hour watching the scene, but sleep ultimately prevailed; and the next thing I remember is feebly protesting against the unnatural doctrine propounded by S., that 5 A.M. was the proper hour to rise.

A hasty dip in the river qualified me for a breakfast corresponding in quantity and quality to the preceding night's supper; and an hour's canoeing brought us to one of S.'s favourite pools, where he confidently reckoned on securing a fish or two. Our lines were

quickly unreeled; and after balancing myself with great difficulty in my canoe, I gave my line a wild swing, and made my first overture to the unsuspecting salmon of the Causapscal.

The scientific fisherman may perhaps by this time have begun to suspect that the writer of this sketch is no born Izaak Walton, and will perhaps be ill-natured enough to sympathise with the maledictions invoked on my head by my companion, when the heavy plash of my enormous and brilliantly-coloured fly on the water scared away more than once from his hook an epicurean salmon on the point of yielding to the allurements of a "Jock Scot." For myself, I must own that I commenced to blame the vaulting ambition that had led me to aspire from a float, worm, and a perch, to a reel, fly, and a salmon; and after thrashing the unpropitious stream for the best part of an hour, I laid down my rod, rubbed my aching arms, and dived for my cigar-case. But I had to do with an enthusiast. The clamour raised by my comrade at such unsportsmanlike conduct, his awful threat of publishing to his female belongings this instance of English weakness, roused me to a final effort of despair, and with a mighty heave I succeeded in landing my fly in a promising ripple. The fates were at length propitious. A slight twitch, which was not caused by the current, thrilled through my arm, and a congratulating shout from S. announced that I had hooked my first fish. Now was the time for me to show that an

angler, like a poet, *nascitur, non fit.* With a refreshing disregard of the *convenances* of the piscatorial art, I reeled up my line at railroad pace; and before the astonished 4-pound grilse had time to consider where he would run, he was being dragged out of the water bodily, with as little consideration as would have been shown to a roach. Fortunately old Nowell was ready with the gaff, and relieved my taut line of the responsibility of lifting the prize by main force into the canoe; and my victim was through his agency deposited at my feet. For a moment exultation at my prowess overpowered all other sentiments. Then, reviving to the consideration of mundane affairs, I looked modestly round for applause. Never was man so disappointed. S. reclined in the stern of his canoe with an absolutely stupefied expression of horror on his features. He reminded me of the celebrated American mule-driver, who, when *all* his mules bolted on one occasion, instead of surpassing his usual profane eloquence as had been expected, looked after them with the remark, "He hadn't words to do justice to the occasion."

Silently did my host motion to me for my rod; silently did he proceed to divest it of its line; with equal taciturnity did he replace it by what appeared to me a mere thread; without a word did he replace the deadly implement in my hand; then he cast a pitying glance at the defunct grilse, and, the sight proving too much even for his iron nerves, remarked, "Good heavens! that I should have lived to see a

salmon killed like that! Do you call that fishing? or do you think you catch a salmon like a shark?" With this limited amount of praise, he lit his short pipe, and appeared to meditate on the depravity of human nature in general.

I confess I felt small. At S. himself I dared not look; my eyes travelled furtively towards old Nowell, who, with the stoicism of his race, had relapsed into meditation, presumably over the delights of fire-water. Nevertheless, a guilty conscience whispered to me that it might be that he was regretting the ancient glories of his tribe, and might be thinking how small a loss would be entailed upon humanity were he to take the scalp of such a tailor as myself. Thus in gloomy silence we continued our upward journey.

But youthful spirits are seldom permanently depressed; and even my outraged mentor, after he had finished his pipe and refreshed himself in moderation out of a flask almost equalling the murdered fish in weight, relaxed the severity of his features, and entered into minute details as to the course to be observed should another fish intrust itself to my care. Throughout the remainder of the forenoon, however, we fished unsuccessfully, though gradually nearing the best pool in the river. Towards mid-day a war-whoop from S. announced the discovery of no less a treasure than a bed of wild onions, which did—I certainly must own they did—give a decided relish to our salt pork and doughy bread. After consuming the last root we re-

embarked, and three hours' further poling brought us to S.'s favourite pool, which, however, for some time proved blank. But *Salmo ferox* is an individual of sportsmanlike instincts, and whilst declining to bite himself, he delegated the task to a myriad of sand flies, black flies, red flies, mosquitoes, &c., who, as the day declined, surrounded our canoes and assailed their occupants. Nowell was too nasty (at least I imagine so, for I didn't try) for even a mosquito to tackle; and S.'s skin was, he philosophically informed me, impervious to any creature that flies. But my case was different; and I wish my worst enemy no greater harm than an hour's exposure at sunset on the pool of which I am writing. After half an hour's torture, my "remains" turned to my host and remarked, "I'm going ashore; I can stand this no longer." "Nonsense," is the unsympathetic reply; "you should take no notice of them." Take no notice of them!!!! I really feel unable to answer S., and, in despair, make a last cast down the stream. A sullen splash follows close to my fly. "By Jove, you've a rise, N.! wait a minute or two, and cast again." I do wait a minute or two, and, like the tailor in the fairy tale, devote the fleeting moments to summary vengeance on some scores of my winged tormentors. "Seven at a blow," indeed—that was all very well for the mythological snip; but my motto might have stood at a far higher figure. "Now's your time; cast in the same place, and let your fly float a minute or two." I obey orders,

and deposit my fly with tolerable accuracy in the spot indicated. Again an electric shock seems to run up my sleeve. I strike, and am conscious that I have a fish fairly hooked. But this is at most but half the battle; he evidently intends to part company, and sets off full tilt down the stream, compelling me to pay out line with reckless prodigality. There is a moment's pause. I have already learned the danger of too slack a line, and reel up hard all. "Look out!" cries S., as a silver body springs high out of the water. The artful beggar means to snap the taut line, as he comes down heavily on the stream. But I have profited by instructions; the point of my rod is lowered, and the danger averted. Off goes my friend in a second rush down stream; a second time does he jump, and a second time does a similar policy baffle his efforts to escape. A few short dashes hither and thither succeed, but his strength appears to me to be already failing, and I venture to give him a little of the butt of my rod, which has hitherto been inartistically and uncomfortably jammed against my own stomach. The fish resents the donation, however, by another rush and another jump, but with no more success than before, and he is now evidently nearly done for. Luckily he is well hooked in the upper jaw, and, taking advantage of his exhaustion, I "coerce" him, and turning his head up stream I commence the process of "drowning" him. The end is now very near; for though he makes one or two game efforts,

his strength is gone, and I am able gradually to draw him to the side of the canoe. Old Nowell, over eager, makes a dash with the gaff and misses him; the fish makes a last dart and is off. Shall I lose him? No; he stops, and I reel him in again. Nowell's hand is steadier this time; there is a dash, a splash, and a clean-run 14-pound salmon is added to the occupants of the canoe.

As I rest my aching arms I receive the congratulations of my comrade, of which, on this occasion, he is liberal, and whilst S. takes up his rod again to try his luck, I become again painfully aware of the presence of many winged spectators of my prowess, and ignominiously bolt for the bank—collect a quantity of brush and green wood—build a circle of fire, and, protected by the dense smoke of the damp logs, bid defiance to my persecutors, and await S.'s ultimate triumphant return with a fish over thirty pounds in weight.

Days spent in salmon-fishing resemble each other so closely, that it is not my desire to weary the reader by a minute description of a fortnight's visit to the backwoods. I will close this sketch with a few words of advice to any one who may thereby be tempted to try his hand at the fascinating pursuit of salmon-fishing. I assume that he knows, or has means of obtaining an introduction to, one or two Canadians or others, lessees of salmon-streams in the Dominion. Amongst our hospitable brethren on the other side of the At-

lantic, the proverb *Ex uno disce omnes*, or rather *nosce*, prevails; and the traveller, if a gentleman, is sure, when once launched, to be able to obtain fishing invitations to his heart's content. Tent-room he is pretty sure of—all he will require are stout boots, a waterproof blanket, and the smallest possible knapsack to stow away indispensables. The meaning of the latter word should be carefully studied by the travelling Piscator—for he will find the warmth of his welcome increase in proportion as the amount of his *impedimenta* diminishes. He must remember that a night in the woods is always cool—so he should not be misled by the heat of Montreal or Quebec into thinking no warm clothing necessary, but should take a warm flannel shirt or two, and dress in some such stuff as Canadian tweeds, which, combining lightness with warmth, make an excellent costume for the backwoods. Lastly, the traveller must be able to rough it in the matter of food. I forewarn him he may have to live for days on salt pork eked out with such fish as he may catch for himself; or if this diet disgusts him, he must take preliminary lessons from a chameleon. In this sort of life, as in most others, a cheery spirit has a great pull; for as the 'Times' rarely penetrates to these regions, the sojourners in camp must depend on each other's mental resources for amusement round the evening's camp-fire.

Lastly, *crede experto*, the traveller who thinks of

crossing the Atlantic in a misogynistic spirit will do well to stay at home and not expose himself to the inevitable defeat that awaits those who deny the fascinations of the daughters of Columbia and the Dominion. But I venture to think, in conclusion, that any angler who is not daunted by the probabilities above indicated, and who is fortunate enough to find himself on a fine June morning on the bank of a good Canadian salmon-river, will return to England so much enraptured with this species of Transatlantic sport, that he will not regret the few minutes he may have wasted over the adventures of his most obedient, humble servant.

NARRATIVE OF THE RED RIVER EXPEDITION.

BY GENERAL VISCOUNT WOLSELEY, G.C.B.

[*MAGA.* DECEMBER 1870–FEBRUARY 1871.]

I.

WHILST two great Powers were preparing for that fearful war which in 1870 devastated the provinces of France, a small military expedition was being organised on the shores of Lake Superior for an advance into the Red River Territory. The writer of this article took an active part in the many wild adventures by flood and field encountered during that undertaking, and has good reason to remember with admiration the manner in which all ranks bore their share of the excessive toil and constant exposure entailed upon them during that curiously interesting operation. It had been determined upon in the spring, and the circumstances which necessitated it may be briefly described as follows.

After many years of fruitless negotiation between Canada and the Hudson Bay Company, in which England acted as a sort of go-between or mutual friend, it was arranged, in 1869, that the undefined country officially known as Rupert's Land, together with all the territorial rights appertaining to the Company in North America, should be transferred to the recently-established Dominion of Canada for the sum of £300,000. That was practically the arrangement; but there was a three-cornered ceremony to be gone through first, in accordance with which those vast outlying portions of the empire were to be legally transferred on paper to England, and then made over by royal proclamation to the Dominion.

The country had long been in the possession of the Hudson Bay Company, who had received a charter in 1670 from Charles II., granting them sovereign rights over a large proportion of the North American continent. In the days of that gallant monarch our geographical knowledge of the western hemisphere was but small, and consequently the description of the limits given over to their jurisdiction, as recorded in the charter, was very vague. It may be fairly assumed that this uncertainty of title was one of the chief causes why the Company had never been desirous of having its claims inquired into before the courts of law.

In 1783 a rival trading-company—the "North-Western"—was started; and in 1812 Lord Selkirk

attempted to form a colony of Sutherlandshire Highlanders on the Red River, but the attempt was little better than a failure. These two companies—the Hudson Bay and the North-Western—having contended with one another for the valuable fur-trade of the country to their mutual injury, and until both were nearly ruined, united in the year 1822, both being since then merged in one under the ancient title of the Hudson Bay Company.

In order to carry on commercial operations, it was essential to have a certain number of white men at each of their numerous posts scattered over the continent from its western shores to where Canadian civilisation, advancing from the Atlantic, was met with. Each of these posts soon became the nucleus of a small community. European women were scarce, and communication with England was both difficult and tedious; so men were obliged to content themselves with Indian wives, and a half-breed population was the result. For inland navigation along the many lakes and rivers that form such a network over a large proportion of our North American possessions, there is no better man than the French Canadian voyageur. A large number of them have always been in the Hudson Bay service, which accounts for the fact of the French and English languages being spoken by about equal numbers on the banks of the Red River. The language of the voyageur class, no matter from what race he may have sprung, has long

been French; and the officers of the Company, speaking both languages, have always found it simpler to speak French than to take any trouble to teach their servants English.

French Canadian priests and Jesuit missionaries from France soon established themselves everywhere under the protection of the Company, and, with their usual zeal, quickly built up for their Church a considerable following amongst the families of a mixed origin. People conversant with the ways of priest-craft in other countries will easily understand the influence they obtained amongst a rural and scattered population, in such an isolated place as Red River. Although the Hudson Bay Company officers were the rulers *de jure*, the priests were so *de facto*.

At first sight it may appear strange that this could take place in a settlement where the Protestants and Romanists were about equal in numbers; but when it is remembered that the former consisted of several nationalities, and of still more numerous sects without any one recognised ruler, and with many divergent interests, it can readily be understood how the smaller half, acting and voting as a unit under the direction of a clever wily bishop, backed up by a well-disciplined staff of obedient priests, maintained an unquestioned supremacy. So much was this the case, that the legal rulers were only too glad to govern through their influence.

Two great influences were at work preventing the

occupation of these vast prairies. First, the Hudson Bay Company; and secondly, the Roman Catholic priesthood.

To have opened them out for colonisation would have been suicidal to a Company enjoying the monopoly of the Indian trade. It would also have seriously affected the supply of fur, as the number of wild animals decreases in a geometrical ratio, whilst population goes on increasing only in an arithmetical one. Its governing body has therefore for years back endeavoured in a quiet way to keep the country as unknown and as much to themselves as possible, and to deter emigrants from going there by depreciating its value in the eyes of the world; so much so, that many believed it to be a desert, where grasshoppers ruled in summer, and an almost life-destroying cold in winter.

As for the Roman Catholic priesthood, they were desirous of gradually building up there another French province, where the language, religion, and laws of Lower Canada might be perpetuated, and which in times to come might, in conjunction with it, be some counterpoise to the steadily-increasing, and by them much dreaded, preponderance of Ontario. They hoped to mould the Red River into what they would have described as a peaceable, orderly, and contented people, but which, in the exact and cold-blooded language of Protestantism, meant an ignorant and superstitious peasantry, recog-

nising only as law that which was announced from their altars; devoid of education, except such as their priestly teachers thought fit to give them; taught only the *patois* which passes current there for French, so that they should be unable to read English papers; and only just sufficiently well off in that fertile land to enable them to lead a lazy, idle life. In fine, both Company and priesthood were determined to oppose an immigration which would be destructive to the trading monopoly of the one, and to the unquestioned authority of the other. Both combined in describing the country as unfit for settlement; and quite recently a Roman Catholic bishop, who has long resided in the north-west, published an interesting work upon that country, but full of startling statements as to the fearful severity of its climate, and of its general unsuitability for farming purposes. He endeavoured as far as possible to depreciate its value politically, so as to have deterred the Government of Canada from taking steps towards opening out communication with it.

Canada, a thickly-wooded country, only affords a home to settlers after years of toil spent in clearing the land. The western province, now known as Ontario, has long been the go-ahead portion of British North America, whilst that to the east, now called Quebec, was always lethargic, progress being neither known nor desired there.

The inhabitants of these two provinces lying side

by side—not even divided by any natural boundary, as England is from France—have always maintained their original national characteristics. Those of Quebec evince a contentedness with their lot in life, and a dislike to change of all sorts, not only as regards their manners and customs, but even their place of residence; whilst those of Ontario, descended from British ancestors, retain that love for adventure and that spirit of enterprise for which our countrymen are so generally celebrated.

The men of Ontario have always suspected the truth of the statements made regarding the great prairie country which every one knew lay between the Red River and the Rocky Mountains. For years back their gaze has been fixed upon that territory, longing for the privilege of planting it with grain, and of establishing themselves in a country where rumour said that luxuriant crops were obtainable without either the labour of clearing it from timber or the cost of manuring it.

The distance from Canada was so great, and the intervening difficulties were of such magnitude, that it was practically out of the power of farmers or of the ordinary class of emigrants to make a journey there. Unless, therefore, Government stepped in, and, by opening out roads and improving the almost continuous line of water communication existing between Lake Superior and the Lake of the Woods, enabled the working class to reach Fort Garry at a

reasonable cost, the Red River country never could be settled by British subjects.

A few disinterested travellers, such as English officers on leave, bent on buffalo-hunting, now and then penetrated into this much-aspersed land, and came back telling of its boundless plains and unparalleled fertility; but as it is the English fashion to pooh-pooh information coming from such sources, their reports received but little attention.

The secret was tolerably well kept for many years; but at last so much pressure was put upon the Canadian Government that an exploring expedition was despatched by it in 1858, with orders to report fully upon the resources of the North-West Territory. The results of these explorations were published the following year, and the people of Canada learnt, on official authority, that it was fertile beyond the most sanguine expectations. A few settlers from Ontario soon after established themselves in the neighbourhood of Fort Garry, and so gave birth to a party whose policy was progress, and whose constantly-repeated demand was—"Open out communication between us and Canada; let us have plenty of emigrants: all we require is population and facilities for carrying our produce to a market." It was soon known as the "Canadian Party"; and its feeling was disseminated throughout the neighbouring provinces through the columns of a newspaper estab-

lished under its auspices at the village of Winnipeg, in the neighbourhood of Fort Garry.

As may easily be understood, this party of progress soon came into collision with those already described as bent upon keeping back the country. The result was a very angry feeling between the two sections into which public opinion thus became divided. All the Canadians who had settled there, backed up by the press of Ontario, were on one side, and the great mass of the French-speaking people were on the other. This difference of opinion coincided with difference of origin, the parties quickly assumed a national aspect, and the priests endeavoured to give it a religious one also.

The Hudson Bay Company, governed by a Board of Directors in London who were aloof from the direct influence of local feeling, was first of the two divisions comprising the reactionary party to perceive that the time had arrived when they must either endeavour to withdraw, with profit to themselves, from their hitherto obstructive policy, or else submit to see their power to obstruct taken forcibly from them. A disposition on their part to treat for the voluntary surrender of their undefined and disputed rights soon resulted in the bargain of 1869, by which they were to receive the sum already stated, and retain possession of all their forts and posts, together with a large acreage of land in their vicinity.

The Ministry of Canada, backed up by public opinion throughout the country, at once passed a Bill for the establishment of a government in this newly-acquired province. We are warned by a French proverb, that the first step in all transactions is a most important one; and that taken by the Dominion Government towards establishing their authority was no exception to the rule. Their first direct step was to send forward surveyors to plot out the country into townships; and this was the actual circumstance that gave rise to the first overt act of rebellion on the part of the French people there. The men employed upon this service, as well as their assistants and followers, were all either from England or from Ontario. Around these surveyors, as round a centre, were collected a small band of Canadians, who had followed in their wake, hoping to obtain large grants of land and make fortunes when the new Government was established.

The people of the country were thoroughly discontented at the cavalier way in which they had been treated, as their will had never been consulted by any of the three parties who had arranged the terms of transfer. A feeling of irritation was abroad, which the bearing of the surveyors and other Canadians towards them served to increase beyond measure. Many of the latter began to stake out farms for themselves, which they openly declared they meant to claim as soon as the new Governor had arrived.

The Hudson Bay Company officials residing in the territory were loud-spoken in denouncing the bargain entered into by their Directors in London: they said it injured them materially, without providing any compensation for the loss they were about to sustain; that they, the working-bees of the hive, were to receive nothing, whilst the drones of stockholders in England were to get all the honey in the shape of the £300,000.

The English-speaking farmers, although thoroughly loyal, and anxious for annexation to Canada, so as to be delivered from what many called the "thraldom of the Hudson Bay Company," regarded the terms of the transfer in no favourable light. They thought they should have been consulted; and the injudicious silence of the Canadian Ministry with reference to the form of government to be established, caused many divisions amongst this party. Although they would have scorned to take part in any actual resistance against the establishment of the new order of things, yet they were by no means sorry to see the Ottawa Ministry in difficulties. They considered themselves slighted, and were sulky in consequence. They had no intention of giving themselves any trouble to aid a Government that had not only failed to consult or consider their interests, but had ignored their existence altogether.

With the exception, therefore, of the small handful of Canadian adventurers already alluded to, no

one residing in the settlement in 1869 was pleased with the arrangement, and many were loud-spoken in denouncing it. Where such active elements of discontent existed, it may easily be imagined how simple it was to fan the smouldering embers into the flame of active rebellion.

The previous political history of the country was curious, from the fact of there never having been any active government whatever. There was nominally a Governor and a Council, in whom resided all sovereign powers. A lawyer's clerk had been converted into a judge by the Hudson Bay Company, and consequently there was an impression abroad, be it true or untrue, that no one could look for impartial justice being done in any case in which that corporation was interested. There was a code of laws, but there was no police, so the rulers had to depend upon a few special constables sworn in from time to time as required, for the execution of the law's decree.

Upon several occasions the law had been forcibly resisted with success: men condemned to imprisonment in suits in which the Company was interested had been released from their cells under the walls of Fort Garry by a crowd of sympathising friends, who had assembled for that purpose. Not many years ago four men had combined together and proclaimed a republic. One was named president, and two others appointed the principal ministers of this liliputian government. Amongst the first acts of

this self-constituted trinity was a decree condemning the fourth conspirator to death. This fourth man was a German tailor, and as he constituted in his own person the whole of the population recognising the authority of these *soi-disant* rulers, there was no one to carry the sentence into execution. Whether it was owing to the discredit which this powerlessness to enforce their decrees brought upon them, or from the general loyalty of the people to British institutions, we know not; but this republic was as shortlived as a butterfly, and its appearance and disappearance caused as little excitement and had as little influence upon the Red River world as would the advent or departure of such an insect.

This trifling incident is merely related to convey an idea of the state of society which existed there up to 1868. The people lived in peace and harmony with one another. They paid no taxes, and were so little accustomed to the machinery of a government, or the responsibilities of having to make laws or administer them themselves, that when these few adventurers tried to impress upon their minds the glories resulting from the exercise of the noble right of self-government, following up their lessons by proclaiming a republic, the inhabitants of the Red River Territory merely laughed.

The only politics which existed — and they were of recent growth—consisted in being for or against the Hudson Bay Company. A monopoly must al-

ways be obnoxious to the majority, and never even in feudal times has there been a more rigid one than that established formerly throughout the great North-West by that corporate body. No one else could import anything into the country, or send any furs out of it; and it may be said that no one could either buy or sell except from the Hudson Bay officials. Even at this moment the whole of the inland communications are in its hands, and no banking arrangements can be made except through its agents. Notwithstanding the heavy expenses entailed by the conveyance of goods over the great distances that separate the country from civilisation, yet it will always be to many a subject for wonder how it was that the Company generally was not ten-fold richer. Even since the monopoly of trade was abolished, the Company still practically received a percentage in some way or other upon every business transaction that took place.

The only export from the country was fur: an Indian comes to sell skins; after some bargaining he agrees to take so much money for them. He is paid in powder, shot, or other goods, which are sold to him at a great profit, whilst the purchased articles are exported to Europe, and again sold at a great profit. In this way a double advantage was obtained; and consequently it is very strange that the affairs of the Company have not been for some years back in as flourishing a condition as they might have

been. There is only one solution to be arrived at, which is, that it has long been very badly served and administered abroad.

The enemies of the Company were numerous in Canada, and had made themselves felt even within its own territory of Rupert's Land. Every year added to their numbers. Those born there said their poverty was owing to the country being cut off from all outside trade and emigration by the direct action the Company took to keep things *in statu quo*. All Canadians or others who penetrated into the country and settled there joined this discontented party, which had assumed such importance previous to the arrangements being made for the transfer of the country, that had the Company refused to comply with it and persisted in its former policy of seclusion, it would soon doubtless have had all power forcibly wrested from it by the Canadian party within its own territories.

Unfortunately the arrangement entered into had an air of purchase about it, and a cry resounded throughout the North-West that its inhabitants were being bought and sold like so many cattle. With such a text the most commonplace of democrats could preach for hours; and poor indeed must have been their clap-trap eloquence if an ignorant and impressionable people such as those at Red River had not been aroused by it.

The surveyors were at work all through the

autumn of 1869, and in prosecuting their operations frequently ran chain-lines across the farms of men whose language they could not speak, and with whom they had no feelings in common. A report soon got abroad that the Canadian Government intended possessing themselves of all the land for the purpose of allotting it among the host of emigrants who, rumour said, were to follow the establishment of the new order of things. A large proportion of farmers could produce no title-deeds to the lands they claimed; many could not even assert what is generally recognised as the outward visible symbol of possession in such matters—namely, the fact of their being fenced in. The country had never been regularly laid off for settlement; but according as each successive settler occupied land, he had followed the example of those who had done so before him—that is, he nominally "took up" 100 acres, abutting with a narrow frontage on the river, but fenced in only the few acres nearest the water, on which he built his house, and which alone he placed under cultivation. In rear of this undefined plot of land extended the prairie, over which, to a depth of two miles with a breadth equal to the river frontage, the farmer exercised by custom a right of cutting hay. There was no market for produce: as the nearest railway station was about 600 miles distant in the United States, the export of grain was practically impossible; and there was no internal demand for it, as every

settler grew enough corn for his own consumption. The consequence was, that not more than a few acres of each farm, as has been already stated, was ever cultivated or fenced in, the remainder of the 100 acres being allowed to remain in its primeval condition.

A few restless spirits, such as are ever to be found in all countries, saw in the state of affairs which we have endeavoured to describe an opportunity for action. They went round in the autumn of 1869 amongst the French-speaking portion of the community, preaching resistance to the Canadian Government. Every feeling that stirs mankind was appealed to. They were called upon to be men, and by their courage to save themselves from having their lands taken from them and distributed amongst others, and their altars from being desecrated. They were told over and over again that Canada intended to destroy their religion, and to overrun their country with a heretical population, who would ignore their rights. Their priesthood encouraged this feeling, and aided the movement.

At the head of this rising was a man named Louis Riel. He was born of French Canadian parents, who had emigrated to the Red River; and although he had not a drop of Indian blood in his veins, he had a large number of half-breed relations and connections; and in order to identify himself as much as possible with the people, he invariably spoke of himself as a half-breed. He had been educated at

a Roman Catholic school in Canada, and at one time it was hoped he would have entered the Church. Instead of doing so, however, he became a clerk in a shop at St Paul's, Minnesota, where he resided for a few years, but was eventually dismissed for dishonesty. His prospects being thus under a cloud, he returned to the neighbourhood of Fort Garry, and lived in the greatest poverty with his mother. So indigent were their circumstances that, finding himself succeeding in his *rôle* of demagogue, and considering it necessary to be the possessor of a black cloth coat, he was obliged to sell his mother's only cow to procure the money required for that purpose. He is a man of considerable moral determination, although all who know him say that he is wanting in physical courage. His command of language is great, and his power over his audience immense. He speaks English intelligibly, and his proclamations denote considerable talent and power of thought.

The first overt act of resistance was in October 1869, when Riel, followed by a few half-breeds, warned a surveying party to desist from their work, and insisted on their moving their camp out of the district where they were employed. Meetings were then called in the various parishes where the French predominated, at which Riel and others made inflammatory speeches. The people were thoroughly aroused; and even the priests, who generally kept as much as possible in the background, preached re-

sistance to the Canadian Government from their altars.

Mr William M'Dougall had been selected by the Dominion Ministry to be the Lieutenant-Governor of the newly-acquired province. It was an injudicious appointment, as those who knew that gentleman were aware at the time. He had been for many years in political life, having been previously well known as an able newspaper writer. Indeed, like a large number of men who have held high positions both in Canada and the United States, he may be said to have attained power through his connection with the press. He was known to be an essentially cold-blooded man, entirely wanting in that cordiality which is an indispensable quality with those who have to lead or even to act with others in the direction of affairs. He had some political supporters, but he was said to have no friends. There was nothing genial about him, and his manner was said at times to be so unsympathetic that many left his presence accusing him of rudeness. We shall not attempt to enter upon Canadian politics—that most uninteresting and least edifying of topics—in order to trace the progress of events which led up to this strange appointment; suffice it to say that the Ministry which then ruled at Ottawa was a coalition one, the Conservative element being, however, the strongest. The intended Lieutenant-Governor was Minister of Public Works in that administra-

tion, having been brought over from the Opposition upon certain terms when the coalition was formed. The Tory element being in the ascendant, and many changes having recently occurred in the Ministry, vacant places in it were filled up by the adherents of that party, thereby destroying the proportion or balance between the several parties which it was alleged by Mr M'Dougall's clique had been agreed upon when the Ministry was first formed. This gave rise to dissensions, which the far-sighted policy adopted regarding the Intercolonial Railway afforded many opportunities for widening into such a breach, that it became at last a necessity that Mr M'Dougall should cease to be a Minister. To have dismissed him would have been fatal, so it was necessary to provide for him. The annexation of Rupert's Land just at that time was most opportune, and to send him there as Lieutenant-Governor was an easy solution of the difficulty. What mattered it whether he was fitted for the post or not, as long as he was got rid of without any scandal! Who cared whether he might or might not be agreeable to the people he was to rule over, and what could it matter whether the wretched half-breed population were pleased or not!

Party politics in Canada must first be attended to; they were of all-absorbing importance; and the North-West and its new Lieutenant-Governor must settle their affairs between themselves.

No attempt was made by the Ottawa Govern-

ment to conciliate their newly acquired subjects. The Governor appointed by the Hudson Bay Company, who was to exercise authority until Mr M'Dougall reached Fort Garry, was never even communicated with. One would have thought that common civility, if not political tact, would have caused the Ottawa Ministry to have informed him in writing of Mr M'Dougall's appointment, and of the date at which his arrival might be expected; the old Governor's co-operation and assistance in establishing the new order of things might, with advantage, have been solicited at the same time. No explanations were made as to what was to be the policy of Canada in its dealings with Rupert's Land. In fact, the people of that country were so thoroughly ignored, they were easily led to believe that their material interests would be so also, in favour of the emigrants that rumour and the Canadian surveyors said might shortly be expected to arrive at Red River.

A little judicious management at first would have secured an amicable settlement, and have frustrated the clerical party, which was desirous of fomenting resistance. A clear statement of what was intended to be done, and a declaration stating, that the rights of property would be respected; that all those in *bonâ fide* occupation of land should retain it without rent, and receive a regular legal title for it; that all religions would be respected, and every one allowed to worship as he liked,—this would most certainly have

cut the ground from under the feet of all the political agitators there.

During a crisis such as that which occurred in the settlement in 1869, when rebellion hangs in the balance, every moment is of such importance that, when once the scale has gone down on the side of revolution, days or months afterwards cannot compensate for the loss.

Men who to-day shudder at the idea of resistance to the laws, or at the word disloyalty, will to-morrow take office under a revolutionary government, and exercise their functions with placidity when once the first overt act of rebellion has been committed, and they have accustomed their minds to the fact of its existence. When we see around us the machinery of a government at work without any opposition, we are prone to accept its decrees unhesitatingly, not so much from the tendency of mankind to follow with the herd, as from that love of order, and that respect for those whom we see exercising governing functions, which is inherent in us.

Mr M'Dougall was told to go to Fort Garry, and that, shortly after his arrival, the Queen's proclamation transferring the territory to the Dominion would be published. He travelled through the United States to Pembina, which is a wretched little village on the frontier dividing the British and American territories, but situated within the latter. He there learnt that a number of French half-breeds had

announced their intention of preventing him from entering their country, and that a party of them had erected a barricade on the road leading from Pembina to Fort Garry, which they intended to defend by force of arms.

It is unnecessary to describe the little rebellion any further, or to dilate upon the cruelties, the robberies, and the imprisonments, which were inflicted upon subjects of her Majesty by the wretched man Louis Riel, aided and abetted by the French priesthood. Is not a description of all these violent deeds written in numerous Blue-books?

Louis Riel had, with the assistance of the priestly partly, declared himself "President of the Republic of the North-West," and had nominated a Ministry from amongst his followers. Without attempting to follow the doings of this ridiculous Government, suffice it to say that Riel thought it necessary to take a man's life in order to prove that he was in earnest, and to strike terror into the English-speaking portion of the community, which, although not actively opposed to him, was still, he knew, inimical to his sway. From amongst the many Canadians whom he kept ironed in his prison, he selected as his victim a man named Scott, apparently because he was the most objectionable to him personally, and because he had been most loud-spoken in his expressions of loyalty to the Queen, and in denouncing Riel and his gang as rebels. Scott could not speak

French; but he was arraigned before a mock court-martial composed of some half-breeds, having a man named Lapine as president, the French language only being used. A frivolous charge of breach of parole (which was not true) was alleged against him, and he was condemned to be shot. The execution was carried out within a few hours by some intoxicated half-breeds, commanded by a United States citizen who had been in the Northern army. This murder is said to have been carried out in a cruel and atrocious manner. Those who perpetrated it by Riel's orders were at the time addressed by a French priest on the ground where it was committed, and told they were about to perform a righteous act.

Mr Scott's murder caused a cry of execration to resound throughout the English districts of Canada. The press, which everywhere in the province of Ontario had all through these affairs called for active measures, now preached up a crusade, and with such effect that it is almost beyond doubt that had the priestly party in Canada succeeded, through their mouthpieces, in preventing an armed expedition being sent to the Red River, there would have arisen in Ontario an organisation for sending an armed body of emigrants there, sworn to avenge the foul murder which had been perpetrated. Mr Scott was an Orangeman, a volunteer, and an Upper Canadian, and he had been murdered by those whom the people of Ontario regarded as French Canadians.

The event was pregnant with every element capable of calling forth the most violent feelings. The national rivalry between the English and French races, stronger in Canada than it has ever been at home, and the intense hatred which Orangemen, Low Churchmen, Presbyterians, and sectarians generally, entertain for Popery, were acted upon. Had 10,000 soldiers been required, they might have been enlisted with ease in Ontario. On the other hand, amongst the French Canadians popular sympathy was entirely with Riel; so much so, that when subsequently it was determined to despatch two battalions of militia to put down the rebellion, and to raise them in the two old provinces of Canada, one in each, it was found impossible to obtain more than 80 French Canadian recruits. The priesthood throughout the country had preached against the expedition, warning their flocks not to take part in an undertaking planned to injure their compatriots in the North-West, who spoke their language, were descended from the same ancestors, and who belonged to their faith. Over and over again they were told from the altar that the Protestants were anxious to send forth this expedition for the purpose of overturning the Catholic Church in that territory. Riel was painted in the most glowing colours as a patriot and a hero, struggling and prepared to fight for the rights of his race and the maintenance of the true faith.

With such antagonistic feelings abroad in the

country, the Ministry felt themselves in a most difficult position. All were agreed that the despatch of an armed force to the Red River was a political necessity if they wished to preserve their newly-bargained-for territory; but a special vote of money would be required for that purpose, and the French-speaking members of Parliament had announced their intention of opposing any such appropriation, if coercive measures were to be resorted to. It would have been next to impossible to have carried the measure in the face of their opposition, so it became necessary to soothe their alarm by fair promises: no coercion was to be attempted, and the troops, when in Manitoba, were only to be used for the protection of property and the maintenance of law and order; in fact, they were going there more in the capacity of police than of soldiers.

Mr Riel had previously been invited to send delegates to Ottawa to explain to the Government what the rebel demands really were. Two of the three he sent were obnoxious to the loyal Canadians. One, a French Canadian priest, was said to have taken a most active part on the rebel side throughout the disturbances, and to have been amongst the first to preach resistance. He was known to be a most intimate friend of Riel's, and was generally believed to be one of the chief pillars of the rebellion. The other was a young man of drunken habits and of no education. He was a shopboy by trade, and was what

is known in America as an Irish Yankee—a race that is not thought highly of in the United States. Having nothing to lose and everything to gain, he had gladly joined the rebel movement.

As soon as it was known in Ontario that these men were on their way to Ottawa by invitation of the Ministry, the whole country was indignant. "What!" it was said, "treat directly with two men who are alleged to have taken part in Scott's murder?" So violent was this feeling, that it was considered necessary to send a police magistrate to meet them in the States for the purpose of taking them to Ottawa secretly, by a roundabout way, so as to avoid passing through any of the large cities. When once they had reached Ottawa they would be safe from popular violence, as the French element is strong there. When it was announced that these men had arrived, indignation meetings were assembled all over the western province, at which resolutions were made deprecating in the strongest language their reception by the Governor-General. The brother of the murdered Scott had them arrested on a charge of being privy to the crime. They attempted to assume to themselves the importance and position of ambassadors sent by one sovereign state to another, and pleaded their immunity from imprisonment upon those grounds. The French party was entirely in their favour, and regarded the treatment they had met with as an outrage. This circumstance compli-

cated matters greatly, and was most embarrassing for the Ministry; they could not override the law, and for some days it was doubtful whether a "true bill" might not be found against them. Fortunately for all parties, the case fell through from want of evidence.

These proceedings, however, added fuel to the flames of popular excitement, and served to embitter the feeling between the French and English parties. After long conferences between the delegates and the Ministers, a bill was framed for the establishment of a government at Fort Garry, the terms of which were so favourable to the rebels that the French-speaking members withdrew their threatened opposition. 1,400,000 acres were to be reserved for distribution amongst the half-breeds, ostensibly "to extinguish the Indian claims to land," but in reality for the purpose of enriching the Roman Church.

As previously mentioned, the half-breeds in the Red River settlement were already possessed of considerable farms, a very small part of which only they cultivated, if such a term may be applied to the trifling labour they bestow upon their land. Still, although they already owned more land than they knew what to do with, it was considered necessary to appropriate this vast acreage for their exclusive use, as by doing so the priests were satisfied, and when they were contented the whole French party was so also. All opposition having thus been re-

moved, the money required for the Expedition was voted in the House when the Manitoba Bill was introduced.

The only man of really statesmanlike ability in the Canadian Ministry was the Premier, Sir John A. Macdonald. Unfortunately for the country, he was just at this critical moment struck down by severe illness, and the general management of affairs devolved upon Sir George Cartier, the leader of the French Conservatives. In early life he had played a minor part in the Canadian rebellion of 1837, when he had actually borne arms against the British Crown —a crime which, in the opinion of some of his political opponents, his subsequent loyalty had not sufficed to wipe out. This tended to prejudice many against him; for it was considered natural that, having been once himself a rebel, he should sympathise with rebellion wherever he met it.

Sir G. Cartier, although a poor debater and of no very great ability, was a creditable specimen of Canadian public men. His greatest enemy dare not question his honesty, for he was still, comparatively speaking, a poor man. He was a firm friend and a good hater. His ordinary promise was more to be relied upon than the oath of many of his contemporaries, and he was a hard-working public servant. To accuse him of descending at times into jobbery and political trickery, is merely to accuse him of being a Canadian politician. Sir George Cartier

had entered Parliament in early life, and was soon recognised as the leader of the French Canadian national party, a position which enabled him at all times to command about 60 votes in the House of Commons. With such a following, it is easy to understand how he was able for many years to maintain himself in a prominent position in public life. Many who ought to know assert that at heart he had no real love for the Roman Catholic priesthood: such may perhaps have been his private feelings, but in public he had to bow before it. It is a lever of mighty power in the province of Quebec, and by doing political jobs for it, he secured its influence. Had he estranged that party from him, another who longed for the opportunity would soon have occupied the position he held as leader of the French Conservatives. Sir John Macdonald's illness was a fortunate circumstance for the rebel clique in Fort Garry, as it enabled their sympathising friends in Canada, through their influence with Sir G. Cartier, to obtain for them all that they could have reasonably wished for.

The reservation of land provided for in the Bill was calculated to injure the true interests of Manitoba by retarding emigration. There are several other clauses in the Bill referring to the creation of a legislature and to the rights of franchise, which tend to give a monopoly of political power to the French-speaking people for some years to come.

From what has been already stated regarding their views and aspirations, it may be inferred that a love for progress is not included in their political belief, so their political ascendancy promised no good for the country.

Although the Manitoba Bill passed through both Houses of Parliament with but little opposition, still the Government policy as expressed by it was denounced by all the leading and all the independent English newspapers in Canada as altogether in the interests of the French rebel party.

The £300,000 was paid to the Hudson Bay Company; and the Queen's proclamation transferring the whole North-Western territories to the Dominion was shortly to be issued.

The Imperial Government consented to co-operate in the military expedition to the Red River; and the strength of the force was, after a lengthened telegraphic correspondence, fixed at one weak battalion of regular infantry, two battalions of Canadian militia, and a small detachment of Royal Artillerymen and of Royal Engineers; about one-fourth of the total expense was to be defrayed from the home treasury, the remainder to be paid by the Dominion. Colonel Wolseley, then on the staff in Canada, was appointed to command it, and its organisation and equipment were rapidly pushed forward.

Having given a rough sketch of the political events that rendered necessary the despatch of a military

expedition to the Red River country, we shall now endeavour to give a general description of the region to be traversed, and of the difficulties to be overcome by it, reserving for another chapter an account of its organisation, and of the manner in which it fulfilled its mission.

A glance at the map of North America will show the reader that lying west of the inhabited provinces of Canada are Lakes Huron and Superior. They are united by the St Mary River of about fifty miles in length. A canal has been constructed on the American side of the river, by means of which vessels can avoid the rapids of Sault Ste Marie, and pass easily from lake to lake. Taking therefore Toronto, the chief town in Ontario, as a starting-point, a traveller wishing to reach Fort Garry through British territory would go by rail 94 miles to Collingwood, and from thence by steamer 534 miles to Thunder Bay, *viâ* the St Mary River Canal. The waters of Lake Superior and its tributaries flow into the Gulf of St Lawrence, whilst those of Lake Winnipeg empty themselves into Hudson Bay. These two water-systems are separated by a line of rugged hills which approach to within about 80 miles of Thunder Bay, the lowest pass over them in that locality being about 839 feet above Lake Superior.

Some years ago a route had been explored from Thunder Bay to Fort Garry; and a scheme was laid before the Canadian Parliament for improving it, by

the construction of canals, dams, and short roads, for facilitating the navigation of the lakes and rivers that lay along it, and for establishing land communications between them. The first link in the chain was to be a road of about 29 miles—from Thunder Bay to Dog Lake—by means of which the difficult navigation of the Kaministiquia River was to be avoided.

Little attention was, however, paid to the subject until 1868, when the road was begun. In the following year a better pass over the hills than that by Dog Lake was discovered, necessitating, however, a lengthening of the road from Thunder Bay to about 48 miles. As the word "portage" will frequently be met with in all narratives of North American travel, the reader should remember that it means a break in a chain of water communication, over which canoes and stores have to be carried on the men's backs.

The new route was therefore 48 miles by road through the forest to Shebandowan Lake, and from thence about 310 miles by rivers and lakes (with about 17 portages), to the Lake of the Woods. Some of these portages were more than a mile in length; and when it is remembered that all the boats and stores, &c. &c., required for the Expedition, had to be carried by the soldiers over these breaks in the navigation, an idea can be formed of the physical labour which such an operation would entail. From the Lake of the Woods to Fort Garry was about 100

miles in a straight line by land, but there was only a road made for about 60 miles of that distance, the unmade portion being laid out over most difficult swamps. If, therefore, the troops could not advance by that route, as was subsequently found to be the case, the only other way of reaching Manitoba was *viâ* the Winnipeg River, the navigation of which was known to be so difficult and dangerous that none but experienced guides ever attempt it. There were about 30 portages to be got over in the 160 miles extra thus added to the total length of the distance to be traversed.

In 1869 about twenty miles of the Thunder Bay road had been constructed; during the winter of 1869-70 bridges were constructed over the two largest rivers which crossed the line of road, and in the following spring the road was pushed on still farther some six or seven miles.

When early in 1870 arrangements were being made for the despatch of the Expedition, the Canadian Ministers impressed upon the military authorities responsible for its success that, by the time the troops had been collected together on the shores of Thunder Bay, the road from thence to Shebandowan would be fit for traffic, and that good roads would have been constructed over all the portages by the Public Works Department.

The country lying between Lake Superior and Red River was known to be a wilderness of poor

timber, lakes, rivers, and rocks, and to be uninhabited except by wandering tribes of Indians. The waters, it was said, abounded in fish, but the woods were almost destitute of game.

The Indians are the Chippewahs, a tribe that occupies the islands in Lakes Huron and Superior, and is scattered along their shores. They are essentially wood Indians, and venture but seldom on to the plains, being in mortal dread of their hereditary enemies the Sioux—the most warlike tribe now in North America. As long as the rivers are free of ice these Chippewahs almost live in their canoes, roving about in the localities where fish is most plentiful. Their canoes are small, and so light that a woman can easily carry one over the longest portage. On the shores of the great lakes, where these Indians have long been in contact with the white man, many of them are Christians; but those in the interior are still heathens, and will not submit to having missionaries settled amongst them. In summer they get blueberries, but their chief article of food is fish, although, here and there on fertile spots, they grow a few potatoes and a little Indian corn. They are an extremely dirty race: the men are very lazy, and cannot be depended upon to continue at any work they may be employed upon, although they are said to be truthful and honest. They are polygamists, and the morality of their women is not of a high order. They are very improvident, and cannot

be induced to lay by provisions in case of want, so that a winter seldom passes that some do not die from starvation. As they are all armed and capable of great endurance, and as the country generally is a network of lakes, where they can go in any direction for hundreds of miles in their light canoes, they might cause endless trouble and great loss to any military force seeking to push its way through the country without their permission.

They expect to be well paid by travellers in presents of provisions; so their presence along the line of route added to the difficulties to be overcome, as all such presents would have to be carried by the troops, and every pound of extra weight was a serious matter.

For the conveyance of the provisions and stores between Thunder Bay and Shebandowan, a considerable transport corps would be required — all the material for which would have to be sent there in steamers, as also the forage required for the animals, for neither hay nor grass was to be had on the spot.

In fine, to get a military force to Red River, it was necessary to send it complete with all warlike appliances, and with at least two months' provisions, through a wilderness for a distance of above 600 miles, where no supplies of any description were obtainable. It was no wonder, therefore, that our Government paused and considered well before they committed any of her Majesty's troops to an opera-

tion beset with such difficulties, and where any serious mistakes on the part of those who conducted it would most probably have led to disastrous results.

II.

The force consisted of the 1st Battalion 60th Rifles, two battalions of Canadian Militia, a detachment of Royal Engineers, and a detachment of Royal Artillery, with four 7-pounder guns.

Navigation opens usually on Lake Superior about the 8th or 10th of May; and it was essential that the troops for the Red River Expedition should rendezvous at the earliest possible date in Thunder Bay, on the western shores of that lake.

As described in the previous chapter, all ships sailing from Collingwood for that place must pass through the canal at the Sault Ste Marie, which runs exclusively through United States territory. To send soldiers through that canal had never been contemplated. They were to be landed on our side of the Ste Marie River, below the rapids, to march up the Canadian bank about three miles, and then embark again in the same steamers in which they had sailed from Collingwood, and which in the mean time were to have gone round through the canal. During the war between the North and South, we had never made any remonstrances when the Washington Government

sent warlike material up the St Lawrence through our canals into the lakes; in fact they had once sent a gunboat by that route. It was hoped that similar facility would be allowed to us, and that as long as no armed men violated their territory, no difficulty would be raised to our sending stores of all descriptions through the Ste Marie Canal. It was, however, thought advisable to send a steamer, laden only with a purely mercantile cargo, through the canal, as soon as it was open for traffic. One of the steamers that run every summer between Collingwood and Thunder Bay was selected for the purpose, and, when once on Lake Superior, it was intended to keep her there until it was officially ascertained whether the Americans meant to be obstructive or not. Having even one steamer on that lake would render us independent, as she could be kept constantly running across, taking men, horses, stores, &c., &c., from the Sault, to which place they could be brought by other vessels from Collingwood, without any possible violation of American territory. This was carried out successfully. The steamer was allowed to pass through the canal, the United States officials there being rather taken by surprise, and having no instructions on the point; the next steamer which attempted to pass about five days afterwards was stopped, although she had no warlike material on board; and the American authorities stated that no more British ships, no matter what their cargo might be,

should for the present be allowed to pass into Lake Superior.

This obstructive policy on the part of the Ministers at Washington did not, however, prevent the existence of very cordial relations between the local government authorities on both sides. We always felt that as a last resource we could buy or hire steamers belonging to United States citizens on Lake Superior for use there.

It was said that Riel, or at least some of his gang, had been coquetting with the American authorities upon the subject of annexation, and the press throughout the Western States of America openly declared a desire to hinder the British troops from getting to Fort Garry.

As it was thought that the single steamer which, as already described, we had succeeded in placing upon Lake Superior might not be sufficient for our own requirements, an American propeller was hired at Sarnia, and sent up empty to Lake Superior through the canal, her master swearing to the United States authorities at the Sault that he had not been hired by the Canadian Government, and that he had nothing whatever to do with the Red River Expedition. This declaration was entirely spontaneous on his part, and not the result of any instructions received from us. When he had passed through the canal, and was seen to steer over and anchor near our shore, the canal officials realised how

they had been taken in by one of their own citizens. A protest having by this time been sent to the President by the Governor-General of the Dominion, all restrictions upon British trading-vessels having no warlike material on board were withdrawn.

This affair of the canal had the effect of retarding for some time the departure of the Expedition, but it was not the only cause of delay. As this was the first military expedition ever undertaken by the Government of Canada, excuses can easily be made for the ignorance displayed by its Ministers upon all points connected with army matters, or the requirements of troops in the field. They cannot, however, be so easily pardoned for having failed to recognise their ignorance, and for having neglected to avail themselves of the military talents of the able soldier, General the Hon. James Lindsay, who had been sent out from England especially for the occasion. That officer was most anxious to relieve them of all responsibility regarding the organisation, equipment, and despatch of the expeditionary force; but such an arrangement did not suit their political ends. A large outlay of money was to be made, and they wished to spend it as much as possible amongst their political supporters. When therefore the General, with the thoroughness and energy for which he was celebrated, went to Collingwood on the 5th of May, and made all the necessary arrangements for the despatch of the troops by

steamer from thence, and telegraphed for permission to close the bargains, he was told by the Ottawa Government to do nothing in the matter, as all such arrangements would be made by their own agents. The result was, that instead of starting about the end of the first week in May, the first detachment of the expeditionary force did not leave Collingwood for Thunder Bay until the 21st of that month.

The steamers used on these great Canadian lakes are a sort of cross between the ocean-going and the ordinary American river-steamboats. They have their state-rooms and their bars, so that in calm weather one can enjoy all the luxuries that are so dear to our Transatlantic cousins; whilst their hulls are strongly built, and capable of enduring the heavy weather so often encountered on these inland seas. The scenery has been so frequently described, that we make no apology for landing the reader without more ado, together with the expeditionary force, on the western shore of Thunder Bay, about four miles north-west of where the Kaministiquia River flows into Lake Superior, the place being now known as Prince Arthur's Landing. There was but a small clearance in the woods when we landed, where a few wooden shanties had been erected, and all around the prospect was extremely desolate. One of those dreadful fires which occasionally sweep over whole districts in Canada, destroying houses, crops, cattle, and sometimes many human lives, had raged over the

country between the landing and Shebandowan Lake, destroying small bridges, culverts, and cribwork on the road already partly made between those two points. No lives had been lost, and the two large bridges which had been erected during the winter, and most of the public property, had been saved by the exertions of the workmen. The forest, which came down to the water's edge all round the bay, presented a pitiful sight. Nature never wears a more sombre appearance than when the fiery element has swept over a forest, burning every leaf, every small branch, and every blade of grass, leaving nothing but the tall dismally blackened trunks and burnt-up rocks around them.

Such was the first impression upon landing: it had a depressing effect on our spirits, for go where we might, the scene was one of funereal mourning, whilst here and there the peaty soil still smoked heavily, showing that although no fire was visible on the surface, the elements of destruction still smouldered beneath it. During our subsequent stay at Prince Arthur's Landing, we had more than one opportunity of witnessing great fires in the woods; and the imposing grandeur of such scenes may be imagined, but words cannot describe them. To be surrounded by a forest, and to hear the roaring, crashing, crackling sounds of a raging fire borne by a high wind in your direction, is, we feel sure, the most appalling of all human sensations. The smallest and most despised insect seems then your superior as

it flies away out of harm's reach with what sounds at the time like a chirp of mocking disdain and pity for your earth-bound impotence. Your only hope of safety is either a change of wind, or being able to reach a swamp, a lake, or a large river, before your swift and relentless pursuer overtakes you.

Any one who has ever witnessed the landing of an army at a point which is to become the base of further operations, will easily understand how little time was left for either mournful or poetical reflections upon the manner in which such a fair spot had been converted into a dismal wilderness. Work, work, work, from daylight until dark, and often even until late at night, getting stores, horses, waggons, &c., &c., ashore, and conveying them from the beach to the several depots appointed for their reception. Road-making and opening out communications between the camps, which the nature of the ground rendered it impossible to have in one place, gave employment to a large number daily. It was decided to establish a large depot of supplies and ammunition at Prince Arthur's Landing, which we could draw upon in case of need, or upon which we could fall back in the event of any untoward disaster; a hospital was equipped for the reception of the wounded if there should be any, and to which all who fell sick during the advance were to be sent back. As the Fenians had declared their intention of fitting out an armed vessel on Lake Superior for the purpose of

attacking our store-ships whilst *en route*, and of falling upon our depots when left unguarded by the advance of the Expedition, it was considered necessary to construct a redoubt for their protection. This entailed considerable extra labour upon the soldiers; but notwithstanding the frequent rains, the work went on merrily, so that when the force left Thunder Bay, the rear with its stores was perfectly secure from any attack that could possibly be brought against it by this Hibernian brotherhood. A company of militia was left behind, with two guns, as a garrison for the redoubt. Of all known parts of the world it may be truthfully stated that the Thunder Bay region is the most subject to violent thunderstorms—whether owing to metallurgic influences or to geographical position we do not know. Many officers who had been "all over the world" admitted they had never heard such appalling claps of thunder before. On some occasions trees were blown down, on others they were split into shreds. At times, especially at night, the noise was such that the ground seemed to shake, and it sounded so close that one expected to see the tent-pole riven in two. Now and then these storms were accompanied by rain of quite a tropical character, after which the numerous streams became so swollen that bridges were swept away, and long portions of the road, which had been constructed with infinite toil, were completely destroyed. Every such misfortune retarded progress.

The Hudson Bay officers best acquainted with the country, reported that we could not calculate upon being able to get through the higher region over which the route lay after the end of September. Every day was therefore of consequence; for although it was intended to leave the militia regiments at Fort Garry for the winter, instructions had been received from the home authorities that the regular troops should be brought back from the Red River before the winter set in, if it was possible to do so. This was not the only incentive to haste; for every mail from the north-west brought urgent appeals from its inhabitants, praying for the earliest possible arrival of the force amongst them. Alarm, and a dread of some unknown evil, seemed to have possessed their minds; men had begun to suspect one another, and no one knew to whom to look for either comfort or safety: all eyes and thoughts were bent upon the expeditionary force as the sole chance of deliverance from the bondage, both of mind and body, to which every loyal man was there subjected.

As already stated, the Ottawa authorities had announced that the road from Thunder Bay to Shebandowan Lake would be fit for traffic before the end of May; whereas by that date not more than thirty miles of it were finished, and many miles were still uncut through the primeval forest. A rumour got abroad amongst the regular troops that the Canadian authorities were not very anxious to

hasten the operation, lest by so doing they might make it possible for the regulars to get back before the winter set in; and every one knew that the Dominion Ministry were most anxious that they should be kept at Fort Garry for at least a year.

The construction of this road was under the superintendence of the Public Works Department, the gentleman representing which in the Ministry was a French Canadian, and known to be heart and soul with the priestly party in Quebec, and therefore favourably inclined to Riel. Men of a suspicious turn of mind began to say that the fact of there being no road ready for our advance was part and parcel of a political scheme whereby the departure of the Expedition might be stopped altogether. As the promised road was not likely to be ready in time, a river-route to Shebandowan Lake was sought out and utilised for the conveyance of the boats, &c., &c.

A large-sized river flows out of that lake, and being joined by two others of about equal magnitude, empties itself into Thunder Bay: it is known for the greater part of its course as the Kaministiquia River. The difference of level between Shebandowan Lake and Thunder Bay is more than 800 feet, and in descending from that great height the water passes over some very fine falls, one of which is about 120 feet high, being one of the most picturesque spots in British North America.

The officials of the Public Works Department who

had been employed for several years exploring, surveying, and road-making in that district, had impressed upon the military authorities, when the plan of operations for the Expedition was being decided upon, that this river could not be made use of owing to the dangerous nature of its rapids and the magnitude of its falls. However, when it was found that the road could not possibly be ready in time, an exploring party of one company, under Captain Young, 60th Rifles, was sent up it in boats to ascertain the practicability of using it for the conveyance of boats and stores. The weather was most unpropitious; it poured continuously: the men were never dry, having constantly to work up to their waists in water; the labour was excessive, but the perseverance of the above-mentioned officer, capable of overcoming any difficulties, was duly rewarded. This discovery was a happy event, as it rendered us independent of the road.

As numerous portages have to be got over before we land the reader in the province of Manitoba, it is perhaps better to describe here the mode of crossing one, the work on all being alike in character, and only varying in amount according to the distance to be traversed and the nature of the intervening ground. The bulkiest articles taken with us were the boats, which were all about 30 feet long, and made in proportion. They were built with keels, and in form were very much like those used in our

navy. Each boat carried eight or nine soldiers, and two or three Indians or civilians, who had been especially engaged as skilled in managing boats in rapid water. The stores were sixty days' provisions for all embarked, consisting of salt pork, beans, preserved potatoes, flour, biscuit, pepper, salt, tea, and sugar. The heaviest of these articles was the pork, which was packed in small barrels, weighing 200 lb. each, the others being in much lighter and much handier packages. Besides food, there was ammunition, intrenching-tools, camp equipment, cooking utensils, waterproof sheets, blankets, &c., &c.; and with the artillery, two 7-pounder bronze guns, and their ammunition, material, &c., &c.

The boats were distributed into brigades of six, to each of which a company was allotted. With each brigade were boat-builders' tools, and all sorts of stuff for repairs, besides spare oars, sails, &c., &c. Once started, it was known that we should have to rely upon ourselves and the stores we took with us; for such was the utter barrenness of the wilderness through which we were about to penetrate, that nothing but wood, stones, and water were to be had there.

Every probable, indeed almost every possible, contingency had to be thought of and provided for; and it may be confidently asserted that no expedition has ever started more thoroughly complete or better prepared for its work.

The brigades of boats were to move singly or in groups of two or three, according to circumstances; but three was the largest number that could work together on a portage, two being the best. When one of these detachments reached a portage—which it generally did before the one immediately in front of it had got all its stores, &c., over, and had again started—the boats were at once drawn in to the shore as close as possible and unloaded, the stores belonging to each boat being put in a separate pile. These were covered over with tarpaulins if the hour was too late for work, or if—as was always the case with the leading detachment, consisting of three brigades — the road over the portage had to be opened out, and rollers for the boats laid down upon it. At other times the men began to carry over the stores without delay, piling them in heaps, one for each boat, at the far end of the road. The ordinary method in vogue with Indians and the regular North American voyageurs for carrying loads, is by means of a long strap about three inches wide in the centre, where it is passed across the forehead, but tapering off to an inch in width at the ends, which are fastened round the barrel or parcel to be portaged.

Men accustomed to this work will thus carry weights of 400 lb., and some 500 lb., across the longest portage, the loads resting on the upper part of the back, and kept there by the strap going round the forehead. The great strain is thus upon the neck,

which has to be kept very rigid, whilst the body is bent well forward.

As it could not be expected that soldiers untrained to such labour would be able to carry loads in that manner, short pieces of rope with a loop at each end were supplied to the boats, by means of which two short poles—cut in the woods at the portages as required—were easily converted into a very efficient hand-barrow, of just the dimensions required for the conveyance of the small barrels in which our pork and flour were packed.

After, however, a little practice, a large proportion of the men soon learned to use the common portage-strap, their officers setting them the example by themselves carrying heavy loads with it. As soon as all the stores had been conveyed across the portage, the boats were hauled ashore, and dragged over, their keels resting on small trees felled across the path to act as rollers. The labour involved by hauling a heavy boat up a very steep incline, to a height of about a hundred feet, is no child's play. In each boat there was a strong painter and a towing-line, by means of which and the leather portage-straps a sort of man-harness was formed when required, so that forty or fifty men could haul together. Say the portage was a mile long (some were more), and that each man had to make ten trips across it before all the stores of his brigade were got over, he would have walked nineteen miles during the operation, being

heavily laden for ten of them. At some portages considerable engineering ingenuity was required—small streams had to be bridged and marshy spots to be corduroyed over. By the time our men returned many of them were expert axemen, and all were more or less skilled in the craft of the voyageur and American woodsman.

The country between Prince Arthur's Landing and Shebandowan Lake is wild and rugged. The road between those two places runs W.N.W., and may, for purposes of description, be divided into three sections—the first extending to Strawberry Creek, about eighteen miles; the second to the Matawan River, about eight miles farther on; and the third from thence to Shebandowan Lake, about twenty-two miles more.

The first section is very hilly, the soil near the bay being sandy, with a surface-covering at most places of from six to twenty-nine inches of peaty mould. In the valleys between the hills are deep swamps, over which roads can only be made with considerable labour. The timber has been entirely destroyed at some places by fires, so that every now and then the road emerges from the thick forest into clear open spaces sometimes of many hundreds of acres in extent, where the ground is covered with the burnt trunks of fallen trees, piled up at places one over the other like spillikins, an occasional pine of great height being left standing as it were to show the traveller

the vastness of the destruction. These places are called *brulées* in the language of the country; and in a few years after the fire has passed over them, are so thickly covered by raspberry and rose bushes that it is difficult and tiring to cross them on foot. The timber consists of white and red spruce, pitch-pine, balsam, cedar, tamarack, white birch, and poplar, the latter being at some places along the road in large quantities and of a great size. The rocks are trappean, a hard compact slate, with numerous veins of amethystine quartz and jasper, and jasper conglomerate, running through them in irregular directions. Many silver-mines have been discovered in the neighbourhood, and galena, plumbago, and copper in several forms are known to abound; so that no prophetic powers are necessary to foretell the great importance that this country will assume ere long from the development of its mineral resources. About midway in this section is the most rocky district traversed by the road, where it ascends through a rugged and hilly country to a height of many hundred feet above Thunder Bay. This region is also heavily wooded, so road-making through it was no easy matter. At many places large-sized boulders had to be removed from the road; and at others, where great rough rocks cropped up in the way, they were broken up by lighting huge fires around them, and by throwing water over them when thoroughly heated. This caused them to split up into pieces, reminding one of the

method said to have been adopted by Hannibal in crossing the Alps.

Some half-dozen emigrants had settled along this first section of the road, the *brulées* enabling them to establish themselves without the labour of felling timber; and their little shanties were, when we arrived, already surrounded by potato-gardens, whilst here and there the rich greenness of a patch of oats gave an air of civilisation to the scene. Numerous small rivulets are crossed in this section, over which bridges and culverts were constructed; also two streams, one about 30 and the other about 40 yards wide, requiring more substantial work in carrying the road over them.

As you approach Strawberry Creek, which separates the first from the second of the three sections, the general aspect of the country changes completely, and a red clay soil takes the place of the sand, rock, and peat passed over up to that point. The whole of the second section is composed of hills formed by this red clay, which, although admirably adapted for bricks and pottery, is extremely bad for road-making. When hard and dry, it was good for traffic; but after a shower of rain it became so slippery that horses had much difficulty in keeping their feet, and a regularly wet day caused the wheels to sink so deep, that the horses struggled through it with difficulty, losing shoes at every stride. A few days' rain renders it impassable for wheeled transport, so that during the

operation of forwarding stores over it in waggons, all traffic was stopped several times for days together.

The valley of the Kaministiquia, where the road crosses it, is extremely pretty: the hills around are sufficiently rugged to be picturesque; whilst fires have for generations back so frequently swept over them that their surface is tolerably open, with rocks cropping up here and there, as if to give shadows to the picture; clumps of willow are scattered at places, whilst the river's edge is fringed with bushes and stunted trees. The river is about 107 yards in width, and unfordable. The Matawan falls into it about half a mile above the bridge; above that again is a succession of heavy and imposing-looking rapids, over which our boats were tracked with difficulty, and with trying labour to the men.

The second section ends where the road crosses the Matawan by a bridge about 70 yards in length, constructed, like the previous one, during the preceding winter. The distance between the two bridges is about five miles, the road running through some deep valleys and along the sides of rounded hills of red clay, the timber of which lay about in decaying logs, bearing witness to the many fires that have swept over the district at various remote periods.

As the road descends into the valley of the Matawan and enters the third section, the character of the soil and scenery again changes—the red clay is left behind, and one enters a rolling country of rich

clayey loam, with sandy rises here and there, all thickly wooded over. Two unfordable streams—one of 24, the other of about 33 yards in width—had to be bridged over in this section. As already stated, nearly the whole of the last eighteen miles of road, including these two bridges, had to be made after our arrival, which retarded our progress to an extent that had not been anticipated.

The road is much more level in this section than in the other two; but at many places the natural drainage is so bad, that even up to the date when the force had finally embarked at Shebandowan, the track cut through the forest was useless as a highway for constant and heavy traffic. Had it not been discovered in time, as already detailed, that the river could be made available, particularly along parts of this third section, for the transport of our boats and stores, we should have been delayed a month or six weeks still further than we were, and could not possibly have reached Fort Garry in time to have fitted up barrack accommodation for the troops before the winter set in, or to have brought them back before the frost had closed the rivers and small lakes to be passed on the higher portions of the route.

It was the knowledge of these facts, and the consciousness of the emergency, that justified those responsible for the success of the Expedition in calling upon the men to undergo the unceasing labour that was entailed upon them. "Sunday

shone no Sabbath-day for them." From the time the troops began to advance, "Push on, push on," was the hourly cry of the officers; and every one, down to the youngest bugler, being taken into the leader's confidence regarding the necessity for haste, recognised the urgency of the case, and put his shoulder to the wheel with a will and a cheery energy that bade defiance to all obstacles. We treated our men not as machines, but as reasoning beings, having all feelings in common with ourselves; and they responded to our appeals as British soldiers ever will when under men in whom they have unbounded confidence.

Before a start could be made it was essential that at least two months' supplies for the whole force should be collected at Shebandowan Lake.

Our transport horses were very fat when they landed, and had to begin work at once, so that, although allowed to eat as much oats and hay as they could, they quickly fell off dreadfully in condition. The badness of the roads rendered the work very severe upon them, and a large proportion were soon unfit for draught, owing to sore shoulders. Two causes contributed chiefly to this: first, the badness of the collars; and secondly, the carelessness of the drivers.

The harness had been provided by the Canadian Government, and, like all the military stores supplied by it for this Expedition, was of an inferior descrip-

tion obtained by contract. The military force in Canada was to be reduced in the summer of 1870; and orders had been received by the general commanding, desiring him to dispose of, on the spot, or to send home to England—according as he might think best for the public interest—all the military stores, giving the Dominion Government the option of buying at a valuation all or any portion of them. We had in store plenty of harness and every description of article required for the equipment of the force, the regulation prices of which were considerably below what similar but vastly inferior articles could be obtained for in the open market.

It did not, however, suit the Ottawa Ministers, whose province it was to obtain the required stores, to get them from our magazines; they preferred purchasing the inferior and dearer articles through their own agents from their own political friends and supporters. When money is to be spent in Canada, the opportunity is seldom lost for furthering party objects. As a stronger illustration of this, we may here mention that the boots supplied to the militia regiments were so utterly worthless after a few weeks' wear, that, upon arriving at Thunder Bay, it was found necessary to send back to Canada for new ones from our stores—so that the country had to pay for two pair per man instead of one.

The men for the land-transport service were especially engaged for this duty by the militia department;

and, with some exceptions, a more worthless set as drivers and horse-keepers it is scarcely possible to imagine. Men of all sorts of callings, except those accustomed to the care of horses, were enlisted, so that some of them did not even know how to put a set of harness together. As soon as these men got clear of a station on the road, and out of view of the transport officers, they played all sorts of pranks, and instead of going at a steady walk, chose their own pace, sometimes amusing themselves by racing. It was found necessary to make some examples amongst the worst-behaved before anything like discipline could be maintained amongst them.

As a protection for the horses against the heavy rains, ranges of rough stables were erected at several places along the 48 miles of road between Prince Arthur's Landing and the lake—the planks for those at the former place being brought from Collingwood in steamers, those used elsewhere being sawn from trees cut down where required. The Canadian axeman is very handy at constructing shelter for either cattle or stores: the bark of trees, particularly of the birch and tamarack, is largely used instead of planking. A roof is also quickly and efficiently made with troughs hewn from logs of American poplar, placed, as tiles are, in rows alternately convex and concave, each trough being cut of sufficient length to reach from the apex to the eave of the roof; and one large one, cut from a tree of greater diameter, being placed

longitudinally at top, along the ridge, so as to cover up the ends of the troughs of both sides of the roof where they meet above.

During the month of June, and half the month of July, the work on the road went on unremittingly, "corduroying" being alone attempted; ditches were made at points only where they were essential to prevent flooding. As few of our readers have ever seen a corduroy road — may none of them ever have to drive over one !—a few lines describing its construction may not be out of place. The course to be followed through the forest having been marked out by "blazing" a line of trees, the required breadth of road is cleared of timber and all serious obstructions, and partially levelled. Logs of from six to nine inches in diameter are then cut ten feet long, and laid close together side by side, small branches and sand or earth being strewn over them to fill up the unavoidable interstices. Such was the rough method pursued by us; but in Canada more careful labour is bestowed upon roads of this description when they are intended for more permanent use.

Before leaving Prince Arthur's Landing, a deputation of Indians from the neighbourhood of Fort Francis arrived to inquire what we were doing, and what were to be our intended movements. The party consisted of three men, two boys, and a squaw. Few of us had ever before seen the pure heathen

North American Indian, and it must be admitted that none of us were very favourably impressed by these specimens of that people. When near our camp, the speaker of the party, called "Blackstone," having lagged behind the others, was overtaken by an officer who was driving towards the bay, and who volunteered by signs to give him a lift; the offer was good-humouredly accepted. This Indian chief had never been in a wheeled conveyance before; and having, like all these wood savages, an instinctive horror of horses, the drive was gone through with more solemnity than pleasure. When he came in sight of the tents he requested permission to dismount where there was a little stream of water. Pulling from his pocket a small piece of soap, he wet it, and plastered down his long, straight, black hair with it, and tied round his head a mink-skin, from which at the back stood up a row of eagle's feathers, with here and there an ermine-tail hanging from them. Having thus completed his toilet, he came into camp.

An English missionary who had recently arrived from Canada, and who lived close to the beach, invited the whole party to his tent, where he gave them a good dinner—no easy matter, as an Indian will eat as much as four white men if allowed to have as much as he likes. The feast over, the zealous clergyman thought he might improve the occasion by administering to their spiritual wants; but they no sooner understood his object than they hastily bolted

from his tent as if it had been infected, such is their horror of those who seek to convert them.

The deputation was formally presented to Colonel Wolseley, and a great deal of talking ensued. The Indians call such an interview a "pow-wow," and are very fond of making long speeches at them. Many of the chiefs have great oratorical powers, and use much gesticulation when declaiming. They expressed astonishment at finding us making a road through their country without having previously made any treaty for their lands, and were very anxious to enter upon the subject of the terms we intended proposing for the extinction of their territorial rights. These men had really no just claim to the land near the bay, nor, indeed, one might say, to the land lying between the hills and Lake Superior, as they never hunted there; and beyond those hills, until you reached Rainy River, there was no land worth making a treaty about. They were told that there was no intention whatever of making any arrangements on the subject at present; but that hereafter, should the Canadian Government require any of their land, a suitable treaty would be made, when ample justice would be done them. They expressed themselves as devotedly loyal to the "Great Mother"—meaning the Queen—and anxious to assist their white brethren to the utmost of their power. They were made to understand that we merely wished for a right of way through their territory, and that we had no intention of occu-

pying their lands. Promises were made to them that their head men should receive suitable presents; but that as we were pressed extremely for time, and would have great difficulty in carrying enough supplies with us to last during our tedious journey, they must not expect to receive them from the soldiers this year; that the officer who was then representing Canada at Fort Francis would arrange all particulars as to the quantities of things they were to be given, and when and where they were to receive them.

They said they would go back and inform their friends of what had been told them, and in the meantime we were welcome to help ourselves to as much wood and water along the line of route as we might require daily.

These representatives of the once flourishing tribe of Ojibewahs—or Chippewahs, as they are indifferently called—were fine straight-looking men, and moved about with a certain dignity of bearing. Never but once did any of them express astonishment at what they saw, when the oldest of the party, after long and silent contemplation of the busy scene at our crowded wharf, said, "What a number of white men there must be in the world!" They were told to help themselves to a suit of clothes each from a shop which an enterprising tradesman had established near camp; and, with the usual childishness and improvidence of their race, they seemed to select those articles which, of all others, were least

suited for the life they had to lead—a frock-coat of the finest cloth being the garment most dear to them.

Early in July our headquarters were transferred to the bridge over the Matawan River, a most picturesque spot. Immediately below the bridge there was a fall, and below that again a series of rapids for many miles. The banks being wooded down to the water's edge, there was some difficulty in clearing sufficient space for the camp of two battalions, and the large mass of provisions which it was found necessary to collect there. Here we erected stables and rough store-houses, so that the place quickly assumed the appearance of a little village busy with life, where the noise of the blacksmith's hammer resounded from early dawn until dark. The departure of empty waggons, and the arrival of loaded ones, went on at all hours; and the noisy scene at the falls, where the boats arriving by river from Thunder Bay had to be portaged over about fifty yards, impressed upon the stranger visiting our camps the earnestness of the work before us.

The black flies and sand-flies were very troublesome at times, but a merciful Providence has only given them power to annoy man by day, so that, except occasionally, when the never-flagging mosquito buzzed round our heads at night, our sleep was undisturbed. Before leaving Canada we had heard such "travellers' yarns" about the positive torture we

should have to undergo from flies, that considerable trouble was taken to design, as a protection against them, a veil made of net, shaped like a bag open at both ends: it was to be worn round the head, with which it was prevented from coming in contact by hoops made of fine crinoline wire. Much expense had also been incurred in providing each boat with a can of stuff known to all salmon-fishermen in North America as mosquito oil. It is made with creosote and pennyroyal; and when the face is well anointed with this disgusting unguent, no mosquito or other winged torment will touch you as long as it is fresh. The parties engaged in bringing up the boats by river, and some of those stationed at places along the road, were occasionally glad to use the veil towards evening; but after the final start of the force from Shebandowan, the only use they were put to was for straining water through on the Lake of the Woods, where, as will be hereafter described, the water was almost opaque from the vegetable matter it held in suspension. The oil came in useful for burning in the lamps when the supply taken for them had been expended.

Although the extreme measures of veils and oil were not found necessary, yet whilst we were encamped in the woods, the mosquitoes were always sufficiently annoying to render it desirable to have as much smoke as possible round where you sat in the evening, to keep them at a distance. In front of

each tent-door, as soon as the sun went down, you generally saw what the backwoodsman calls a "smudge" smouldering away, filling the tents with the volumes of steamy smoke which it emitted. A smudge is simply a small fire, on which is put damp moss, or wet rotten wood or bark, which in burning gives out clouds of vapour laden with carbonic acid gas. To impregnate the air more effectually, the smudge was frequently placed actually inside the tent, the door being left open, so that the flies incommoded by the atmosphere might escape. When the tent is completely filled with smoke, the door is fastened up for the night, so that no mosquito can enter.

The stores were brought by our land-transport waggons as far as the Matawan camp; the road as far as that being in fine weather very good, all things considered. The great nut to crack was to get them over the twenty-two miles between there and Lake Shebandowan, a small portion only of that distance having a practicable road over it. Every mile of navigable water on the river was therefore made use of, the stores being sent up for the first few miles in boats, then conveyed a few more miles in waggons, then in boats again for about eleven miles, then a short distance again by waggon, and finally by water again for the last three miles to Shebandowan Lake: there they were collected on a sandy beach, previous to being distributed amongst the brigades as they started finally for Fort Garry.

It is scarcely necessary to remind the mercantile reader that this "breaking bulk" so repeatedly injured the stores considerably, and entailed much labour on the soldiers.

The only recreations enjoyed by our men were bathing and fishing. Of the former, whilst working in the boats, all had more than enough, for the men had constantly to work in the water; but whilst employed at road-making or moving stores on shore, a swim after the day's work was most enjoyable. The water in Lake Superior is always very cold; but that in some of the rivers — the Matawan, for instance—was positively tepid, so that the men would roll about in it for a length of time without feeling any ill effects. The strangest phenomenon was in M'Neil's Bay, on Lake Shebandowan, where, in swimming, at one moment you passed through a narrow strip of very cold water, and the next instant you were in water as warm as the human body. The effect was most curious, and is supposed to come from springs rising from the bottom of the lake in that shallow portion of it. When encamped at Prince Arthur's Landing the men caught immense quantities of lake trout, many of them weighing ten or twelve pounds, those of five or six being considered small. They are without exception the most tasteless of the finny tribe. There is nothing repulsive about them, either in appearance or in flavour; but still, as food, we know of nothing which is less pala-

table without being positively nauseous. At the various other camps along the road, and subsequently during the advance upon Fort Garry, the men caught pike by trolling from the boats. Those with black backs were fair eating; but the other sorts were bony and soft, with a muddy flavour. Each brigade was furnished with a fishing-net, as it was expected that large quantities of fish would be obtained along the line of route to vary the daily diet: but it was subsequently found impossible to use them; for, being pressed for time, we never halted for a day until we reached Fort Alexander, close to Lake Winnipeg; and as every one worked hard from sunrise until dark, there was never time for net-setting.

Headquarters were moved on the 14th July, to a spot within about three and a half miles of Shebandowan Lake. The 16th of that month had for some time been named for the departure of the first detachment; but as the day drew near, so much still remained to be done that few believed it possible to carry out the programme laid down. The spot on the lake selected as the starting-point was its extreme eastern end, where there was a beach of bright yellow sand for some hundreds of yards devoid of rocks or stones. We named it M'Neil's Bay. The forest reaching down to the water's edge, entailed a considerable amount of clearing before sufficient space for a small camp, and for the marquees to

hold the perishable stores, could be obtained. A wharf was soon run out into deep water, alongside of which the boats were to be loaded. A cooper's shop was established, where all the barrels that had received injury during their many changes from carts to boats, and *vice versâ*, were re-hooped, those from which the brine had leaked being refilled. Carpenters were hard at work repairing the boats, many of which leaked considerably, all having suffered more or less from the sharp-pointed rocks of the Kaministiquia. According to the arrangements made with the Canadian authorities, the boats were to have been handed over to us complete with all their own stores; but unfortunately, from want of an organised system, and from the lack of an efficient staff to carry out the instructions received from Ottawa, the details of all such arrangements throughout the progress of the Expedition invariably fell to the ground. The result was, that according as every six or eight boats arrived daily, they had to be fitted with rowlocks, masts, sails, rudders, &c.: those made for each individual boat were not to be found; the *onus* of fitting out the boats devolved upon the troops, each captain looking after the equipment for the boats of his own brigade. This occasioned some delay; for as the boats were of many different models and sizes, rudders, &c., required much alteration before they could be made to fit boats of a different class from those for which they had been constructed.

During the progress of this Expedition, we had many opportunities of observing from behind the scenes how Government affairs are managed in Canada. The gentleman who represented the Public Works Department with us was a most hard-working man, who never spared himself in any way. If he was always over-sanguine, it was at least an agreeable failing, and perhaps arose from calculations based upon the belief that other men would work as hard as he did himself. He had his hands always full, and had as much to do as any man, aided by the most efficient of staffs, could possibly do well. Alas for his sake, for the good of the service, and for the progress of the Expedition, those under him, with one or two exceptions, were the most helplessly useless men that it is possible to imagine! Instead of being permitted to choose his own assistants, he had all sorts of hangers-on about the Ministers forced upon him. Some were broken-down drunkards who it was thought by their friends might be reclaimed, if they could only be sent on an errand into a country where no whisky was to be had. All more or less belonged to the class known in America as "loafers"—men who lived no one knew how, spending nearly all their time in bars "liquoring-up" and smoking. We were much amused one day upon entering into conversation with a young gentleman who called himself the "book-keeper" at one of the roadside stations. Upon

being asked the employment he had been hired for, he replied most *naïvely*, that having a brother in Manitoba whom he desired to see, his uncle, the Minister for Public Works, had placed him upon the staff of that department, so that he might be taken there in one of our boats without expense to himself. When appointments are to be given away, it is not a question of obtaining good men, but of how party purposes may be served by a judicious allotment of them amongst political supporters and their relations.

Strong westerly winds prevailed on Lake Shebandowan whilst the final arrangements were being made for our start, so that upon some days such a sea came rolling in and breaking upon the shore that it was impossible to load boats, or to get them off had we even succeeded in equipping them. Most fortunately these "blows" seldom became powerful until about nine or ten A.M., and generally wore themselves out towards four or five P.M., so that we had almost always several hours in the morning and evening for pushing on our work.

On the night of the 15th July we had the most violent thunderstorm experienced during the entire operation. The heavens seemed at times as if to open and let fall great crushing weights of exploding substance upon the earth beneath, which they struck with blows that made all nature shake and tremble. Then followed what is commonly known as rain,

but which in this instance was as sheets of water tumbling upon us in rapid succession, beginning suddenly and ending as abruptly. The morning of the 16th was, however, fine, with a bright sun shining, and a strong westerly wind blowing, which, although it served to dry up everything, raised such a sea on the lake that wave after wave rolled in towards shore, breaking with a heavy surf over the sandy beach in M'Neil's Bay. Whilst this lasted little could be done: the empty boats were either kept moored out in deep water in strings one behind the others, or were drawn up high and dry on the shore. Its force lessened as the sun approached the horizon; and as the lake became sufficiently calm, boat after boat was brought alongside the wharf and received its allotted cargo. Such a scene of bustle and excitement is seldom to be witnessed. Each boat had to be complete in itself with sixty days' provisions for all on board, with ammunition, camp equipment, and a hundred other things all essential for health and safety. Every one felt that their comfort and preservation would be endangered if any of the articles selected after so much careful thought by General Lindsay were forgotten; for we all knew that in a few hours we should have bid a long farewell to civilisation, and that ere many days had passed we should be beyond the reach of all assistance from the outside world. Officers and non-commissioned were running about in all directions,

some searching for oars, others for missing sails, &c. Here a sergeant came to say that the spare rowlocks issued to his boat would not fit; another reported that although he had been given a lamp, he had not received any oil for it,—and so on; staff officers running about in all directions, endeavouring to rectify mistakes and smooth down difficulties. To a civilian unacquainted with the working of an army, and the manner in which various duties are classified, divided and subdivided amongst ranks and individuals, each having their special work assigned to them, such a scene must have been like Pandemonium let loose.

The boats being duly loaded, the crews were put into them. In more than one instance it was found that the men when placed on the thwarts had no room to stretch their legs so as to enable them to row, and a restowage of cargo had therefore to be effected. All were laden to the utmost extent compatible with safety. Up to a late hour the proper number of voyageurs had not arrived. The original intention was to have three in each boat who were to steer it, and manage it when in rapid water—an art of itself requiring great nerve as well as lengthened experience.

At the last moment the number per boat had to be reduced to two, more not being forthcoming.

The sun had disappeared for some time ere, all being in readiness, the order was given for this first

detachment to "shove off." It consisted of two companies of the 60th Rifles, a detachment of Royal Engineers and of Royal Artillery, with two 7-pounder guns, all under command of Colonel Feilden of the 60th.

The wind had died away completely, leaving the surface of the lake calm as a mirror, wherein was reflected only the mist of the approaching evening. There was no hum of birds or insects from the woods which fringed its shores, no swallows rippled its smoothness in their hunt after an evening meal. Except at this little spot, where we were all bustle and excitement, the scene had the stillness of death about it, which in the distance seemed all the more deathlike from the contrast between it and the noise immediately around us. This absence of animal or even insect life in the North American woods is one of their most striking characteristics.

It was a pretty sight to see this little flotilla of boats row off over the lake whilst it still glowed with the golden tinges of the sun's last rays. It called to mind many an account read in early youth of very similar scenes, when freebooting Norsemen weighed anchor and shook out their sails in some secluded inlet bent upon adventure. Except that we had rifled guns and cannon, our equipment and our arrangements for overcoming the obstacles of nature were of a most primitive description. It seemed curious that a military expedition should be fitted

out in such an advanced era of civilisation, in an age so justly celebrated for its inventions and its progress in those arts and sciences which now enter so largely into the organisation of armies, and yet that it should not be possible to enlist into its services the aid either of steam or of the electric telegraph. The sail and the oar were to be our means of propulsion, as they had been those of the Greeks and Romans in classic times; and when arrived at the end of our 600 miles' journey, we should have as much difficulty and as far to send in order to communicate with even the nearest telegraph office, as Cæsar's messenger to Rome, who carried the news of the successful descent upon our shores more than 1900 years ago.

All sorts of melancholy prophecies had been published in the papers as to the dangers we should have to encounter. We were to be devoured by mosquitoes and other flies. It was said the Indians themselves could not live in the woods during July; others who knew the country declared that the heat was then so stifling that the most acclimatised hunters had to forsake them, and seek for air and breath along the shores of Lake Superior. Many asserted that the Indians would never permit us to pass through their country without enforcing the payment of a large subsidy; whilst many laughed at the notion of ever attempting to make the journey to Fort Garry in anything except bark canoes manned by Indians.

When told of the description of boats we were taking with us, some pitied us as poor deluded people, totally ignorant of what was before us; whilst all these wiseacres seemed to consider us as men whom the gods having doomed to destruction had first becrazed.

Sensible men who had but recently returned *viâ* the United States from Manitoba said that our force ought at least to be three times stronger than it was: that Riel was on the look-out for our advance, and intended to defend step by step and mile by mile the difficult country we should have to pass through, where a few good huntsmen, accustomed to the woods, could annihilate an army; in fact, that General Braddock's fate was in store for us, &c., &c. Never did any expedition have more lugubrious prophecies made concerning it.

From time to time the soldiers were, however, encouraged by intelligence received from Red River announcing Riel's determination to show fight. The work on the Kaministiquia River had been so very severe, and that of road-making—always distasteful to soldiers—so very wearisome, that all looked forward to the embarkation at Shebandowan Lake as a relief from toil, or at least regarded it as a new phase in the undertaking whose novelty alone would compensate for any drawbacks attendant upon it. From the 1st June to the 16th July (when this first detachment started) it had rained upon twenty-three

days. Fine weather always cheers men up when in the field; and as the embarkation took place on a lovely day, this fact, added to the novelty of the operation, raised our animal spirits. Even the few of a desponding temperament, who for some time before had never ceased repeating that a start was out of the question "for a long time"—even these men were seen to smile with gratification as the boats pushed off from shore, the men cheering for "Fort Garry."

No men ever began an undertaking, notwithstanding the evil forebodings of croakers, with lighter hearts; every man seemed as if he was embarking at Richmond for a pleasure-trip on the river; and all, the private just as much as the officer, appeared to take a real earnest interest in their work. They were pictures of good health and soldier-like condition. Whilst stationed at Prince Arthur's Landing, and the other larger camps, the men had fresh meat, bread, and potatoes every day. No spirits were allowed throughout the journey to Fort Garry, but all ranks had daily a large ration of tea. This was one of the very few military expeditions ever undertaken by English troops where intoxicating liquor formed no part of the daily ration. It was an experiment based upon the practice common in Canada, where the lumbermen, who spend the whole winter in the backwoods, employed upon the hardest labour, and exposed to a freezing temperature,

are allowed no spirits, but have an unlimited quantity of tea. Our old-fashioned generals accept, without any attempt to question its truth, the traditional theory of rum being essential to keep British soldiers in health and humour. Let us hope that the experience we have acquired during the Red River Expedition may have buried for ever this old-fogyish superstition. Never have the soldiers of any nation been called upon to perform more unceasingly hard work; and it may be confidently asserted, without dread of contradiction, that no men have ever been more cheerful or better behaved in every respect. No spirit-ration means no crime; and even the doctors, who anticipated serious illness from the absence of liquor, will allow that no troops have ever been healthier than we were from the beginning to the end of the operation. With the exception of slight cases of diarrhœa, arising from change of diet, it may be said that sickness was unknown amongst us.

The same busy scene was repeated daily up to the 2d August, when the last detachment started. The weather had improved greatly, and remained good until nearly the end of August, when it again turned to rain. The expeditionary force, from front to rear, covered the route for 150 miles; but as arrangements had been made for communicating and sending messages either backwards or forwards, and as the officer commanding the whole force travelled about in a bark

canoe, well manned by Indians, going from one detachment to another as he considered necessary, all were well in hand, and under his control for concentration at any time, should circumstances have required it. The officer commanding each brigade had been furnished with a map of the route, which, although far from accurate, gave a sufficiently detailed delineation of the country to enable them to steer their course by compass across the large lakes. We had been promised an ample supply of guides, but only very few were forthcoming when required.

The officer representing the Canadian Government with us, whose duty it was to have furnished them, found at the last moment that the Indians he had depended upon to act in this capacity held back, and refused the "job" upon all sorts of excuses. The priesthood of Canada being much opposed to this Expedition, had preached it down everywhere; and there can be little doubt that priestly influence was brought to bear upon the Christian Indians settled near Fort William, to prevent them from acting as our guides. These Indians are partially civilised, many of them speak French, and a considerable proportion can write their own language in a character which has been invented especially for them. They live in houses clustered together on both banks of the Kaministiquia, a few miles above where it falls into Lake Superior. The village, for such it may be called, is known as the "Mission," from the

Jesuit establishment there. They cultivate small patches of ground; but their chief means of obtaining a livelihood is by hunting and fishing, and by working for the Hudson Bay Company as voyageurs on the inland rivers, transporting goods from one post to the others. This Expedition to Red River would have been a godsend to them if they had not been tampered with, as it would have afforded them lucrative employment. They know every river, lake, and portage in the country as far as Fort Francis; and in previous years, when exploring and surveying parties had been at work in their country, they had done good service in a most willing and cheerful manner.

They are a simple-minded but very superstitious race, easily ruled by the Jesuit Father who has spent his life amongst them doing good. Rumour was busy at this village frightening them with stories of Riel's determination to fight, and of the great numbers of armed men at his back. These Christian Chippewahs have an extraordinary dread of war—so much so, that when we had reached Fort Francis, the few who did accompany us so far became terror-stricken by the warlike reports that Riel's emissaries had spread amongst the Indians in that district, and positively refused to go any farther. When a little coercion was tried by telling them that we could not afford to give them any provisions to take them back to their homes unless they kept with us, they bewailed their

fate, many of them with tears, saying they would risk anything sooner than go on where there was to be fighting—their determination was not to be shaken by any arguments or promises. The warlike characteristics for which the North American Indian was so celebrated, if they are faithfully described in "Hiawatha" and Cooper's novels, have disappeared even from the once celebrated tribe of Irroquois. Of this latter race we had a considerable number as voyageurs, a large proportion of whom were most anxious to turn back from Fort Francis when they heard the startling accounts of the number of Riel's followers, and of his determination to fight. Their minds were only to be quieted by assuring them of the falseness of these rumours.

Shebandowan Lake, about 20 miles long and a few wide, running in a W. by N. direction, has no striking features to distinguish it from thousands of other lakes in Canada. It has about the same proportion of islands, and the same cliffless shore common to nearly all of them. As it is almost at the summit level forming the watershed between the basins of the St Lawrence and the rivers which flow into Hudson Bay, no mountains abut upon it, although there are some hills in the distance. The north side had been burnt over for miles inland, where blackened trunks stood up against the sky-line as one viewed the shore from the boats. For miles raspberry-bushes had taken the place of the destroyed forest, the fruit

of which supplied a good supper to the several detachments that had to spend the evening there. The southern side is thickly wooded with very poor timber, poplar being the prevailing tree; indeed there is so much rock and so little soil everywhere in this vicinity, that it is only wonderful how anything can grow. A portage of about three-quarters of a mile took us into another lake about 8 miles long, our course over which was due north; Lac des Mille Lacs was reached from it by a portage of over a mile in length. The latter is a curiously-shaped and straggling expanse of water, in which there are islands without number, many being of sufficient size to have great bays stretching for miles into them. One island so closely resembles another that it is wonderful how any of us found our way over the 20 miles to be travelled before we reached the next portage. Even the brigade, furnished with the most experienced guides, strayed sometimes for hours out of their course. Steering solely by the compass took one repeatedly into these large bays; and nothing is more disheartening than finding one's self in a *cul de sac* after a pull for many miles up one of these bays, and having to row back again to search for another passage. Immediately as we passed out of this lake we had the stream with us all the rest of our voyage.

Having steered for about the first 5 miles over this lake a N.W. course, the general direction for more than 100 miles is S.W.: a slight detour is then made

to the south, and the rest of the journey as far as Fort Francis is in a N.W. direction.

We shall not weary the reader with descriptions of the many lakes and rivers and dreary portages passed over during the journey, but in order to give a general idea of the country, we shall divide it into three sections: the first, between Shebandowan and Fort Francis; the second, from thence to Fort Alexander; and the third, from that place to Fort Garry, the objective point of the Expedition.

The first section is a dreary region—unfit, from its sterile barrenness, for man's habitation. Rock, water, and stunted trees everywhere. When it was necessary to pitch tents, we seldom found enough soil for the pegs to support them, and were forced to use large stones instead. The surface is covered with moss, which in some places was so thick that, with a blanket rolled round one, our bivouac had all the softness of a luxurious spring bed. The blueberry-bushes were in full fruit as we went along, affording us many a good meal, and enabling us to vary the usual *menu* of salt-pork and biscuit. We met numerous families of Indians, who thronged round our boats begging for provisions. They were an intolerable nuisance, and so very dirty that their presence gives one a sort of creeping sensation. It was curious to see them arrive at a portage, a family travelling generally in two or three canoes. The lord and master would step ashore, pull his canoe up, and shouldering

his gun would stalk off to the other side, leaving his wife or wives, as the case might be, and perhaps his mother, to carry over the canoes and all their worldly goods.

We were once pointed out an old woman who some years ago had supported life, when in a starving condition, by eating human flesh—by no means an extraordinary or unusual occurrence amongst those people when in such straits. She was certainly a most loathsome creature to look at; her face was so deeply wrinkled, and the wrinkles so full of dirt, that she seemed as if tattooed.

We generally spared these poor creatures a little from our ration: whatever we gave them was put into a pot, in which was boiled together pork, flour, blueberries, fish, biscuit, &c., &c. No two things could be too incongruous to be boiled at the same time. They never roast, grill, or stew, boiling being their sole idea of the culinary art. They were very fond of the water in which the pork was boiled, drinking it freely, as if it was some delicious beverage. They generally carried in their canoes a fish-skin bottle filled with sturgeon-oil, of which they took copious draughts at times. The women wear their hair in one long plait hanging down behind, the men in two, very often joined at the ends. So very beardless are the men, that when one meets a canoe with Indians sitting in it, there might often be difficulty in distinguishing the sexes, if it were not for this variety in

the number of plaits with which they are *coifés*. The women always wear leggings from the knee to the ankle, with a petticoat reaching to the calf of the leg; an open cloth jacket, with a sort of boddice supported by braces over the shoulders, completes their costume. The men were generally clothed in woollen garments, mostly of quaint old-fashioned patterns purchased at the Hudson Bay posts. Having become accustomed to the coats made in the style common here a hundred years ago, the Indians will not purchase those of any other pattern; so that the Company, who have their tailoring done in London, have to get the clothes they require for exportation made accordingly. Unlike their squaws, they almost always wear some sort of shirt; and although they are frequently without trousers, they never, from earliest boyhood, go without a breech-cloth. They seldom or never build a hut of even the roughest description, living, as their ancestors have done for centuries, in wigwams made with birch-bark stretched over poles driven into the ground in a circle, and all meeting at the top. An aperture is left to serve as a chimney, for they light a fire and cook within during cold weather. The space left as a door is closed by a curtain. Altogether it is a cold residence in a climate where the Fahrenheit thermometer ranges for months from zero to many degrees below it.

During the whole of our journey to Fort Francis we seldom had a favourable wind. Although this

added greatly to our labour at the oar, still it blew us fine weather. Easterly winds in these regions bring the evaporations from the great lakes, which break into heavy showers of rain against the hills forming the height of land. Most of the rain we had fell at night; and if we occasionally had a wet bivouac, wood was plentiful, and we were able to dry ourselves easily before large fires. Now and then we got a slant of wind, and when the weather was fine there were ample materials for the artist's brush, the white sails standing out so well against the dark-green foliage common to every island and shore throughout the route.

The only difficult and dangerous rapids in this section were on the Sturgeon River, where extreme care is necessary in running them. A number of Irroquois were permanently stationed there until all the troops had gone by, who took down every boat, only one being totally wrecked. It is a fine sight to watch these splendid boatmen taking a boat down a rapid. Four generally rowed or paddled; two others steered, with large-sized paddles—one in the bow, the other in the stern. The post of honour is in the bow; and it was curious to see how their eyes sparkled with fiery enthusiasm as they approached the roaring, seething waters, where the breaking of a paddle, or a false movement of any sort, would send the whole crew to certain death. They seemed thoroughly at home at the most trying moment; for there is generally in all

rapids one particular spot—perhaps where some back eddy from a rock tends to suck in everything that approaches—that is the climax of the danger, which, if passed safely, the rest is easy sailing. The intensity of the look with which they regard the rushing water in front of them whilst every fibre in their powerful frames is at its utmost tension, is a thing to be admired, but not to be described in words, nor even on canvas. There is a mixture of extreme, almost unearthly, enjoyment, alloyed with a realisation of the danger to be encountered, in their expression, which we never remember having seen in any face before, except in the countenance of soldiers at the hottest moment of a storming-party. It bespoke the earnestness of men prepared to dare anything, and who gloried and revelled in the attendant danger.

Our daily routine was as follows: At the first streak of daylight (occasionally long before it) the *réveillé* was sounded, followed quickly by a cry of "Fort Garry" from every tent or bivouac fire. This was the watchword of the force, as "Arms, men, and canoes" ("Arma virumque cano") was the punning *motto* adopted for us by our witty chaplain. Tents were struck and stowed away in the boats, and all were soon on board and working hard at the oar. We halted for an hour at 8 A.M. for breakfast, and again for another hour for dinner at 1 P.M., and finally for the night about 6 or 7 P.M. It was surprising, after the first week's practice, to see the rapidity with

which the men cooked: they quickly became most expert at lighting fires, cutting down trees, &c., &c. The sun soon burnt them a dark colour; indeed some became nearly black, the reflection from the water having a very bronzing effect upon the skin. The wear and tear upon their clothes was excessive: carrying loads on their backs tore their shirts and coats, whilst the constant friction from rowing soon wore large holes in their trousers, which, being patched with canvas from the bags in which the beans or other provisions had been carried, gave them a most motley appearance. Leading a sort of amphibious life, they were well nicknamed the "canvas-backed ducks." This constant pulling was very monotonous employment; but we had a goal to reach, and all felt that every stroke of the oar brought us nearer to it. The long portages were most trying to the pluck and endurance of our men, and it is very questionable whether the soldiers of any other nation would or could have gone through the same amount of physical labour that fell to our lot daily. It is upon such occasions that we learn to appreciate the full value of the British officer. He may be idle in peace, but the very amusements of his idle hours—boating, shooting, hunting, cricket, &c., &c.—fit him to shine, when hard work has to be done, in a manner that would be impossible to the officers of most other armies. Our officers carried barrels of pork and other loads on their backs like the men; and the emulation

and rivalry between the captains of companies, each being afraid that he should be passed in the race, soon spread to all ranks. You had only to tell a detachment that some other company had done a thing without any great effort, to ensure its prompt execution. There was also called into play the rivalry between the regulars and the militia. The latter were determined that, no matter what the former did, they would not be beaten. The regulars were in front all the time. One had only to tell them that they were making so little progress that the militia complained of being kept back by their slowness, to cause them to push ahead at any required speed; and, *vice versâ*, if you told the militia that the regulars were running away from them, each successive company hurried on until those in the immediate front were overtaken. Indeed it may be said that each detachment trod upon the heels of the one before it, all were so eager to get on. At some shallow places the men had to get into the water, and pull their boats along after them. Occasionally it was necessary to unload them partially or entirely, the boats being then run down rapids, or hauled over the shallow spots into deep water, where they were reloaded, their cargoes being carried along the banks by the soldiers. At times it blew very hard from the west, so that many detachments were detained one or two days on some of the large lakes, unable even to start.

A voyage W. by N. of forty miles across Rainy

Lake takes you to Rainy River, upon the right bank of which stands Fort Francis, two miles from the lake. The leading detachment reached this post on the 4th August. They had done two hundred miles in nineteen days, having taken their boats, stores, &c., &c., over seventeen portages in that time, and having made a good practicable road at all these seventeen places. The troops in rear of them were able to make the journey quicker, as they found a made road and rollers laid down for the boats at every portage.

Fort Francis, a Hudson Bay Company trading-post, is exactly due west from Shebandowan Lake. It is a collection of one-storied wooden buildings surrounded by palisading. Although dignified by the high-sounding title of fort, it has no military works whatever about it. The river bends here, so that immediately in front of the place is a very fine fall, about twenty-two feet in height, from below which the broken, boiling, bubbling waters send up volumes of spray, covering the land, according to the direction of the wind, with a perpetually-falling rain. This, and the luxuriant fertility of the soil, causes the banks near it to be clothed with grass of the brightest green, affording the richest of pasture. After the wilderness of water, rock, and scrubby wood that we had passed through, the sight of cattle grazing, and of ripe wheat bending before the lightest wind from the heaviness of the ear, was most refreshing. Only a few acres were under cultivation, although there was a consider-

able clearance; and a large extent covered with bushes bore evidence to there having been here at one time a good-sized farm. There was a garden close to the dwelling-house, where there were peas, potatoes, and onions growing, and apparently going to waste, until we arrived to partake of them.

A mill for grinding corn had once existed here, there being water-power enough on the spot to drive every mill in America, but it had disappeared. There was an air of decay and neglect about the whole place that bespoke either poverty or want of energy on the part of those in charge. The half-breed race to which the officers of the Hudson Bay Company at such posts generally belong now is extremely apathetic—there is no go-aheadness about it; and in these out-of-the-way localities the half-breeds quickly go back to the manners, customs, and mode of living of their Indian mothers. They live upon fish as their Indian ancestors did, and, like them, have no appreciation of the value of cleanliness or order.

By the rules of the Company it is compulsory to have at each post an ice-house, a garden, and a few cows; so they have them, but they seem to care for none of these things.

The fertile belt of land along the north bank of Rainy River is only about a mile in width, great swamps existing between it and the chain of lakes which lies to the northward. There had been a large Indian encampment here during the early part of

July, it being a great annual resort for the surrounding tribes; but this summer, as they expected our arrival amongst them, they had collected from all quarters in the hope of obtaining presents. They also wished to appear imposing by their numbers, so as to enhance the value of their goodwill towards us, and to impress upon the white-faced soldier how formidable they might be as enemies. Unfortunately for the success of their intentions, we were not able to start for at least six weeks after the time originally proposed for our departure from Shebandowan; so that as days wore on and there was no sign of our arrival, the crowd grew weary of waiting, particularly as the supply of fish in the neighbourhood became exhausted, there being so many mouths to feed. The Government had early in the preceding winter sent a gentleman to Fort Francis for the purpose of keeping the Indians of that district quiet, and preventing them from being tampered with by Riel. He had exerted his influence—which was considerable—to induce them to disperse, fearing that their presence might lead to collision with the soldiery when engaged in carrying stores and boats over the portage on which stood the Indian wigwams. His persuasions, and that most potent of arguments, an empty stomach, soon caused them to leave; so that when we arrived not more than about a dozen lodges remained, although their uncovered poles stood thickly around, reminding one of the way poles are piled to-

gether in a field at home when the hops have been picked.

Colonel Wolseley had several "pow-wows" with those that remained. A hideous old chief named Crooked-neck, from the manner in which his head was set on his shoulders, was the principal speaker. He was very old and very dirty, and, in the name of his people, made most exorbitant demands in stating the terms on which they were prepared to allow us permanently to open out a route through their territory. There was much difficulty in making them understand that the military necessities of our position rendered it impossible for us to have brought them up large presents, but that whatever it was settled by the Government of Canada they were to receive should be given to them next year. There was the usual talk about loyalty to the Great Mother, and of their desire to live on good terms with their white brothers. They said that the passage of so many boats through their waters had frightened their fish, so that but little was now to be had; and complained of our men having at many places thrown empty barrels into the rivers, which scared the pike and sturgeon, alleging that even the grease from these barrels had been generally destructive to fish of all sorts. Some one had put this idea into their heads, and there was no eradicating it.

The costumes of these people were very grotesque, and all the warriors painted their faces most fantasti-

cally with red, yellow, or green. A fine tall fellow had one side of his face painted black and the other red, his coat being also of two colours similarly divided. All wore a blanket wrapped round their bodies, which gave them the appearance of height.

Fort Francis, or rather the ground about it, has a sacred repute with them; and here take place annually their medicine ceremonies, a sort of secret orgie, beginning with eating the flesh of dogs—white ones if they are to be had—and ending by initiating those anxious for instruction into various mysteries, and the use of many herbs.

Previous to leaving Prince Arthur's Landing, Colonel Wolseley had sent a proclamation into the Red River Settlement, informing the people of the objects of the Expedition, and calling upon all loyal men to assist him in carrying them out. Copies of it were sent to the Protestant and Roman Catholic bishops, also to the Governor of the Hudson Bay Company at Fort Garry, who were at the same time requested by letter to take measures for pushing on the road to the Lake of the Woods, already partially made. It was never anticipated that this road could be completed in time for us to use it, even should there be no hostilities; but it was considered advisable to impress Riel with the idea that we intended advancing by that route, so that, in case he was bent upon fighting, he would frame all his calculations upon a wrong basis, and make his

preparations along it for our reception. This ruse was successful; for we learned at Fort Francis that he had armed men on the look-out in the neighbourhood of where he thought we should disembark on the shores of the Lake of the Woods. A loyal half-breed of undoubted character had been despatched early in June from Prince Arthur's Landing for the purpose of going into the Red River Settlement by the Lake of the Woods road, and of obtaining reliable information as to the state of affairs there up to the latest possible date that he could remain, compatible with his meeting Colonel Wolseley at Fort Francis on the 31st July. This service was faithfully performed. He had left his home in the Indian settlement on the lower Red River on the 20th July, bringing letters for that officer from the Protestant bishop and others, containing information as to the supplies of fresh beef and flour we could calculate upon obtaining at Fort Garry, and interesting but melancholy accounts of how things stood there. It was essential that the commander of the Expedition should have the latest and most reliable information as to the rebel movements and Riel's intentions before leaving Fort Francis; for it was necessary to decide upon the final plan of operations there, as beyond that place we should be, one might say, in rebel territory, or at least where it would always be possible to attack us. The scanty intelligence supplied by the Canadian Ministry was not

to be relied upon, as it came chiefly from disloyal sources, and had always percolated through rebel sympathising channels before it reached us. Under any circumstances it is difficult for a civilian to collect or to convey useful military information. General Lindsay had therefore sent a sharp, intelligent officer, who knew the north-west country and its people, round through the United States to Pembina, with instructions to act upon his own judgment as to his farther progress from thence, but under any circumstances to adopt measures for communicating with Colonel Wolseley at Fort Francis. He was most successful, having managed to get to the Lower Fort, where he remained some days amongst the loyal inhabitants. Leaving on the 24th July, by travelling incessantly he reached Fort Francis on the same day as the leading detachment of the force. He described the people as panic-stricken—the English- and French-speaking populations being mutually afraid of one another, and both being in the direst dread of the Indians. The messages sent to us verbally as well as by letter were all in the same strain —"Come on as quickly as you can, for the aspect of affairs is serious and threatening." Riel and his gang had been for some time past busy in removing their plunder from Fort Garry, distributing it amongst his friends, and in places of safety within the United States territory. This looked as if he was preparing to bolt, although he still ruled every one most despot-

ically. His great anxiety—now that the rebel aspirations had been satisfied by the Manitoba Bill—was that he himself should have an amnesty for the crimes he had been guilty of. The Government would have willingly given him an amnesty for all his political offences, but such would not have protected him from the charge of having wilfully and in cold blood murdered a loyal subject. Therein lay the difficulty; for, anxious as the Cartier party might be to secure him from all punishment, it was known that the English-speaking people of Canada would not tolerate his being protected from legal proceedings in that matter. The rebellion had obtained for Bishop Taché and his party all that even the most sanguine had expected from it; and he was naturally afraid lest Riel, from personal motives and fear of punishment, might upset the whole arrangement by attempting to resist. He was wise enough to know that nothing was to be gained, whilst everything already gained was to be lost, by an appeal to arms. He therefore strained every nerve at this juncture to keep Riel quiet. He had left for Canada with the especial object of procuring an amnesty by which he should be held entirely blameless; and this wily priest had impressed upon him the certainty of his being able to obtain it, his influence being so powerful at Ottawa. Riel knew not what to do: at one moment he talked of resistance; then, when the word amnesty was whispered in his ear, and visions of

future political greatness came up before him, he would announce his intention of coming out to meet us for the purpose of handing over the government of the country to the commander of the Expedition. The result of this hesitation was that he did nothing; and his followers kept dropping off from him daily in consequence.

He still held Fort Garry with an armed garrison, and his published proclamations at the time, although indicative of declining power on his part, were by no means sufficiently reassuring or peaceable in their tone to warrant any departure from all military precautions by us. Orders were therefore given to the leading detachments to approach Rat Portage, at the entrance to Winnipeg River, with the greatest care, and to take measures for guarding against surprise or ambush, as it was a very likely place for an attack, should Riel mean fighting. The first detachment having arrived at Fort Francis on the 4th of August, and portaged its boats, &c., round the falls there, started again that same afternoon.

III.

In the last chapter we described the advance of the expeditionary troops as far as Fort Francis, and endeavoured to convey to the reader a general idea of the country in the first of the three sections

into which we divided the entire distance between Shebandowan Lake and Fort Garry.

The second section begins at Fort Francis, where the leading detachment arrived, as previously stated, on the 4th August, starting again that same afternoon. A garrison of one company of militia was left for the protection of the hospital, bakery, and depot of stores established there, and to ensure our communications being kept open through the Chippewah territories. Although these Indians had been hitherto very friendly, there was no saying when they might give us trouble, particularly if they saw large quantities of that much-coveted article, flour, stored in their very midst without a sufficient guard to protect it. Indians have great appetites, and are always hungry—and hungry men are ever more or less dangerous. Our voyage down Rainy River was most enjoyable. As we pushed off from shore below the falls at Fort Francis, we were twisted round for some time in every direction by the numerous whirlpools formed by the falling of such a great body of water into a circular basin, where it acquired a rotary motion. At one moment a boat was going at the rate of about nine miles an hour, and the next it was perfectly stationary, having stopped without any shock, but as suddenly as if it had struck a rock. In some instances minutes elapsed ere the utmost exertion at the oar, the whole crew pulling their best, could impart the least motion to the boats.

They seemed as if held in a vice by the hand of some hidden giant—the sensation being all the more peculiar from the contrast with the rushing, frothing waters around, in themselves the very symbol of motion. Then, after some moments of hard pulling, every muscle being strained to the utmost, the boat was released so suddenly that it bounded forward as a spring would which had been kept back by a rope that had suddenly snapped. The sensation of being in a small boat amongst such eddies, whirlpools, and upheaving waves, which, rising from below, broke on the surface in great mounds of water without any apparent cause, was most exciting and enjoyable to the strong-nerved man; whilst the weak-headed experienced a disagreeable feeling about the stomach that seemed to give a strong tendency to grasp at something or somebody.

As we glided down this deep river at the rate of about four or five miles an hour, the scenery was very pretty. Its breadth was from three to four hundred yards; the banks were wooded to the water's edge, with here and there a patch of green-sward peeping out through the trees; whilst occasionally one came to an open park-like clearance, where fine spreading oaks reminded one of England. This river is the frontier between British North America and the United States. There are no settlements upon either bank, but the numbers of lodge-poles showed that the locality was a favourite one

with Indians. From Fort Francis to where Rainy River discharges itself into the Lake of the Woods, a distance of seventy miles in a westerly direction, the navigation is unbroken. There are rapids at two places, but they can be run easily and safely; and in ascending the stream, boats are tracked up them without discharging cargo.

At both, many Indian families are always encamped, as they are favourite spots for fishing, particularly during the winter, as the water never freezes there. There are wide open spaces at these rapids, covered when we passed with rich luxuriant grass, small spots being under cultivation as gardens for potatoes and Indian corn. There were also some circular mounds of earth, one or two being about twenty feet high. We had not time to land and examine them, but the natives call them underground houses, although not now used as habitations.

It was a lovely day, and as there was a good current in the river, we determined upon trying the plan of drifting along it during the night. So, after the evening meal, we again started, lashing the boats together two and two, one man remaining awake in each boat to steer, the others lying down to sleep as best they could. As the sun went down, a dense mass of curious-looking flies came streaming up with the gentle westerly wind. They were nearly white, with grey wings and pale-yellow bodies, having a tail more than an inch long, consisting of what looked

like two white hairs. They flew in a regular column, closely formed up, without any stragglers to the right or left, which opened out with a sort of tactical regularity when a boat pushed into its midst. At a little distance they had all the appearance of a driving fall of snow. The pressure from above caused vast numbers of them to strike the water, from which they had not the power to rise again.

We had not been many hours drifting along when black clouds came up and hid the moon; the wind freshened and brought heavy rain with it, which soon wet us through. We were making no way; and it became so pitchy dark that steering was impossible. We had therefore to push into shore, and await daybreak as best we could.

We reached the mouth of the river next day in time for breakfast at a small Hudson Bay post, formerly called Hungry Hall, from the number of men who had from time to time nearly died from starvation whilst quartered there. It has now been renamed Fort Louisa by the Company, and, it is expected, will become shortly a post of some importance, being so advantageously situated upon what will henceforth be, until a railway is opened, the highway for North-western emigration. Close to the post is an Indian burial-ground, where there were some coffins raised in the air on platforms about six feet high: chiefs only and their sons are thus honoured after death. Around the post are many

Indian potato-gardens; but there were very few families there as we passed, every one that could being away from the ordinary hunting-grounds at this season, for the purpose of collecting wild rice, which abounds in some neighbouring localities.

In every part of Rainy River sturgeon are found in great abundance, one of fifty, sixty, or more pounds being no extraordinary fish. It is very good eating, and is a great staple of food amongst the poor half-starved Indians.

The land upon each side is low and marshy at the mouth of Rainy River, from which rose up quantities of wild duck, disturbed at their feast upon the wild rice by the noise of our oars, and by the cheery laughter and songs of our men. A large sand-bar has formed in the Lake of the Woods immediately across the mouth of the river, upon which great seas, rolling in from the ocean-like lake beyond, broke with a loud roar, sending up clouds of spray in an angry fashion. Looking out westward as we passed into the space between the bar and the shore, where the water was calm as in a harbour, the lake was covered with "white-horses"—bespeaking, as the breeze was freshening, by no means a pleasant day's work for us. No open boat could have crossed the bar; so we turned northward, keeping near shore, but between it and a line of sandy dunes, which seemed to be a continuation of the bar at the entrance to the river, and which had been formed most

probably—as the bar has been—when the river's mouth was more to the north than it is at present. These sand-banks extended some six or eight miles, running tolerably parallel with the shore, and from a thousand to two thousand yards from it. The water was very shallow at places; and as we got towards the end of the protecting sand-banks, the force of the waves increased, so that all chance of beating to windward under sail was out of the question. We were therefore forced to put into a rocky island partly covered with trees, where we were detained two days by a heavy westerly gale—a severe trial to our patience. When we did get off, a journey of two days, sometimes under sail and sometimes having to depend solely upon the oar, took us to Rat Portage, at the northern extremity of the lake, where the Winnipeg River flowed out of it. Some of us were without guides in crossing the lake, which for miles at places is crowded with islands of all shapes and sizes; and as the maps were altogether wrong, many wandered about at the northern extremity of the lake searching in vain for the mouth of the Winnipeg River. The Lake of the Woods is about seventy-five miles long, with an average width of about seventy miles. It is in reality three lakes, separated one from the other by clusters of islands, all more or less pretty, some having fine perpendicular cliffs tinted with many shades of red, and standing majestically out of the water.

All are well wooded, and in some there are a few acres under cultivation as gardens, where the Indians, from time immemorial, have been in the habit of growing potatoes and maize. The water in the lake is nearly lukewarm, being from 70° to 78° Fahr.: it is, except at a very few places, of a dark-green colour, and almost opaque from a profuseness of confervoid growth. These confervæ are minute, needle-shaped organisms, of a bright-green hue, and about half an inch in length. They abound throughout the lake, and are in such quantities at places that the water resembles green pea-soup. When pressed between the teeth they have a pungent flavour like mustard. Our mosquito-nets were here very useful for straining the water; but even after that process had been gone through, it was not fit for drinking until boiled. A few of the long deep bays receding from the lake are free from this substance; and upon their banks lived the majority of the Indians who belong to this neighbourhood.

To lose one's way upon an expanse of water like the Lake of the Woods, and to wander about in a boat, as the writer did, through its maze of uninhabited islands, where no sound was to be heard but the dip of the oars at regular intervals, or the distant and weird-like whistle of the loon, is to experience the exquisite sensation of solitude in all its full intensity. There are trees and rocks, and earth and water, in all their varied and united beauty, but no

sign whatever of man's handiwork anywhere. Oh, if it were not for the trouble of having to cook one's own dinner, how delicious would be existence passed in the society of nature!

The drainage of an immense country is collected in the Lake of the Woods, which flows into Lake Winnipeg by a river of that name. This river begins in the former lake, flowing from it by several channels, all more or less romantically picturesque in their scenery, and at the entrance to each of which there are falls about thirteen feet high. Upon one of the central islands thus formed is the Hudson Bay post of Rat Portage. It is approached by a most intricate channel, winding round islands in such a manner that a stranger would have very great difficulty in finding it. There is a nice little farm there, and a good garden, the vegetables of which were a great treat after our journey of so many days through a wilderness. There was a most striking difference between the climate at Shebandowan and on the shores of this great lake: every day's journey from the high level of the former place brought us into a more genial temperature, humming-birds having been seen for the first time at French Portage before we reached Rainy Lake; and the corn was being cut as we left Fort Francis, where the summer is very early. The post at Rat Portage consists of a few log-houses surrounded by a high wooden palisading. It stands on a bank some

fifteen feet high, and when viewed from the river, bears a strong resemblance to a Burmese village. As you ascend the bank to enter the post, you are surrounded by a pack of the leanest-looking and most cur-like dogs, who are always quarrelling amongst themselves, and have starvation written on their countenances, as well as evidenced by their bone-protruding flanks. They are to the Indians, or the dwellers in the backwoods, during winter, what canoes are to them in summer. These dogs drag their *traîneaux*, or *toboggins* as they are indifferently called, and are capable of lengthened exertions over snow-tracks where no horse could travel. In summer they are turned loose about the post, and pick up enough to eat as best they can among the Indians encamped around it; but in winter they are regularly fed upon fish.

The gentleman in charge of Rat Portage had been there for thirteen years, without having had, during that period, any further glimpse of civilisation than what could be obtained at some of the other posts. He was a half-breed married to a squaw. It is next to impossible that any man could lead such a solitary life and still retain the intelligence and enlargement of ideas imparted by even an ordinary country-school education. Men's minds are too prone to assimilate with the minds of those with whom they are exclusively associated, to retain, after a series of years spent amongst ignorant heathens, many traces of

education or civilisation. Great, therefore, was our astonishment at finding the table neatly arranged with breakfast things, laid out on a clean table-cloth, when we entered the house the morning after our arrival. Thrice blessed is the man who first discovered the pleasures of eating. Your *gourmet* in refined life really knows nothing of them; nor has he ever enjoyed the rapturous sensations which broiled fish, boiled potatoes, and tea, afforded us that morning. *En route*, our daily meals were always cooked and eaten in a hurry. A picnic once a-year is very pleasant to the man accustomed to eat his dinner for the following 364 days in a white cravat, and with his legs under an artistically-decorated table; but to eat one's breakfast, dinner, and supper of salt-pork, beans, and biscuit, sitting on a log or stone, day after day for months together, is, to say the least of it, rather monotonous, and makes one appreciate the luxury of a chair, table, and clean table-cloth in a remarkable degree.

At Rat Portage more letters were received by the officer commanding from the Red River Settlement, urging the necessity of haste, and begging of him to send on even a couple of hundred men in advance, for the purpose of inspiring confidence, and of putting an end to the feelings of doubt and apprehension of impending danger, then universal amongst the loyal inhabitants. Riel was still in Fort Garry, surrounded by armed men and the banditti composing his gov-

ernment. He still ruled most arbitrarily; and although he had permitted the Hudson Bay Company to recommence business, he had forced its representative to pay a large sum for the privilege of doing so. The chief of the Swampy Indians (who inhabit the banks of the Red River for a distance of about fifteen miles from where it falls into Lake Winnipeg) wrote volunteering the service of his people in any way in which they could be made useful. They had been stanch and loyal throughout all the half-breed disturbances, and had always been most anxious to take up arms against the rebels. The dread of calling in such a dangerous element as these Indians would have been, had hitherto deterred those most anxious for the re-establishment of order from making any use of them. This Indian chief complained greatly in his letter of the inconsistency of our conduct in having made a practice of punishing Indians when they robbed or committed any crime, whilst the gang of robbers under Riel was allowed, he said, to overturn the lawful government of the country, to pillage private property, to imprison loyal men, and even to commit murder with impunity. A number of the English-speaking people of the low Red River Settlement had, under the sanction of the Protestant bishop, started off up the Winnipeg River to meet us with some large Hudson Bay boats, having experienced guides and crews, for the purpose of assisting us in descending that river. Its navigation is generally

esteemed to be most dangerous, and none but those well skilled in the voyageur's art, and acquainted with this river in particular, will ever attempt to take boats along it. We were very deficient in good steersmen, and had not more than a few guides—obtained at Fort Francis—who knew the route: so when this party of men, under charge of the Rev. Mr Gardner, an English clergyman, met us at Rat Portage, we realised for the first time that there was really an active party in Manitoba, who had not yet bowed the knee before Baal; that there were men whose loyalty was not of the lip only, but a reality, for which they were prepared to leave their homes, and share the dangers to be encountered by their countrymen who were struggling through a vast wilderness to their assistance, and in order to relieve them from the tyranny to which they had been so long exposed.

The description given to us by these men of the dangers which were before us—of rapids where the least false step would send us over heavy falls into whirlpools of such magnitude that the largest-sized boats are quickly engulfed in them—made many of us wince. When shown the boats in which we had made the journey up to that point, and in which we expressed our determination to go on, they shook their heads in mournful astonishment. Here, as throughout the whole of this Expedition, we found a general conviction stamped upon the minds of every

one of every class that we met, that the British soldier was a fine brave fellow, who, as a fighting man, was superior to two of any other nation, but utterly useless for any other purpose. They thought it was impossible that he could carry loads, perform heavy bodily labour, or endure great physical fatigue. It need scarcely be added that we now bear a very different reputation in those parts; and it is not saying too much to assert, that we left behind us a character for every manly virtue. Our men soon acquired considerable skill in managing their boats, in portaging, &c., &c.; and the natural cheery energy of the British character shone out brilliantly when displayed side by side with the apathy and listlessness of the half-breed voyageur.

We were informed that it would take us about twenty days to get to Fort Alexander, at the mouth of the Winnipeg River. This was very discouraging, because we had been previously told by our leader that we should reach Fort Garry about the 23d of August, which would be impossible if it were to take us so long in descending the river.

The journey down the Winnipeg River can never be forgotten if once made. The difference of level between the Lake of the Woods and Lake Winnipeg is 340 feet—the distance between them by river being about 160 miles. The descent down that number of feet is distributed throughout thirty falls and rapids, presenting every variety of river scenery

that nature is capable of. For the first fifty miles there are numerous islands—so much so, that the river is a succession of lakes, or as if there were four or five rivers running side by side, uniting here and there only to separate a few miles lower down. At some points it is, however, contracted into one or two comparatively narrow channels, where the great rush of water resembles a magnified mill-race. The passage of such places is always more or less dangerous, particularly if small islands or large rocks divide the rapids into several channels, crossing one another before they meet in the boiling caldron of foaming water below. Numerous were the hair-breadth escapes: in many instances the lives of boats' crews seemed held in the balance for some moments—more awful for those who watched the scene from the bank than for the soldiers actually in the boat. Providence —a noble term which this war in France has taught newspaper writers to sneer at—watched over us in a remarkable manner; for although we had one or two boats wrecked on this mighty river, and many men were for minutes in imminent danger, the whole force reached Lake Winnipeg without any loss of life.

There is no more deliciously exciting pleasure in the world than that of running a really large and dangerous rapid in a canoe, or in a small boat. As your frail skiff bounds over the waves, ever and anon jumping as it were from a higher to a lower level, whilst the paddlers or oarsmen tug away with might

and main, and the outcropping rocks are cleverly avoided by the skilful bowsman and steersman, every pleasurable sensation is experienced. As each boat turned into the slack water below the rapid, one took a long breath of relief, and the world and life itself seemed to be different in the calm stillness there from what it was when we were dashing through the roaring, rushing waters in mid-stream.

No length of time, nor any amount of future adventures, can erase from the writer's mind his arrival at the Slave Falls. He was in a birch-bark canoe manned by Irroquois, one of whom acted as guide. The regular portage for the boats was several hundred yards from the falls, and lay in a slack-water bay, reached without any danger as long as the boats kept tolerably well in towards the bank on that side. Our astonishment was great at finding the guide take the canoe out into mid-stream, where the current ran at an exciting pace, becoming swifter every yard, until at last, as one approached the vicinity of the falls, it was palpably evident that we were descending a steeply-inclined plane. Consoling ourselves at first with the reflection that the guide knew best what he was about, we sat motionless, but, let us confess it, awe-stricken, as we swept into the narrow gully at the end of which the great noisy roar of falling waters, and the columns of spray that curled up like clouds into the air, announced the position of the fall. We were close to the brink. We appeared to have

reached that point which exists in most falls from whence the water seems to begin its run preparatory to a good jump over into the abyss below; and we knew, from having watched many great cataracts for hours, that it was a bourne from whence there was no return. Quick as lightning the idea flashed across us that the Indians had made a mistake, and that everything was over for us in this world. In that infinitesimal fraction of time a glimpse of the countenance of the sturdy bowsman rather confirmed this idea—his teeth appeared set, and there was an unusual look in his eye. All creations of our own heated fancy; for in another second the canoe's head swept in towards the rocks, and was turned nose up stream in tolerably slack water, two of the paddlers jumping out and holding it firmly there. All our poetical fancies were rudely dispersed by a cheer and chorus of laughter from the Irroquois crew. The breaking of a paddle in the hands of either bowsman or steersman would have been fatal at that critical moment when we turned sharply in to the bank, the stern being allowed to swing round in the heavy stream, and by so doing, aid in driving the bow inwards. Nothing could have saved us if such an accident had occurred; yet here were these Indians chuckling over the danger they had only just escaped by the exertions of their greatest skill and of their utmost muscular power. They had needlessly and wittingly encountered it, for they could have gained

the shore about a hundred yards higher up with comparative ease, and then lowered their canoes through the slack-water pools in the rocks along the side to the place they had only reached with extreme danger. There was no use in arguing with them on the subject; they had confidence in themselves, and gloried in any danger which they felt certain of overcoming. If any of these Indians say they can take you down a rapid, reliance may be placed in their doing so, as they will not attempt what they feel would be beyond their powers. Therein lies the great difference between them and the white-faced voyageur, who is so often foolhardy, and prone to allow his pluck to overtax his strength and skill.

The name of Slave Falls is in memory of a base, cruel act perpetrated there some generations ago by the Chippewahs. The Sioux of the plains have always been their hereditary enemies, and from time immemorial raids have been made by each into the other's country. The Chippewahs, upon one of these forays, had taken two prisoners, whom they kept as slaves. To gratify some passing whim, or to afford amusement to their children, they one day bound these poor wretches in a canoe, and in that manner sent them over these falls, so sublime by nature, but put to a cowardly and degrading use by what we are taught to call nature's noblest creature—man.

The banks of the river are wooded everywhere,

poplar being the prevailing timber, interspersed here and there with poor birch and stunted pines. The syenite rocks and granite boulders were very grand at places; and occasionally river-scenery was presented upon the largest imaginable scale.

Several large-sized rivers join the Winnipeg, particularly from the west, up some of which the Hudson Bay Company have outlying posts. About halfway to Fort Alexander is an English missionary establishment, with a good farm attached, and a few Indian log-shanties scattered around it. No clergyman resides there, but it is presided over by a catechist, who has a school where he teaches English to about twenty or thirty children. Now and then we came to a spot capable of cultivation; but, as a general rule, the land on the Upper Winnipeg is poor, and unsuited for settlement.

We had a good deal of rain whilst descending it; but as we neared Fort Alexander the weather mended considerably, the days being warm and balmy, although the nights were always cool and sometimes extremely chilly.

The locality most celebrated for its danger is at the "seven portages," where the boats have to be unloaded and everything portaged that number of times, although the entire distance from the top of the first to the bottom of the seventh is only two and a half miles. The work was most wearing upon both men and boats: every one looked forward to

Fort Alexander as the end of their hard work, it being clear-sailing from thence to Fort Garry. The finest scenery on the river is at Silver Falls; there is nothing that can compare with them in Northern America to the eastward of Red River. Niagara is a thing apart, as there is nothing elsewhere that can be likened to it. Silver Falls, as a great rapid, also stands alone. Time pressed, so we had to hurry past them; but their magnificent grandeur will long remain impressed upon the memory as a glorious picture, illustrating the vast power of running water. Owing to some dividing rocks above, the stream rushes down this steep incline in two separate volumes, which appear so to jostle one another in their downward race, that in the centre the water is pushed up into a high ridge, marking their line of contact, until both are lost in the great chaos of foam, spray, and broken water below.

The leading brigades reached Fort Alexander on the morning of the 18th August, having descended the river without accident in nine and a half days instead of twenty, as the Hudson Bay Company voyageurs, who were ignorant what well-led British soldiers can do, said we should take. By the evening of the 20th August all the regular troops were concentrated there, the brigades of militia being echeloned along the river in rear, at close intervals one behind the other. There was not a sick man amongst those collected at Fort Alexander — all

looked the picture of health and of soldier-like bearing. Oh for 100,000 such men! They would be invincible. Up to the 20th of August it had rained upon thirteen days in that month. The work had been incessant from daylight until dark, but no murmur was heard. The men chaffed one another about being mules and beasts of burden; but when they saw their officers carrying barrels of flour and pork on their backs, and fairly sharing their fatigues, eating the same rations, and living just as they did, they realised the necessity for exertion. There must surely be some inherent good in a regimental system which can thus in a few years convert the British lout into the highly-trained soldier, developing in him qualities such as cheerful obedience, endurance, &c., &c., unknown to the beerhouse-lounging rustic.

A fresh batch of news from Fort Garry was here obtained. Riel had summoned together his followers, who had assembled to the number of about 600, and had endeavoured to organise a force to resist, but had not received the support he expected. He had also called a council, who met in secret conclave, no English-speaking man being admitted. Of course it was not known what had passed upon that occasion; but when the council broke up, an order was sent to the Hudson Bay Company forbidding any further sale of gunpowder or bullets. This was done, our correspondent alleged, to prevent the supply of am-

munition running short should they require it. Riel had been told that the governor was not to reach the Settlement in company with Bishop Taché, as the rebels had hoped, and to accomplish which had been one of that prelate's objects in going to Canada. Riel's mind was still much troubled upon the subject of an amnesty, which the Canadian Government did not seem in any haste to grant. All letters received ended in the usual strain, "Come on as quickly as you can; we are in momentary dread of our lives and property." The general tenor of the news proved two things—first that there was every possibility, almost amounting to a probability, of resistance being offered; and secondly, that should our advance be opposed, the number we should have to meet would be small compared with that at Riel's disposal during the past winter. It was therefore determined to push on at once with the 60th Rifles, the detachments of Royal Engineers and of Royal Artillery with their two 7-pounder guns, leaving the two militia battalions to follow with all speed.

We waited half a day in hopes that the two leading brigades of militia, which were known to be close behind, might come up; but as they did not do so in that time, we started without them, for the wind was fair, and when foul it is often impossible to get round the point at Elk Island in Lake Winnipeg for days together.

There are numerous clearances in the vicinity of

Fort Alexander, where some half-breed farmers have established themselves. There is also a very fine farm belonging to the post in a good state of cultivation. The land is very rich for about half a mile or a mile back from the river, beyond that being a succession of swamps impassable during the summer, but travelled over when frozen in winter. The Fort is like the others already described, but is on a larger scale, and has a less decayed air about it. It stands on the left bank, which is about twenty feet above the water, and is two miles from the mouth of the river. There is a Protestant mission here, and much good is done by its schools, in which English is taught. The 21st of August being Sunday, there was a parade for divine service in the morning, at which the servants of the Hudson Bay Company, and the few half-breed farmers in the neighbourhood, joined us in prayers for the success of the operation we were about to undertake.

The afternoon was lovely, with a bright warm sun shining down upon us as our fleet of fifty boats hoisted their sails, and started with a light wind from the S.W. It was a very pretty sight, and a subject well worthy of an artist. As we rounded the point of Elk Island, eighteen miles N.W. from Fort Alexander, evening was falling fast; so we halted for the night in a bay with a wide sandy beach between the water and the high overhanging bank, which was covered with timber, chiefly birch. The boats drew up in a long line, side by side, with their bows on the beach.

Fires were soon lighted, and a few tents pitched here and there. As one looked down from the high bank upon the busy scene below, where all was cheerful bustle, the hum of voices, the noise of the axe chopping wood, and now and then the crashing sound of a falling tree, one realised how quickly the solitude of the forest is transformed into life by the presence of man, endowed as he is with so many wants. The climate was that of the south of Europe; and as the sun set beyond a horizon of water, one might have imagined one's self in some Grecian island looking out upon the Mediterranean, the beach covered with the crews and boats of a corsair fleet.

Réveillé sounded next morning ere it was light; and after a hurried breakfast, we once more embarked, steering about S.W. for the mouth of the Red River. Lake Winnipeg is 264 miles long by about 35 miles in breadth, and has an area of 9000 square miles. It drains about 400,000 square miles of country. Its average depth is not more than from 6 to 8 feet; and those who have navigated it for many years say it is filling up more and more every year. Owing to this shallowness, a little wind soon raises a very heavy sea, the waves being so high at times for days together that no boats can venture on it. Many of the detachments in rear were thus detained at Fort Alexander and in the neighbourhood of Elk Island.

As we approached the mouths of Red River, the water became so shallow at places that many of our

boats grounded; but as the day was calm and the bottom was muddy, they did not suffer any damage.

The scenery is extremely dreary as one nears the river—not a tree to be seen, and only a few bushes at places where the land seemed to be somewhat higher than elsewhere. Great flats of alluvial deposit stretched out into the lake, all densely covered with reeds and rushes, a fitting home for the flocks of wild-duck that quacked out a greeting to us as we approached them.

Where the left bank terminates there is a little firm ground, upon which a few Indians were encamped, who fired their guns off as a salute as we landed to cook dinners at about one o'clock. A few presents soon made us friends; and they consented to man a canoe to take up a loyal half-breed whom we had with us to the Lower or Stone Fort, as it was considered desirable that we should communicate secretly with the Hudson Bay officer in charge of that post. Dinner over, we lost no time in pushing on; but the wind, unfortunately, was blowing down stream, so that pulling against the current was laborious work. We advanced in three lines of boats, the guns in the leading boats of one line, and kept ready for action at a moment's warning. We had hoped to have reached the Lower Fort by evening; but night coming on when we were still about twelve miles from it, we were forced to halt opposite the Indian settlement.

The chief of these loyal swampy Indians soon made his appearance, and had a "pow-wow" with Colonel Wolseley, being dismissed, after a lengthened conversation, with presents of pork and flour. He told us that although every one had long been expecting us, no news of our whereabouts had lately reached him; so that, until he saw the fleet coming round the bend in the river, he was not aware that our leading detachment had even reached Fort Alexander.

The Hudson Bay Company's officer from the Lower Fort having been sent for, arrived in the middle of the night, and corroborated this statement. No one at Fort Garry, he said, expected us so soon, or knew anything of our doings, further than that some of our boats had been seen on the Lake of the Woods.

An early start the following morning, the 23d of August, enabled us to reach the Lower Fort in time for breakfast.

As we advanced towards it, the people turned out from every house on both banks—the men cheered, the women waved handkerchiefs, and the bells of the churches, which are all Protestant below Fort Garry, were rung to manifest the universal joy felt at seeing us. At some places numbers of Indians were encamped, who welcomed us by the discharge of firearms. As each man emerged from his wigwam, bang, bang, went his double-barrelled gun. As we neared the Stone Fort the farms became

better, and the left bank more thickly settled—the opposite side of the river being covered with poplar, aspen, and thick undergrowth. The banks became higher and steeper as we ascended the river, exposing to view a section which would have delighted a geological explorer. The surface was composed apparently of alluvial clay and vegetable mould, four or five feet deep, lying over clay interspersed with boulders to a depth of about ten feet; under it again was stratified limestone of a highly fossiliferous character, and of a light brownish-yellow colour —it was the first limestone we had seen during our journey. The upper half of the banks was nearly perpendicular; the lower half, being composed of debris from the clay, boulders, and disintegrated limestone, formed an easy slope. When wet, the mud formed from these substances is of such a soapy and sticky nature that it is almost impossible to walk over it without losing your shoes.

As we pulled in to shore in front of the Stone Fort, we were welcomed by cheers from all the people, who, from below, had proceeded there on horseback as soon as they saw us row past their farms. The union-jack was hoisted by the servants of the Company—an emblem of nationality that none had dared to display for many months. Joy was written on every one's countenance.

The Lower or Stone Fort is twenty-one and a half miles by road from Fort Garry, and stands on the

left bank of the river. It is a square enclosure, with large circular bastions at each angle, the walls being of substantial masonry and loopholed throughout. There is a good steam-mill, where the Hudson Bay Company grind all the flour they require in this northern department. The stone used in all these buildings is quarried from the bank on which the Fort stands, which is there about forty feet high. We discharged all surplus stores here, retaining only enough provisions for a few days, so as to lighten our boats as much as possible. A company of the 60th Rifles was mounted on ponies and in carts, and extended as a line of skirmishers on the left bank, with orders to keep well ahead, but always in communication by signallers with the boats. An officer on horseback was sent to examine the right bank, so as to protect us from surprise there, although there was little chance of any opposition being attempted on that side, even should Riel intend fighting. That bandit potentate, according to the news of the day before from Fort Garry, was still in the Fort, awaiting the arrival of his friend Bishop Taché, who was hourly expected. Strict watch and guard was still maintained by his armed followers, whose numbers varied constantly. We took every possible precaution to prevent intelligence of our arrival in the river from reaching Fort Garry. No one was permitted to pass in that direction, although every one was allowed to come within our line of skirmishers. This was

done so successfully, that although we halted for the night at only six miles from the place, Riel did not know positively that we were in the river. A vague report of some boats with men in them being on their way up towards the Fort had reached the village of Winnipeg; but there had been so many previous rumours of a similar nature from week to week in the two preceding months, that no one credited it. We subsequently ascertained that Riel and O'Donoghue rode out late at night in our direction; but heavy rain coming on as they approached our pickets, and being in dread of capture, they returned without any certain information regarding us.

Our advance up the river had much of a triumphal procession about it. Every church-bell rang out its peal of welcome; ladies in their best toilets, squaws with papooses on their backs, the painted warrior of the plain—all testified joy after their own fashion. There are some small rapids a few miles above the Stone Fort, caused by a ledge of limestone cropping up and forming a natural dam to the waters above. The detention caused by having to pole and track up so many boats at one time enabled the inhabitants to get a good view of us; so they assembled in numbers to do so.

The wind being against us, we had to halt for the night at a point six miles by road from Fort Garry. Our bivouac was carefully watched by a cordon of sentries on both banks of the river, and trustworthy men were sent forward into the village near the Fort

to gain information, and meet us in the early morning, as it was intended to march upon the Fort at daybreak. The "shave" that night was, that we should have a fight; and it was well that we had something to cheer us, for a more dreary attempt at repose it is impossible to imagine. It began to pour with rain soon after nightfall, and continued without cessation until morning. To march upon Fort Garry was out of the question, or at least it would have been folly to have attempted it, when we had the means of going there by water, as the face of the country was changed into a sea of mud. Roads there are none on these prairies, in the ordinary acceptation of the term. Places between which there is any traffic are joined by cart-tracks, for which a width of about eighty yards is allowed when they pass through a farm; so that when one spot becomes cut up, the traveller can have a wide margin to select his way from upon each side of the old path.

This necessary change of plan was annoying, as we had looked forward to advancing upon the Fort in all the pride, pomp, and circumstance of war.

As we bent over our fires at daybreak, trying to get some warmth for our bodies, and sufficient heat to boil the kettles, a more miserable-looking lot of objects it would be impossible to imagine. Every one was wet through; we were cold and hungry; our very enemies would have pitied our plight. A hurried breakfast of tea and biscuit was soon over,

and we were again in the boats by 6 A.M., rowing in three columns towards Fort Garry, as upon the preceding day. It poured heavily, and the country was at places a sheet of water, through which our skirmishers on the banks had to wade as best they could. As we approached the Protestant cathedral, the union-jack was run up to the steeple, and its bells rang out a musical welcome to the expeditionary force. The left bank was neatly cultivated and well settled, the population being entirely of English and Scotch descent. The other bank was a tangled mass of poor timber, and an underbrush consisting of hazel and rose bushes, interwined with Virginia creeper. The moderately-rapid current in the river has, in the course of ages, cut out for itself a canal-like channel, which averaged from 150 to 300 yards in width. The floods in spring, when the ice breaks up, have in the last twenty years doubled in some places the distance between the banks, which are of most tenacious clay, steep throughout, and generally about thirty feet high. We landed at a place called Point Douglas, on the left bank, where the river makes a great bend to the eastward; so that, although it is only about two miles by road to the Fort, it is about six there by river. Our skirmishers had collected a few carts and horses, sufficient for the conveyance of some tools, ammunition, &c., &c. The guns were fastened by their trails to the rear of carts, and dragged along in that manner. Messengers who had

been sent on the previous evening to the village of Winnipeg joined us here with information that Riel and his gang were still in the Fort, and that the current rumour was that he intended to fight. He had distributed additional ammunition amongst his men, and the gates were closed and the guns loaded.

The men were quickly ashore, and advanced towards the Fort under cover of a line of skirmishers. It was heavy work marching through the deep mud with a driving rain beating in our faces, making it very difficult to see more than a few hundred yards before us. Notwithstanding all these drawbacks, the men's pace was most elastic, and they were in the highest spirits at the prospect of a fight, which all the inhabitants we encountered now assured us we were certain of having. The village of Winnipeg is a small collection of houses, chiefly of wood, situated about 800 yards north of the Fort, with which a straight road connects it. The Fort is in the right angle formed by the junction of the Assinaboine with the Red River, being north of the former and west of the latter stream. It was known that there was a boat-bridge over the Assinaboine, immediately opposite the southern gate of the Fort. It was therefore desirable to draw our line of attack round it, so as to command the two rivers, and so getting the enemy into the corner formed by them, prevent his escape.

Instead, therefore, of passing directly through the village, we swept round to the west, leaving it on our left; and when clear of it, swung round our right with the intention of taking up a position commanding the bridge. The people in the village assured us that Riel was in the Fort, and intended to resist. Several were asked to go forward in advance of our skirmishers, to ascertain if the southern gate was closed and the walls manned; but all feared to do so. As we passed the village we could see the guns in the embrasures bearing in our direction. Some people in buggies were descried going off from the Fort westerly, but were brought to a halt by our skirmishers. They proved to be some of Riel's counsellors; but nothing could be learned from them. The atmosphere was so thick that it was difficult to make out, even with our glasses, whether men were or were not standing to the guns which we saw. We expected every moment to see a puff of smoke from an embrasure, to be followed by the whizz of a round shot past our heads. Every moment increased the excitement: the skirmishers quickened their pace as they neared the place, as if in dread lest others should enter it before them. Everything remaining silent, some staff-officers were sent galloping round to see if the southern gate was open, and what was going on in rear of the Fort. They soon returned, bringing word that it was evacuated, and the gates left open.

This was at first a sad disappointment to the soldiers, who, having gone through so much toil in order to put down the rebellion, longed to be avenged upon its authors. Our victory, although bloodless, was complete. We dragged out some of the rebel guns, and fired a royal salute as the union-jack was run up the flagstaff, from which had floated, for so many months, the rebel banner that had been worked for Riel by the nuns in the convent attached to Bishop Taché's cathedral. The scene inside the Fort was most depressing: the square in front of the principal house was under water, and there was mud and filth everywhere. Riel and some of his friends had remained in the Fort up to the last possible moment, and had only left when they saw our skirmishers. Their breakfast was still on the table; and their clothes and arms lay scattered about through the numerous houses they had occupied, in a manner denoting the suddenness of their departure.

Every one was drenched with rain; and as the ground round the Fort was deep with mud, the men were temporarily lodged in the storehouses and buildings within it.

Fort Garry is a rectangular parallelogram, surrounded by high walls of masonry, except on the northern side, where they are formed of large square logs placed horizontally, one over the other. At each of the southern angles, and half-way down the eastern and western faces, there is a circular tower affording

flanking defence to the place. The Assinaboine River flows at about a hundred yards from its southern side. Like the Red River, its banks are steep, and of very sticky clay, the Fort being about forty feet above the water's level. Looking east over the Red River, one sees the Roman Catholic cathedral, with its monastery, convent, and bishop's palace, all well-built and neatly-kept buildings. Close to them are some miserably squalid cabins belonging to French half-breeds, whose houses generally are vastly inferior in every respect to those of British origin. The eastern horizon is formed of trees, chiefly poplar and aspen; for although the regular wooded country is not reached for about thirty miles west of Red River, still there are numerous belts of wood intersecting the prairie in that direction. Looking up that river towards the south, the eye wanders over a series of wretchedly-tilled farms, with their houses and barns situated upon both banks, and interspersed here and there with patches of poplar, dwarf oak, willow, and underbrush. The banks of the Assinaboine are skirted by woods of a similar description, having occasional clearances for the squalid houses of the French half-breeds, who occupy the adjoining farms. Looking north, the whitewashed buildings constituting the village of Winnipeg, and the farm-houses of well-to-do English-speaking people, give an air of prosperity to the landscape: in the distance is the square tower of the badly-built English cathedral,

all out of the perpendicular, and foreboding a fall at no very distant time.

The one point of view having peculiar interest to the stranger is gained by turning west or south-westward. Far as the eye can see, there is stretched out before you an ocean of grass, whose vast immensity grows upon you more and more the longer you gaze upon it. Gallop out alone in the evening for a few miles from the Fort towards the S.W., and the most unimpressionable of mortals will experience a novel sensation. A feeling of indescribably buoyant freedom seems to tingle through every nerve, making the old feel young again. Old age and decrepitude belong to civilisation and the abodes of men. We can even associate it in our mind with mountains, whose rocks themselves appear as monuments of preceding centuries; and the withered and fallen trees in ancient forests seem akin to it: but upon the boundless prairies, with no traces of man in sight, nature looks so fresh and smiling that youth alone is in consonance with it.

Notwithstanding the badness of the weather on the day that we took possession of Fort Garry, numbers of the loyal inhabitants came in to see their deliverers. All were most anxious that immediate vengeance should be taken upon the rebel leaders, and many volunteered to capture Riel and others of his gang, who were stated to be still within easy reach. The officer commanding the troops had

had no civil authority conferred upon him by the Canadian Government, so it was not in his power to issue warrants for their arrest. The Ottawa Ministry had intended that the civil Lieutenant-Governor whom they had appointed for the province of Manitoba should have arrived at Fort Garry either with or immediately after us. We reached that place on the morning of the 24th August, but he did not get there until the evening of the 2d September, no arrangement having been made by the Canadian Ministry for the government of the province during that interregnum. Colonel Wolseley found himself in a difficult position. The most influential people, longing for some form of government that would be strong enough to afford the community protection, begged him to assume the position of provisional Lieutenant-Governor. To have done so would have been illegal; for the Hudson Bay Company, represented by its officers, were *de jure* the rulers of the country, until an official communication had been received announcing its transfer to the Dominion of Canada. As the rebels had bolted without firing a shot, to have proclaimed martial law would have been unwarrantable. He therefore insisted upon the senior officer of the Company then present being recognised as governor of the province, as if there had never been any rebellion whatever, and as if the rule of the Company had continued without any break, until the newly-appointed Lieutenant-Governor arrived.

Few, except those who have had revolutionary experience, can form a just idea of the condition of affairs on the Red River for some days after our arrival. There were no police to maintain order; all those who had during the past winter suffered in body or in property from Riel's tyranny, considered they were justified in avenging themselves upon those who had had any connection with rebel affairs. The reaction from the state of fear and trembling in which all had lived for the preceding ten months was too great for many, and there was some little trouble in keeping them in proper restraint. The rebel leaders had disappeared, but many of their adherents had merely gone home, hoping to be forgotten through the insignificance of their position. Those who had remained loyal were loud in expressing their discontent at these rebels being allowed to live at large.

Every precaution was taken by the military to prevent any serious disturbance. Armed parties patrolled about the Fort and through the village each night until everything was quiet, and a few special constables were sworn in as policemen to assist in preserving order in the town. Unfortunately, whisky was to be had in every shop in the village; and the Indians who had served with us as voyageurs added to the excitement by their noisy drunkenness. The Lieutenant-Governor was hourly expected; but as day after day passed without his being heard of, a good deal of nice management was required to keep

things quiet, and prevent any collision between the loyalists and those who had recently been in arms against her Majesty. If military rule had been resorted to, quiet and peace could have been easily maintained; but it was considered essential for political reasons to keep the military element in the background as much as possible, and to make it appear that law and order were maintained there in the same manner as in the other Canadian provinces. The difficulty of doing so may be partially appreciated when it is remembered that all the former machinery of government had disappeared, and even the few magistrates who remained were afraid or disinclined to act. There was no law officer of any description; so that in reality order was kept by the moral effect produced by the presence of the troops, and by the consciousness that they would be used at any moment if necessary for the suppression of disturbance. There were occasionally rumours of armed bodies of rebels collecting on the frontier, or in the plains to the west; but as soon as the people generally perceived that no arrests were being made by the military, and that even the few leading rebels who had been captured by our skirmishers in their advance upon the Fort had been released without any trial whatever, public confidence revived. Even the poor ignorant French half-breeds, who had been misled by their priests for political objects, accepted the position, and settled down to their ordinary occupations. In such sparsely-

populated countries, revolutionary movements hold within themselves the germ of dissolution. It is difficult to collect the men together for action; and if collected, it is difficult to obtain food, or funds to buy it for them. Riel got over this difficulty by seizing upon the Hudson Bay Company stores of provisions as a preliminary step in his rebellion. He was thus able to feed, clothe, and pay his soldiers at the Company's expense. If at the outset of his revolutionary career Fort Garry had been set on fire, and all its stores of food, money, clothing, ammunition, &c., &c., thus burnt, the rebellion would have been smothered and buried in the smoke and ashes.

Riel in his fall experienced the fickleness of Dame Fortune. On the 23d August he was the despotic potentate issuing orders like a dictator, there being none to gainsay him. Early in the forenoon on the following morning he might have been seen accompanied only by one follower, both on stolen horses, galloping through the rain and mud, their backs towards the scene of their villany. Let us hope that as he passed in his flight the spot where the poor Canadian volunteer had been murdered by his orders, he repented him of his crime. These two worthies, the master and the man, having crossed to the right bank of the Red River, fled south, thinking they were safer from pursuit on that side of it than if they followed the regular road to Pembina, which runs on the western or left bank of that stream. Night

having set in, they bivouacked on the plain, and upon waking the following morning discovered that their horses had disappeared. They were without food, but their pockets were well lined with stolen money. Having lost their horses, and that side of the river being little inhabited, it was necessary for them to cross to the other bank. There was no boat, so they set to work pulling down a fence to make a raft. They could not find enough rope or cord to fasten it together, so Riel's follower—his late "Secretary of State"—took off his trousers and used them for that purpose. Upon landing on the other side they were assailed by the farmer, who had seen them pulling down his fence, and were forced to disgorge some of their plunder as compensation for the damage. Two days afterwards they reached Pembina—Riel with bare feet, swollen and sore from the journey. He found that he was not at all well received by the Americans there, who had taken umbrage at his having imprisoned their consul; so he went to St Josephs, a village about fifty miles to the west, and within a few miles of our frontier. He had previously sent a large proportion of his plunder to that place; and, according to the latest received accounts, he is still there, living comfortably in the enjoyment of his stolen property.

The first detachment of the regular troops started from Fort Garry on their return-journey to Canada on the 29th of August, and all of them had left on

the 3d of September. The two militia regiments had been quartered, one in the Lower or Stone Fort, the other in Fort Garry. The regulars had all crossed the height of land near Lake Superior on their return-journey before the 1st of October, and were in their barracks at Quebec and Montreal before the autumn had closed in.

So ended the Red River Expedition—an undertaking that will long stand out in our military chronicles as possessing characteristics peculiarly its own. The force which landed at Massowah in 1867 had to march about 400 miles inland, through an inhabited country where supplies were obtainable, to relieve some British prisoners held captive by a sovereign, half tyrant, half madman. Europe was in profound peace at the time, so all eyes were turned upon its doings. Although there can scarcely be said to have been any fighting, as we had not even a man killed, still our Ministry was glad to have an opportunity of attracting so much general attention to a military operation entirely English; and many think that for the millions spent upon it, we, as a nation, received an equivalent in proving before the world that we were still capable of military enterprise. The force sent to the Red River for the purpose of crushing out rebellion there, had to advance from its point of disembarkation more than 600 miles through a wilderness of water, rocks, and forests, where no sup-

plies were to be had, and where every pound-weight of provisions and stores had to be transported for miles on the backs of the soldiers. Happily its object was accomplished, as in the expedition to Abyssinia, without any loss of life. A great war was raging in Europe whilst this Expedition was forcing its way over and through the immense natural obstacles that lay in its path. All thoughts were of affairs upon the Rhine ; no one could spare a moment's reflection for the doings of this little British army. No home newspapers cared to record its success, nor to sound one single note of praise in its honour. By the careful administration of General Lindsay, and the officers he had selected to carry out his orders, the total expense of the whole Expedition was under £100,000, one quarter of which only is to be paid by England. There was no reckless waste either in material or in money. Such a careful economy was exercised in its organisation, and in administering to its subsequent wants, that it may be safely asserted that no such distance has ever been traversed by an efficient brigade numbering about 1400 souls, in any of our numerous little wars, at such a trifling cost.

The English flag had been pulled down, and the standard of rebellion had been raised at Fort Garry. A man loyal to his Queen had been murdered, loyalty having been his crime. Men were imprisoned and robbed without even the mockery of a trial. The

perpetrators of these crimes believed that the wilderness which separated them from civilisation would secure them from punishment; but the manner in which our Expedition performed its allotted task, proved that no distance or intervening obstacles can afford protection to those who outrage our laws.

REMARKABLE PRESERVATION FROM DEATH AT SEA.

BY A GERMAN CONTRIBUTOR.

[*MAGA.* February 1818.]

YOU have often asked me to describe to you on paper an event in my life which, at the distance of thirty years, I cannot look back to without horror. No words can give an adequate image of the miseries I endured during that fearful night, but I shall try to give you something like a faint shadow of them, that from it your soul may conceive what I must have suffered.

I was, you know, on my voyage back to my native country, after an absence of five years spent in unintermitting toil in a foreign land, to which I had been driven by a singular fatality. Our voyage had been most cheerful and prosperous, and on Christmas-day we were within fifty leagues of port. Passengers and crew were all in the highest spirits, and the ship was alive with mirth and jollity. For my own part, I was the very happiest man in existence. I had been

unexpectedly raised from poverty to affluence; my parents were longing once more to behold their erring but beloved son; and I knew that there was one dearer even than any parent, who had remained faithful to me through all my misfortunes, and would soon become mine for life.

About eight o'clock in the evening I went on deck. The ship was sailing upon a wind, at the rate of seven knots an hour, and there was a wild grandeur in the night. A strong snow-storm blew, but steadily and without danger; and now and then, when the struggling moonlight overcame the sleety and misty darkness, we saw, for some distance round us, the agitated sea all tumbling with foam. There were no shoals to fear, and the ship kept boldly on her course, close-reefed, and mistress of the storm. I leant over the gunwale, admiring the water rushing past like a foaming cataract, when, by some unaccountable accident, I lost my balance, and in an instant fell overboard into the sea.

I remember a convulsive shuddering all over my body, and a hurried leaping of my heart, as I felt myself about to lose hold of the vessel, and afterwards a sensation of the most icy chilliness from immersion into the waves,—but nothing resembling a fall or precipitation. When below the water I think that a momentary belief rushed across my mind that the ship had suddenly sunk, and that I was but one of a perishing crew. I imagined that I felt a hand with

long fingers clutching at my legs, and made violent efforts to escape, dragging after me, as I thought, the body of some drowning wretch. On rising to the surface, I recollected in a moment what had befallen me, and uttered a cry of horror which is in my ears to this day, and often makes me shudder, as if it were the mad shriek of another person in the extremity of perilous agony. Often have I dreamed over again that dire moment, and the cry I utter in my sleep is said to be something more horrible than a human voice. No ship was to be seen. She was gone for ever. The little happy world to which, a moment before, I had belonged, had swept by, and I felt that God had flung me at once from the heart of joy, delight, and happiness, into the uttermost abyss of mortal misery and despair. Yes! I felt that the Almighty God had done this—that there was an act, a fearful act of Providence; and, miserable worm that I was, I thought that the act was cruel, and a sort of wild, indefinite, objectless rage and wrath assailed me, and took for a while the place of that first shrieking terror. I gnashed my teeth, and cursed myself,—and with bitter tears and yells blasphemed the name of God. It is true, my friend, that I did so. God forgave that wickedness. The Being whom I then cursed was in His tender mercy not unmindful of me,—of me, a poor, blind, miserable, mistaken worm. But the waves dashed on me, and struck me on the face, and howled at me; and the winds yelled, and

the snow beat like drifting sand into my eyes,—and the ship, the ship was gone, and there was I left to struggle, and buffet, and gasp, and sink, and perish, alone, unseen, and unpitied by man, and as I thought, too, by the everlasting God. I tried to penetrate the surrounding darkness with my glaring eyes that felt leaping from their sockets, and saw, as if by miraculous power, to a great distance through the night,—but no ship, nothing but white-crested waves, and the dismal noise of thunder. I shouted, shrieked, and yelled, that I might be heard by the crew, till my voice was gone, and that too when I knew that there were none to hear me. At last I became utterly speechless, and when I tried to call aloud there was nothing but a silent gasp and convulsion,—while the waves came upon me like stunning blows, reiterated and reiterated, and drove me along like a log of wood or a dead animal.

Once I muttered to myself, "This is a dream, and I shall awake." I had often before dreamt of being drowned, and this idea of its being a dream so pressed upon me, that I vainly strove to shriek out, that the noise might awaken me. But oh! the transition, from this momentary and wild hope of its being all a dreadful dream, into the conviction of its reality! That indeed was something more hideous than a fanatic's thought of hell. All at once I felt my inmost soul throttled, strangled, and stifled, by an insupportable fear of death. That death, which to my

imagination had ever appeared the most hideous, and of which I had often dreamt till the drops fell down my forehead like rain, had now in good truth befallen me; but dreadful as all my dreams had been, what were they all to this? I felt as if all human misery were concentrated in the speechless anguish of my own one single heart.

All this time I was not conscious of any act of swimming; but I soon found that I had instinctively been exerting all my power and skill, and both were requisite to keep me alive in the tumultuous wake of the ship. Something struck me harder than a wave. What it was I knew not, but I grasped it with a passionate violence, for the hope of salvation came suddenly over me, and, with a sudden transition from despair, I felt that I was rescued. I had the same thought as if I had been suddenly heaved on shore by a wave. The crew had thrown overboard everything they thought could afford me the slightest chance of escape from death, and a hencoop had drifted towards me. At once all the stories I had ever read of mariners miraculously saved at sea rushed across my recollection. I had an object to cling to, which I knew would enable me to prolong my existence. I was no longer helpless on the cold-weltering world of waters; and the thought that my friends were thinking of me, and doing all they could for me, gave to me a wonderful courage. I may yet pass the night in the ship, I thought; and I looked round eagerly

to hear the rush of her prow, or to see through the snow-drift the gleaming of her sails.

This was but a momentary gladness. The ship, I knew, could not be far off, but for any good she could do me, she might have been in the heart of the Atlantic ocean. Ere she could have altered her course, I must have drifted a long way to leeward, and in that dim snowy night how was such a speck to be seen? I saw a flash of lightning, and then there was thunder. It was the ship firing a gun to let me know, if still alive, that she was somewhere lying-to. But wherefore? I was separated from her by a dire necessity—by many thousand fierce waves, that would not let my shrieks be heard. Each succeeding gun was heard fainter and fainter, till at last I cursed the sound, that, scarcely heard above the hollow rumbling of the tempestuous sea, told me that the ship was farther and farther off, till she and her heartless crew had left me to my fate. Why did they not send out all their boats to row round and round all the night through, for the sake of one whom they pretended to love so well? I blamed, blessed, and cursed them by fits, till every emotion of my soul was exhausted, and I clung in sullen despair to the wretched piece of wood that still kept me from eternity.

Was it not strange, that during all this time the image of my beloved friends at home never once flashed across my mind? My thoughts had never escaped beyond the narrow and dim horizon of the

sea, at least never beyond that fatal ship. But now I thought of home and the blessed things there, and so intensely bright was that flash of heavenly images, that for a moment my heart filled with happiness. It was terrible when the cold and dashing waves broke over me and that insane dreaming-fit, and awoke me to the conviction that there was nothing in store for me but an icy and lingering death, and that I who had so much to live for, was seemingly on that sole account most miserably to perish.

What a war of passions perturbed my soul! Had I for this kept my heart full of tenderness, pure, lofty, and heroic, for my best-beloved and long-betrothed? Had God kept me alive through fevers and plagues, and war and earthquake, thus to murder me at last? What mockery was all this? What horror would be in my grey-haired parents' house when they came to hear of my doom. "O Theresa! Theresa!" And thus I wept and turmoiled through the night. Sometimes I had little or no feeling at all—sullen and idealess. I wished myself drowned at once—yet life was still sweet; and in my weakened state I must have fallen from my frail vessel and been swallowed up, had I not, though even now I cannot remember when, or how, bound myself to it. I had done so with great care; but a fit of despair succeeding, I forgot the circumstance entirely, and in that situation looked at myself with surprise and wonder.

That I had awful thoughts of the Eternity into which I felt gradually sinking is certain; but it is wonderful how faintly I thought of the future world. All such thoughts were overthrown by alternate hope and despair connected with this life. Once, when I had resigned myself to death, and was supplicating the mercy of our Redeemer, I thought I heard the shrill cry of sea-birds flying over my head, and instantly I returned again to the hope of life. Oh, for such wings!—but mine I thought were broken, and like a wounded bird I lay floating powerlessly on the waves.

The night before I had had a severe rheumatism in my head, and now remembered that I had somewhere about me a phial of laudanum. I swallowed the whole of it, and ere long a strange effect was produced. I fell into a delirium, and felt a wild pleasure in dancing along over the waves. I imagined myself in a vessel and on a voyage, and had a dreamy impression that there was connected with it something of glory. Then I believed, in a moment after, that I had been bound, thrown overboard, and forsaken by a mutinous crew. As these various fancies alternated, I recollect, in my delirium, bursting out into loud peals of laughter—singing to myself and huzzaing with a mad kind of enjoyment. Then suddenly a cold tremulous sickness would fall on me—a weight of sadness and despair. Every now and then there came these momentary flashings of

reality; but the conviction of my personal identity soon gave way to those wilder fits, and I drifted along through the moonless darkness of the roaring night, with all the fierce exultation of a raving madman. No wonder. The laudanum, the cold, the wet, the dashing, the buffeting, the agony, were enough to account for all this, and more than my soul dare even now to shadow out to her shuddering recollection. But as God pitied the miserable, so also has he forgiven the wicked thoughts of that unimaginable night.

During one of these delirious fits—whether it was a dream or a reality I know not—but methought I heard the most angelical music that ever breathed from heaven. It seemed to come on the winds—to rise up from the sea—to melt down from the stormy clouds. It was at last like a full band of instrumental music—soft, deep, wild—such as I have heard playing on board a ship of war. I saw a white gleam through the snow—I heard a rushing noise with the music—and the glorious ghost of a ship went roaring past me, all illuminated with lamps, her colours flying, every sail set, and her decks crowded with men. Perhaps a real ship sailed by with festivity on board. Or was it a vision? Whatever it was, I felt no repining when it passed me by—it seemed something wholly alien to me: the delirium had swallowed up all fear, all selfishness; the past and future were alike forgotten, and I kept floating along, self-questioned

no longer, assured that I was somehow or other a part of the waves and the tempest, and that the wonderful and beautiful vision that had sailed by me was an aboriginal creature of the ocean. There was unspeakable pride and grandeur in this delirium. I was more intensely conscious of a brightened existence than I ever was in the most glorious dream, and instead of fearing death, I felt as if I were immortal.

This delirium, I think, must have gradually subsided during a kind of sleep, for I dimly recollect mixed images of pain and pleasure, land and sea, storm and calm, tears and laughter. I thought I had a companion at my side, even her I best loved ; now like an angel comforting me, and now like myself needing to be comforted, lying on my bosom cold, drenched, despairing, and insane, and uttering, with pale quivering lips, the most horrid and dreadful imprecations. Once I heard, methought, a voice crying from below the waves, "Hast thou forgot Theresa?" And looking down, I saw something like the glimmering of a shroud come slowly upwards, from a vast depth, to the surface of the water. I stooped down to embrace it, and in a moment a ghastly blue-swollen face, defeatured horribly, as if by gnawing teeth of sea-monsters, dashed against mine; and as it sank again, I knew well to whom belonged the black streaming hair. But I awoke. The delirium was gone, and I was

at once a totally different creature. I awoke into a low, heartless, quaking, quivering, fear-haunted, cowardly, and weeping despondency, in which all fortitude was utterly prostrated. The excitement had worn out my very soul. A corpse rising out of a cold clammy grave could not have been more woe-begone, spiritless, bloodless. Everything was seen in its absolute dreadful reality. I was a castaway—no hope of rescue. It was broad daylight, and the storm had ceased; but clouds lay round the horizon, and no land was to be seen. What dreadful clouds! Some black as pitch, and charged with thunder; others like cliffs of fire, and here and there all streamered over with blood. It was indeed a sullen, wrathful, and despairing sky. The sun itself was a dull brazen orb, cold, dead, and beamless. I beheld three ships afar off, but all their heads were turned away from me. For whole hours they would adhere motionless to the sea, while I drifted away from them; and then a rushing wind would spring up, and carry them one by one into the darkness of the stormy distance. Many birds came close to me, as if to flap me with their large spreading wings, screamed round and round me, and then flew away in their strength, and beauty, and happiness.

I now felt myself indeed dying. A calm came over me. I prayed devoutly for forgiveness of my sins, and for all my friends on earth. A ringing was

in my ears, and I remember only the hollow fluctuations of the sea with which I seemed to be blended, and a sinking down and down an unfathomable depth, which I thought was Death, and into the kingdom of the eternal Future.

I awoke from insensibility and oblivion with a hideous racking pain in my head and loins, and in a place of utter darkness. I heard a voice say, "Praise the Lord." My agony was dreadful, and I cried aloud. Wan, glimmering, melancholy lights kept moving to and fro. I heard dismal whisperings, and now and then a pale silent ghost glided by. A hideous din was overhead, and around me the fierce dashing of the waves. Was I in the land of spirits? But why strive to recount the mortal pain of my recovery, the soul-humbling gratitude that took possession of my being? I was lying in the cabin of a ship, and kindly tended by a humane and skilful man. I had been picked up apparently dead and cold. The hand of God was there.

A RIDE TO BABYLON.

[*MAGA.* JUNE 1863.]

IF, reader, at any previous period of your life, you have had the good fortune to visit the far city of Baghdad, I pray you to look upon the following opening pages of my story much in the light that young ladies are wont to look upon the metaphysical disquisitions of a novel—as pages, in fact, containing matter wholly superfluous and void of interest to you, and which you may, therefore, lawfully and advantageously *skip*. I take it for granted that your stay there, whether short or long, did indelibly impress upon your mind the general appearance of the town, and the manner of life there—at least that of the European. No description of mine is likely to freshen those memories of the old, quaint, Oriental city, such as I hold you must keep stored away somewhere, treasures to the mental vision. But, on the other hand, if you have never made that weary desert ride that has Damascus as a starting-point and Baghdad as a goal—if you have never won your way against the current of the Tigris, rolling its fast rushing

waters over countless shifting sand-banks—if you have never entered the city by any of its numerous gates—if, in fact, for *non cuivis homini contingit adire Corinthum*, you have never seen Baghdad except in your childhood, peopled with genii and barbers, caliphs and calenders, I beg you will bear with me while I give you, in as few words as possible, the very roughest sketch of the appearance of the town and of our manner of life there, as we remember it during one sunny month of May. For the prettiest first glimpse of Baghdad that you can get, is when you enter the town from the south by the river. The Tigris, doubling and turning like a hunted hare, takes you for the last few miles through a country perfectly flat and level. But, flat and level as the country is, the eye cannot wander far over it. As you approach Baghdad, dense orange groves, long dark sweeping lines of pomegranate and date trees, shut in the view. The whole country seems a rich cultivated garden. You cannot look over it and come to any other conclusion. Cultivated it is, and fertile beyond all telling, but what you see is merely a fringe of verdure to vast tracts of desert sterile wastes. Looking over this garden, you may observe at work, wells, in number more than you can easily count—wells whose construction is identical with the early stories of the Bible. Your boat passes in mid-stream little islands covered in such a way that you can make out nothing but a tall tangled mass of reeds and grass.

Should the current swing your boat near to any one of these islands, you may hear a sudden rush and an angry grunt that will probably startle you. The reeds' canes rattle again, and the agitated slender points mark the course of a wild boar roused from his quiet island lair. The last bend of the river arrived at, you gaze at once upon the very heart of the old city, as it lies divided before you by the waters of the noble stream; and at once you are aware that fallen away indeed is Baghdad from her ancient splendour. A bridge of boats spans the current. You can distinguish, swarming across, a motley crowd of horsemen and footmen, and beasts of burden laden high with fruit and vegetables of all kinds. If you watch attentively you will see, between you and the clear sunlit sky, the dark form of some Arab Sheik or Bedouin of the desert emerge for a few moments distinct from the crowd, and as the eye is tracing the picturesque outline, crossed at an angle by the long tufted lance, the whole disappears behind a camel, moving slowly along under bales of goods piled high aloft. The waters are at their full height, and bathe in places the walls of the houses, some two or three feet above the usual level. To the right and to the left are the light-coloured sides of the houses, built, many of them, with bricks brought from the ruined Babylon. These walls, for the most part crumbling to pieces with age and neglect, present but a fragile barrier to the turbid

current rushing so angrily by them. Tall window-frames of intricate wood-work, into which tiny fragments of painted glass are fastened, pierce the sides of the houses. As you glide under them a casement is run up, and a light floating cloud of white muslin gauze betokens the presence of some carefully barred-in, secluded inmate of a harem. Whether the "sweet soul that breathes beneath" the cloud is passing fair or the contrary, young or aged, it is impossible for mortal eye to distinguish. But, of course, your innate gallantry inclines you to invest the mysterious apparition with all the bloom and with all the charms of youth and extreme beauty. On the flat terraced roofs a few figures veiled from head to foot, shapeless forms of blue drapery, are moving about, engaged apparently in various domestic occupations. You silently wonder how woman so disguised can make use of either hand or foot—at least to any purpose. In a shady verandah overhanging the waters is a fat Turk, resting his august person on piles of silk cushions, and motionless as a statue. A crowd of white-robed menials stand near; and the only thing moving about the group is a wreath of blue smoke, curling upward from the fragrant latakia, kindling in a pipe-bowl. The domes of mosques and graceful tapering minarets—some ruined, some brilliant with gold-leaf and porcelain—rise from the sea of flat-roofed houses around. Away to the left, appearing from behind the mud-bank of a canal, is a curious-shaped building,

small, but in shape something between a pyramid and a spire. It is too far to make anything of it, and as you are giving it up in despair, you are told it is the tomb of Zobeide, the wife of the great Caliph Haroon al Rashid. Whilst your mind is still glowing with the recollections of the various adventures of the fair lady—of the diamond, boldly described big as an ostrich egg, which she found in the desolate city—of her two naughty sisters—of her wonderful escape from their treachery—of her daily beatings of them, when transformed into black dogs—and of her final happy union with the Commander of the Faithful,—you are off the steps of the British Residency. The house, built on the left bank of the stream, looks wonderfully substantial and solid, contrasting with the fragile-looking buildings and crumbling walls in the neighbourhood.

Life at Baghdad during the summer months, if you are not living under canvas in some shady pleasant garden of the suburbs, leaves its impression on the mind as a game of hide-and-seek with the sun kept up the livelong day, and in which you find you have considerably the worst of it. In the morning, if you go for a ride, and leave the town by one of the eastern gates, you see before you a desert reaching away to a distant horizon line, like a watery waste, from the very spot whereon you are standing immediately beneath the city walls. Your good horse breathes gladly at the fresh free air of the desert, and at that

moment not the wealth of a kingdom, not even the behest of your own lady-love, would prevent you from doing what you have in your mind to do. Your hand, by some almost imperceptible movement, causes a slackening of the rein; your knee gently presses the flank that is throbbing beneath you. For the sight of the far-stretching plain has not been lost upon your horse. His heart is thumping against the saddle flap with the bounding beat of a steam-driven piston. In that moment, as if some electric spark had kindled your natures simultaneously, he starts with a bound like a deer; in another you are flying along, urging the high-couraged animal beneath you to the top of his speed, and nothing before you but the wide wide desert, glistening in the morning sun, whose beams meet you pleasantly enough as you rush through the keen cold air of early day. But by the time your gallop is over, and you are home, and long before you have finished your bathing and dressing, the sun's rays, so pleasant in the early morning, are now pouring into the house, and heating it as furnace flames heat an oven. You fly with cracking skin and throbbing temples and hide yourself in the bowels of the earth. Below every house are subterranean chambers, furnished as the rooms above—another house, in fact—a range of furnished cellars, called a "sirdaub." Here you breakfast: the morning's gallop, now a thing of the past, has bequeathed to you an appetite before which little hills of young green cu-

cumbers, and of piloff (whose rice is largely mottled with boiled raisins and cinnamon), disappear like misty valley clouds before a midday sun. During the day, if you are a sensible man, you keep quiet, sheltered in these subterranean chambers from the fierce glow of noon by kindly mother earth. If you are otherwise, you roam about seeking a cooler place, but finding none. You are lured perhaps to the banks of the stream, where a reed-built room—the technical name of which I never could pronounce, so will not hazard reputation by writing—sprinkled constantly with water, holds out a tempting refuge. There *is* something pleasant in the sound of the rushing stream close beside you, and in the noise of the constant splashing of water on the reeds—the walls, as it were, of the room; but the thermometer stands considerably higher than in the house, and flies, as of those of the plague of Egypt, beset you, and give you not a moment's peace of body or mind. During these midday hours, should you be unfortunately abroad, wandering with restless spirit, you will find no sympathising Turk about. In the doorways and in the passages you will stumble across the prostrate bodies of cavasses and turbaned menials by the score; but they give no signs of life, and for all the assistance they are likely to give you in your distress, you might as well be among the petrified worshippers of the great Nardoun.

But there is an occasion on which all these appar-

ently lifeless forms start into sudden action. We remember sometimes as the noontide hours were dragging their slow length along, a clattering of horses' hoofs would be heard in the yard. In a few minutes, cavasses and servants, bathmen and Turkish guards, would be hurrying—as much as a Turk ever does hurry — towards the sound. On looking into the yard to see the cause of this unusual excitement, we would see two horses, reeking with perspiration, nostrils distended, flanks heaving, and so wretchedly thin and worn withal, that we would not have been surprised if one or both had dropped down dead on the spot. One horse carries a pair of large leathern bags; on the other sits a man with the broad shoulders and thick arms of a giant. His face, notwithstanding the dark colour of the skin, has a terribly sunburnt look, and his beard and moustaches, once glossy and sleek with the blackest of "reng," are now white with the dust of travel. In the creases of his upper coat and of his enormous boots lie whole drifts of the desert sands. The reins drop mechanically from his hands; and as he devoutly mutters a sonorous prayer to Allah, he makes himself into as heavy and into as helpless a bundle as he possibly can, and drops off his horse into the arms of a cavass, who stands by with muscles braced ready to receive the inert mass. In the course of a few minutes that brawny breadth of shoulder, that formidable thickness of the arms that had so attracted our attention,

would entirely disappear. There steps forth from a pile of fur-coats, felt cloths, linen wrappers, leather leggings, and a perfect armoury of sundry defensive weapons, a large-framed man certainly, but so exceedingly spare that the large framework of bone appears to have nothing but skin upon it, not an ounce of superfluous flesh or muscle. He tucks the leathern bags under his arm, and strides away with legs immensely distended, a sort of striding bridge, towards the quarters of the Vice-Consul. This travel-stained man is the Tatar from Constantinople. He has been a number of consecutive hours on horseback, the mere mentioning of which would make the toughest of postboys, the most dunderheaded, enduring of German "postillons," stand aghast. This Tatar has ridden in hot haste, and his ride has cost Her Majesty's Government about £100 sterling. He has probably left more than one horse dead or dying upon the road; and if the servants at the different post-houses had it in their power to sue him at law for assault and battery, the British Treasury would possibly have to pay a much longer bill. For in their zeal of office these Tatars slash about with surprising energy, on every possible occasion, over the heads and faces of the unfortunate attendants at the post-houses, the long leathern lashes of a whip, which is carried fastened to the wrist. Those leathern bags that the Tatar has brought with him may contain a despatch, on the reading of which the destination of

an army may depend; or, as once happened, there may be pulled forth from their dusty recesses a pair of French pumps, for the diplomatic feet of some dandy attaché.[1] This pair of French pumps, that had probably caused an amount of woe to man and beast beyond all telling, had happened to be the only packet to be taken eastwards, there being no despatches lying or ready at the Embassy at Constantinople when the time came round for the Tatar to start for Baghdad.

About five o'clock, while your enemy the sun is engaged slanting his beams down the river, making its waters look one mass of molten gold, you prepare for a stroll through the crowded bazaars. There you will be jostled more than to your heart's content by every variety of picturesque Oriental costume. Albanians in richly embroidered jackets and loose baggy trousers, and girded round the waist by a sash bristling with silver-mounted pistols and murderous-looking "yatagans." Wild Arabs straight from the desert, stalking along in their black and white striped "abbas," and with gay coloured handkerchiefs fastened over the brows with a rope spun from their own camel's hair. Veiled women shuffling about awkwardly on their high-heeled yellow slippers. Grave, solemn Turks seated on donkeys,

[1] Written when British troops were occupying Persian territory, and at the time when Her Majesty's Ministers at the Court of Persia and suite were resident at Baghdad.

who charge the crowd recklessly, never deigning to look either to the right or to the left. Half-naked, ragged beggars, will throw themselves at your feet, contort their features, and in rambling incoherent speech will invoke all the blessings of Allah and his holy Prophet on your Christian head. I remember in those evening strolls we generally stopped before the pipe-shops, and those shops where the delicate Bussorah goblets were set out in tempting array. Neither the prettily fashioned pipe-bowls, nor the fragile, gracefully turned clay-work of Bussorah did we find expensive: indeed much the contrary. But the recklessness with which we invested our Tomans in basketfuls of the one and of the other, was something incredible. When we used to gaze with fond eyes upon our treasures spread out on the floor of our rooms, in despair our thoughts would turn upon a long journey of months that was before us—a journey before starting upon which every single article that was not an actual necessary of life would have to be discarded, and left as a legacy to some unappreciating, unimaginative, ungrateful Turk. In one corner of the room stood a perfect bundle of cherry pipe-sticks, which had been chosen with immense judgment, as we flattered ourselves. What eventually became of them, we do not remember; but we can well call to mind how in those days no earthly consideration would have induced us to part with any single one of

them—no, not to our dearest friend, not for life itself.

By the time we were home again from the bazaars, that part of the house which at noon was the coolest, was, now that the sun was down, simply unbearable. The atmosphere was close and heavy, and clouds of mosquitoes hung about, filling the air with an ominous everlasting hum. This hour of parting day, as the bullying sun is dipping behind the glowing horizon, is the hour at which all Baghdad flies to the house-top. There, a gentle breeze coming down the river fans your cheek, and puts to utter confusion the adventurous mosquitoes who followed you like a pack of hounds as you fled through the yard and lower rooms. On looking about you, over the broad open terrace of the house, it would appear that some good kind genii had been at work, and had transported hither by a shake of his head everything appertaining to your evening's comfort. A table is spread, and preparations evidently for dinner are being made by a crowd of servants. Other servants are standing about, arms folded, and with a resigned, long-suffering look on their countenances, as if they had been waiting your arrival ever since daylight. A tiny cup of black coffee is presented to you, and the amber end of a long cherry-stick wheeling round approaches your lips. Sipping the black coffee, and coquetting with the smooth, clouded amber that yields generously to the slightest

request of your lip such peace-restoring, grateful clouds, you beguile the intervening half-hour to dinner. If you are a man of an inquisitive turn of mind, or desirous of distraction with your tobacco, you need only take your seat on the parapet of the terrace, look over it, and note the various domestic arrangements that are being carried out on the neighbouring roofs around. Whole troops of veiled figures are flitting about like ghosts in the rapidly increasing gloom, and swarthy Nubian slaves, staggering under mountains of blue-striped bundles, are emerging through a hole in the roof. These bundles are the beds of the family; and in the course of a few hours, when night has hung her black pall over the face of the land, you will all be sleeping, young and old, men and women, Christians and Turks, with the same ceiling, the same roof, above your heads — the dark-blue, starlit vault of heaven.

It was after a stay of ten days or so at Baghdad, that a party of four of us determined upon starting for the ruins of Babylon. There was a difficulty about horses, as only one of the party had his at Baghdad. The rest of us, on making up our minds to ride, on hire, whatever wretched animals the bazaars might produce, had this sorry consolation in our hearts, that at least half-a-dozen good horses, sound in wind and limb, calling us lords and masters, were standing engaged in the pleasant occupation of

"eating their heads off" in a camp situated certainly on the same river-bank as we ourselves were then, but separated from us by some hundreds of miles of desert trackless wastes. On leaving the camp, at a few hours' notice, about a fortnight previous, I had tried hard to bring away a horse with me. I knew that if I did not succeed, there was but very little probability of my ever seeing either of my two again. The forces under Sir James Outram were about to leave the camp they held on the river-bank, and I felt sure that two ownerless horses would stand but a poor chance when the hurried transfer of an army from *terra firma* to the decks of transport vessels was in question. Of the two horses that stood at my tent door, one was an old favourite; so when the servants were engaged thrusting all my worldly goods into as small a space as was possible, I found time to run down to the captain of the little war-steamer that was about to start up the river for Baghdad, and beseech him to take a horse on board. He consented, only providing that the animal should be sent a mile or so up the river, to a spot where he gave me to understand the depth of the water would allow of the steamer running in, and the nature of the bank would permit of the horse walking on board. *Walking on board!* These were his words, and I pondered over them much in the secret corners of my heart. However, so it was arranged. The

good captain seemed to think it a very easy matter; I had an evil foreboding that it would be very much the contrary. A six years' intimacy with my old favourite had afforded me various opportunities of studying the quips and cranks of his odd nature. He had an unreasonable, absurd, unwarrantable dislike to shipboard. The idea of his walking on board! I felt instinctively that there was as much chance of his walking straight off the earth to the moon. Unless he was to be conjured on board, I felt pretty certain that slings, and slings only, were the sole earthly means that would resist with success that refractory nature of his, and these the slender spars of the small steamer did not admit of. But as it was simply a question to me of losing or keeping a valuable horse — losing if he was left behind, and keeping if he could be by any means inveigled on board the steamer — I thought the captain's plan worth a trial, and wisely kept my own counsel; for I was fully sensible of the extreme horror in which every sailor holds anything likely to give rise to detention when once he is under weigh. As I returned to my tent that was —now three or four dirty-looking bundles strewed about — I pictured to myself, in defiance of all gratitude, the man with whom I had just been in such amiable converse as he would appear an hour or so hence. I knew that cheerful, obliging sailor, a favourite with everybody, whom I had just left

pacing so calmly his quarterdeck, would be, on my account and before long, in the sudden space of a few minutes, transformed into entirely a different being. Where he was walking now so quietly, he would be stamping his feet like an enraged gnu. That bland countenance would be purple; those lips would be consigning me and everything belonging to me to eternal perdition. For did I not see as clearly as if it was all before my eyes, the little steamer, with steam up, grating her trimly painted sides against the projecting roots and stones of a rugged bank, my horse tied with ropes in every conceivable way, but still able to lash out and sidle, and back and drag after him over the plain the whole ship's company like so many Hectors in the dust. The event turned out much as I had expected. The very sight of the river and the approaching steamer made the horse stiffen his crest, extend his thin nostrils, and prepare himself for battle. Planks were laid down from the deck to the bank, and artfully covered with grass. A tempting lock of fragrant hay was held out by a kind hand on board. The crew fastened on to the halter like bull-dogs, and tugged with all their strength. The groom coaxed and shouted, and even threw stones at the poor dear old horse. But all in vain. He "begged to decline." His desert blood was as shy of shipboard as is a delicate timid woman. After a desperate attempt to kill his groom, and drown me—for as a last resource I had tried to ride

him, blindfold, across the planks—the captain, with patience quite exhausted and beside himself with wrath, called us all on board, and ordered the steamer to go ahead. As we pushed off from the bank, the feeling that I had parted perhaps for ever —and it *was* for ever—from an old friend sat heavy on my heart. On taking a last fond look at my old favourite, it was only too evident that no reciprocal feeling of sorrow crossed that broad breast. There he stood with head erect, snorting defiance at the departing steamer. The groom was standing by, significantly tapping the girdle that wound so tightly around his own slim waist. Now that I, his "lord and master," was gone from his gaze for ever, who was to put rice into that humble stomach?

Reader of mine! I trust yours is a forgiving nature. I had nearly started you off to Babylon, when I started myself off on the above needless digression about a horse; and I cannot even give a reasonable excuse for having thus wandered away from my original subject. When it was known in the bazaars that horses on hire were wanted for Babylon, a man, one Hassan, speedily presented himself at the Residency. The bargain was soon struck, and according to the terms of it we were to be provided with three horses, and some mules to carry the servants and our bedding. Notwithstanding the man Hassan's dilating much on the excellent

qualities of the horses that we were to be provided with, and his vowing by all that he held sacred that we had only to sit on their backs and ride them at a hand-gallop from one Serai to the other, we in our own minds were nearly certain that horses hired as these were would be but sorry brutes to look at; so not wishing to make ourselves needlessly uncomfortable by ordering them out to be looked at, we told the owner to take them some six miles down the river. By this arrangement, when we should arrive in the afternoon by water at the spot agreed upon, we should find him and the animals awaiting us on the bank, and we should ourselves be some six miles on our road to Babylon.

Early in the afternoon we threw our saddles into what looked like a large black shield floating on the water of the river. We ourselves stepped in over the side after our saddles, and in another minute, smiling triumphantly at greeting friends on the bank, we were shooting down the Tigris, midstream. A muscular Baghdadee, reaching over the edge of the shield, worked a paddle and kept us from spinning round in the boiling eddies of the current. This black shield we were in, that glided so merrily over the seething, turbid waters of the river, was a "ghoofa." Its willow twigs, now precious to us as the breath in our bodies, bent under feet, as the wicker sides of a basket would have done. A thick coating of bitumen made the willow twigs water-

tight, and inside was a sort of lining of rushes and date leaves. The enjoyment of this novel manner of proceeding down a river was rather marred by the idea that if any one of the party were suddenly to give a kick on the spot whereon he stood, the action would most inevitably consign the whole of us to one "watery grave." But, fragile as these "ghoofas" *appear*, in reality they are not so. They will cross a river with one or two horses on board with perfect safety. We sped rapidly down through the gardens and groves of Baghdad. Our ghoofaman plied his paddle craftily, and as he inclined his body forwards above the edge, he represented as it were the prow of our shield-like basket-boat. Singular as was the appearance and construction of our own ghoofa, and of the numberless others we passed, our attention was also much attracted by some large boats of quite another build. These were moving along, some down stream, under a huge lateen sail; others were being towed up stream by a string of stalwart naked Arabs, who chanted to their work a wild melancholy strain. These boats were also covered with bitumen as ours was, but the build, instead of being round, was that of a boat, with a fantastically-curved raking prow and sharp stern. Projecting far out behind the stern were several large logs of wood, fastened together in an objectless, untidy sort of way: these logs so fastened formed a grotesque-looking thing enough, which served, rather

to our astonishment, as the rudder to the boat. These boats, a sort of "bagala," are simply a basket-work of rushes and straw, covered thickly with bitumen, and from forty to fifty feet long, with good beam, and drawing but little water. An Arab will tell you that diligent workmen will finish a boat of the kind in one day. They are laden, some of them with grain, from Bussorah, the great corn-market, the Odessa of these countries. Others are carrying valuable merchandise, that has found its way up the Persian Gulf from the markets of Bombay. If you could manage to have a talk with that magnificent-looking fellow, whom, were you to meet him in Europe, you might take for a brigand straight from the Abruzzi, but here in Asia you know him to be a sort of Bashi-Bazook, half Kurd, half Chaldean, who scowls down at you as he lies sprawling on his deck, with weapons of all kinds within reach of his right hand, and who then, as if you were quite unworthy of any long scrutiny of his, looks afterwards about and around him as if he were lord of the whole universe; well, if you could manage to have a talk with him, and he would condescend to answer you in phrases of more length than merely cursing at you as an infidel, he could probably tell you that he and his companions have had more than one fight for dear life on their way up the river, with plundering Arabs from the Benilam and Montifica tribes, boat-loads of whom had pushed off from the banks with a view to

appropriate the contents of the boat intrusted to his mercenary care.

As we shot down the stream, the cultivation and trees became thinner; and we could now see across the far-stretching broad plains on both sides of us. The river was very full, and having overflowed in places its banks, large sheets of water lay over the country, glistening in the light of the descending sun. Away to the right we caught a glimpse of K—— spurring across the plain. As he had his own good horse to carry him, he naturally preferred the gallop of six miles to the "ghoofa." Every now and then, a sheet of water, that had been laid over the desert by the river, would meet the distant horseman in mid-career. We would see a thousand diamonds gleam suddenly brilliant in the evening light, and then through the midst of them horse and rider would appear, skimming like some enchanted spirit across the smooth face of the waters. On our approaching the spot where it had been agreed that Hassan and his horses were to await us, not a living thing did we see upon the plain for miles around, except a very lightly clad boy on a white donkey. The boy appeared to be watching our boat; and finally, as we touched the bank, he approached cautiously, and peered at us as if to satisfy himself of our identity. He then delivered himself of something very guttural to our boatman, settled himself quite on the tail-end of his donkey, broke into a

hand-gallop, and, disappearing from our sight, vanished into space across the plain. Though certainly partaking largely of the mysterious, there was something business-like in the bearing of the boy that a little encouraged us; but for the rest, it appeared that the fates had willed we were to be left an indefinite period of time with our own meditations on the banks of the stream.

And so left we were for two mortal hours. The glowing sun had gone down upon our impatience, and the short twilight was launching us rapidly into night, when Hassan, horses, and mules made their appearance. The reason for their being so late at the trysting-place was this: They had arrived at noon, but had no sooner sat down to await our arrival than a party of horsemen, supposed to be Bashi-Bazooks, were descried in the distance. As it was nearly certain that, if by chance these desperate marauders caught sight of the horses, they would instantly ride up and appropriate them, and probably amuse themselves by pricking the owner with their lances till he jumped into the river, or otherwise considerately disposed of himself, Hassan and the muleteers crept away to a place of concealment some four miles off, leaving the white donkey and boy as a sort of vidette. We said nothing. It was quite possible that the story was true. It was also quite possible that the party of dreaded Bashi-Bazooks was the mere creation of Hassan's brain, rendered sud-

denly imaginative by the hopes of detaining us that night from proceeding onwards, for some inscrutable object of his own. There was still daylight enough left to see only too clearly the wretched, miserable animals that we were about to mount. There they were, three angular galloways, sore-backed, girth-galled, hocks spavined to a degree that was a study, and feet all shapes and sizes, turned up like a Chinese slipper at the toe, and worn away to nothing at the heel. We positively shuddered as we thought over the long weary miles that lay between us and Babylon. We went through the farce of drawing lots, I remember, and having chosen our horses as the lots fell, we were about to saddle up, when Hassan rushed towards us with terror-stricken countenance, stayed our hands, and implored us in the name of the Prophet to desist. Good heavens! what on earth did the fellow want? What further detention could he wish to put upon us, we who had been hitherto so long-suffering, so indulgent of past delay, we who had listened without a murmur to the Bashi-Bazook story? It was simply this: night was coming on apace, and our starting in the rapidly-increasing darkness and gloom was a thing not to be dreamt of by the most foolhardy of men. The boy would be lost; the mules would stick fast and be deplorably drowned in the flooded tracts of the plain across which our road lay. We ourselves would inevitably catch fevers from breathing the nightly exhalations

of the submerged desert. Even the dreaded Bashi-Bazooks were lugged in, in the vain hope of establishing some sort of indecision, some sort of fear, in our stubborn hearts. Hassan beat his breast, and finally went to the length of throwing his round felt skull-cap on the ground, and that with a vehemence and a suddenness that made even one of the poor horses prick his ears, and give a sign or two of life. But instantly our saddles were placed, as gently as circumstances would permit, on the raw backs of our horses, start we did, for we had no ambition of bivouacking around our saddles on banks of Tigris, romantic as the situation might appear hereafter to friends in England. Under a starry heaven—I thought not even in Southern Africa I had ever seen one equal to it in brilliancy—we struck away south-west across the plain, leaving the Tigris behind us; and now our horses' heads were turned in the direction of her sister river the Euphrates. It had been long dark when the howling of dogs told us we were passing through an Arab encampment. Still on we went, every now and then splashing through acres of water, our horses profanely treading upon what seemed a brilliant starlit firmament spread beneath us. It was within an hour of midnight when the large serai of Kan-e-zad loomed up suddenly, dark and massive, before us. At the serai we found K——, who had arrived several hours previous, and the Turkish guard of four dragoons under a lieuten-

ant, provided us by the Pasha of Baghdad. As the road is not considered safe, travellers to Babylon are provided with a guard from Baghdad; but I'm afraid few travellers find the officer commanding the escort the obliging being that we found ours. He was a good-looking young man, with fair hair and grey eyes, the inheritance, probably, of some dazzling Georgian beauty. Late as the hour was, he stood, sabre-girt, ready to receive us; and upon our dismounting he sate himself down upon the ground, and in the most humble way in the world set to work at pulling off our dusty, travel-stained boots. We perched ourselves upon one of the little raised platforms within the great quadrangle of the building, which seemed full of travellers, very few of whom appeared to be asleep, far as the night was spent. I believe your true Oriental when on the move sleeps but little during the night. You suddenly awake after a sleep of apparently hours, and look towards your watch-fire; there you will see him: his fingers stretched out are red in the glow of the firelight, and his eye is gleaming out at you, bright like a beacon, through the darkness of night. The air was heavy with the smoke of various small fires kindled around in different parts of the large serai. As we wandered away to smiling England, to home, to memories of those nearest and dearest, the adventuresome voice of some traveller near us broke from a dark recess of the building. The tale

whether of love or woe 'twas hard to say; but whatever it was, it startled the hush of night in piercing tones of nasal melancholy.

The light of early dawn showed the corresponding terrace to ours on the other side of the quadrangle crowded with human beings. All were dressed alike, in a sort of white linen military dress. These, we learned, were Anatolian recruits for the Turkish army, some two hundred of them going to Hillah. The Turkish officer in command commenced the morning's work in the most orthodox way, which was in very strong contrast with what subsequently took place. He thoroughly put any lingering drowsiness of ours to rout by screaming out the roll-call of the recruits. He then dressed them in line. The terrace on which they were, with perpendicular sides, was raised some four feet, and at one angle three or four steps led down to the floor of the Serai. At this angle the officer placed himself. His giving the word of command to the recruits to descend was the commencement of a scene that defies any description. Before half-a-dozen of the recruits had filed by him, the Turk had lashed himself into a perfect frenzy. Like a practised boxer, he hit out right and left at the unoffending Anatolians: he kicked at them; he cursed at them; he finished by spitting at them; he sent them by a dexterous push as they crowded towards the angle, a dozen at a time, sprawling down the steps, so that many of them lighted on

their heads and hands on the dusty floor of the Serai below. But the recruits, for the most part broad-shouldered, stout-limbed men, moved not a finger in self-defence, and uttered not a word of complaint. The boldest of them screwed up courage and made a rush by the angle of the platform to avoid the blows of the tormentor. But the truculent Turk was too much for them: not one escaped without a cuff or a kick, or at least a curse, which annihilated him and his family for generations to come. The meanest official in Turkey, "clothed in brief authority," is a greater despot, a greater tyrant, than the Czar of All the Russias. Any one of those Anatolians would no more have thought of disputing the right of the Turk to kick him, than in olden times a serf would have thought of disputing the vexing rights of his feudal seigneur.

Our morning ride was across a country lamentably desert and sterile. The only habitation of man we passed was the khan of Bir-i-noos. Often did we push our horses to the summit of some little hillock, to the top of some long wave of the plain, in the hopes of seeing some green tree, some green thing. In vain: nothing of the kind was visible on the vast rolling plain which glared, arid and parched, with a fearful sameness, all around in the hot sunlight. A feeling of bewilderment, of melancholy, took possession of us at the sight of these apparently boundless imperviable wastes — a feeling much akin to that

which Cortes and his Spaniards must have felt; only they, from the tops of tall trees, looked over a cheerless interminable waste of primeval forest. We were looking over the most ancient of this earth's kingdoms. But the destroying hand of time, the awful wear and tear of more than fifty centuries, had laid the land of Shinar, the land of the mighty hunter, of the idolatrous king, waste and desolate. Some of the weary hours we beguiled in converse with our lieutenant of dragoons. Any question as to the interior economy of his regiment puzzled him sadly. The Turkish troops quartered at Baghdad are frequently employed against the marauding Arab and Kurdish tribes in the vicinity. When we were on this subject, he gave us his ideas as to the proper means to be employed for utterly destroying off the face of the earth all the Arabs of the desert; but the views of the young "plunger," when treating of military matters, were of an amusing, vague character, much as those of a French writer of a romance of the present century when on the subject of religion. The heat of the day we passed in the large Serai of Iskandria. At five in the afternoon we took to the saddle again, and a ride of some four hours, through a country similar to that we had traversed in the morning, brought us to the Serai of Mohawull. Here the Serai bore so little tempting an appearance that we lit our fire away out in the plain. When our dinner was finished, or rather our "tea," for tea

was our great stand-by, we lay spokewise towards the fire, with the screams of jackals ringing in our ears the livelong night. The next morning, before the cold light of dawn had left the eastern sky, we were jogging on our road. In the distance, high above the plain, loomed a great mound of earth. On both sides of us lay what looked like long lines of parallel ranges of hills. These lines are pronounced to be the remains of those canals that once conducted the waters of the Euphrates over the length and breadth of the ancient Babylonia. What mighty canals must they have been, that still showed under the roll of centuries such substantial traces! now not so much as a drop of water, no, not even a drop of heaven's pearly dew, ever glistens, where once ships must have navigated. Those mighty banks that carried fertility to every corner of the ancient kingdom are now mere useless, sightless mounds. No morning mist, moistening the thirsty earth, ever hangs over them. No rain-clouds ever shadow them, tempering the rays of a fierce daily-returning sun. The end of her that "dwelt upon many waters" had been brought about only too surely. The awful prophecies had been fulfilled, and desolation, in all its nakedness, in all its dreariness, was around us. After riding some two hours, we arrived at the foot of the great mound that we had seen in the distance in the morning. We dismounted and scrambled to the top, for we had e'en arrived at the ruins of Babylon; and this

great mound of earth that we were on was the grave of the golden city. I believe from the summit, raised some hundred feet above the plain, the walls of the ancient city may be traced. But a hot wind driving burning sand and the impalpable dust of ages into the pores of our skins, made every effort to open an eye so terribly painful, that we gave up the idea in despair of either tracing walls or, indeed, of looking about us much anywhere. I remember seeing, away to the west, lines of willows, and a silver thread winding away into distance; and, nearer, some unsightly bare mounds, looking as if volcanic fire had been at work underneath the smooth surface of the plain, and had thrown these mounds up in the spirit of pure mischief. That silver thread was our first glimpse of the waters of the Euphrates, and the mounds all that remained of the once beautiful hanging gardens of Babylon; at least, so the conjecture of men of research has accounted for them. But so completely have the prophecies been fulfilled —so completely has the "name and the remnant been cut off" of all pertaining to the once mighty city, that even the great hill on which we were standing is only by conjecture supposed to be the ruin of some great building or royal palace that stood within the walls — possibly the Palace of Semiramis. There was this one fact that stood up before us, clear and indisputable as the unclouded sun above: we, Englishmen, were looking over the

site of a once immense city, whose inhabitants were counted by millions—millions who had never heard of our miserable little island, or even of the seas that surround it. Laying this fact to heart, how possible it seemed that a time might yet be, within the womb of ages, when our own great city would be but a heap of ugly ruin. There is this hope and consolation for us. No terrible doom of utter desolation, no awful prophecies of sudden and entire destruction, hang over the modern Babylon. Provided Father Thames rolls his much-abused tide in the accustomed channel, and we English are a nation, there is no reason why Pall-Mall and Piccadilly should not exist till the end of all things.

We descended from the great mound, and made for those lesser mounds which are supposed to be the site of the hanging gardens of Nitocris and Semiramis. In one spot—the only thing we saw in the shape of a building in a state of ruin—was a mass of vitrified brickwork, piercing the soil and debris of centuries, angle upwards. The bricks were square, of large size, and beautiful make; the angles of some clear and sharp, as if the brick had but left the kiln yesterday, instead of nearly twice two thousand years ago. Turning into a little hollow way between the mounds, we came suddenly upon the colossal stone lion. Time with his leaden hand had knocked away at all sharp angles of the statue. The features of the lion are completely obliterated, as are also those of

the prostrate form that lies so helpless, so utterly and wholly human, beneath the upraised paw of the king of beasts. The group presents itself to the eye, owing to this wear of old Time, much in the appearance of those vast blocks of Carrara marble which the bold chisel of Michael Angelo struck into, and then at the point that the shapeless marble had begun to assume the merest "abbozzo" of the great sculptor's idea, the block was suddenly abandoned, and left as a wonder and a puzzle to future ages; so does this group of the lion and the man now bear an unfinished, unwrought appearance, but you cannot look at it a moment, and not instantly avow the majesty and grandeur of the idea that once lay there so mightily embodied. This dark-coloured colossal statue, which may once have stood under the gorgeous roof of a temple, and before which the queenly Semiramis, proud and supremely beautiful, may once have bowed, stands now canopied by the grandest of all canopies certainly — high heaven, but never noticed but by the desert wind that sweeps moaning over it, and the jackals that yelp around, as they hold high revel over the bones of some camel who has been good enough to die in the vicinity.

Hillah is distant some seven miles from Babylon. The town, shrinking away from the howling desert, clings, after the manner of confiding childhood, to the river's banks. We passed through that part of the town which lies upon the left bank, and made

across the Euphrates by a bridge of boats, whose uneven planks, rattling beneath our horses' feet, first tilted, then gaped, and obligingly gave us a good broad glimpse of the bright waters gleaming below. This sort of roadway would have proved trying to the nerves of most horses. I came to the conclusion that our horses had no nerves, and never could have had any. Poor beasts! "Nerves" were not to be reckoned among their numerous ailments. The way they scrambled across that bridge, stumbling at every other step, as they struck their feet against the tilting planks, poking first a fore leg down a hole, then dropping a hind leg, then up again and boldly onwards, as if nothing in the world had happened, was a thing to be remembered. We took up our quarters finally in a large airy house, built close on the river bank. This house, belonging to the Hillah Pasha, had been placed at our disposal immediately he heard that strangers had arrived. Whether it was that the Pasha was really indisposed, or that our visit to Hillah happened to be at a time of a rigorous fast, a period of time when the Pasha was supposed to be very sharp set, and in no mood to receive strangers under his roof, I know not; but we did not, owing to one of the above reasons, pay the usual visit of ceremony. That is to say, for the space of what is usually one mortal hour, we were not bepiped, and besherbeted, and becoffeed, under the august eye of a turbaned Turk "on hospitable thoughts intent."

In the afternoon we went for a stroll through the town. There was a bustle and stir in the bazaars that the general appearance of the town did not warrant us to expect. As we walked, there was a stillness and closeness in the atmosphere that was oppressive. It was that kind of stillness of the atmosphere which you instinctively feel must be followed by a storm sooner or later. About an hour before sunset we were standing on the bridge of boats, looking down upon the Euphrates rolling its dark turbid tide below us. The heaven above was without a cloud; but suddenly, in the course of a few minutes, as it appeared, we became aware that the western sky was becoming strangely obscure, and as we looked in the direction of the sun, we saw his rays were waxing dim by reason of a vast lurid cloud that was surging up from the western horizon at a pace that was terrific to behold. There was a sudden rush of feet across the bridge, for the people, men, women, and children, were flying in all directions, hoping to find shelter from the deluge which they supposed would, in a very short time, be pouring down upon the town from out of the midst of the ominous pillar of cloud that was building itself up so rapidly and with such magic speed in the west. Even an old Turk, who shot by us on his white donkey, wore a countenance perfectly alarmed and panic-stricken. I believe a Turk is the only man among men who looks wholly dignified and composed as he glides

through the broad light of day perched on the back of a donkey. An Englishman on a donkey is not the "right man in the right place" by any means. He is either possessed with a fit of boisterous merriment, as his knees go poking at the backs of the crowd, or else with a nervous dread that sooner or later he must ride over and injure some man, woman, or helpless child. But your true Osmanlee, with the shuffling, humble quadruped beneath him, tilts at the crowd as if only intent as a ruthless Vandal upon destruction and injury, breathing scorn upon your infidel head should he happen to jostle you, and withal proud and defiant, as if he were astride a caparisoned elephant. But, Turk as he was, the Turk we saw that evening was not "equal to the occasion." He had no sooner passed us, his eye fixed on the darkening sky, and abject terror depicted in every line of his countenance, than he whirled his chibouque high aloft. The bowl flew heaven knows where, but the long cherry stick came down, like avenging fate, sure and swift upon the ribs of the poor donkey. A heavy gust of wind, the precursor of the storm, swept across the bridge, and burst irreverently upon the sacred beard of him that fled, and, as a squall splits a light stun sail, split it into a thousand shreds that went streaming out over his shoulders behind.

We ourselves hurried home, for we saw plainly that the storm would be upon us in a few minutes.

The appearance of this driving cloud from our verandah was grand in the extreme. We now were convinced that a sandstorm, and that one of no ordinary kind, was about to burst upon us in all its fury; for the cloud, now that we came to look at it, and into it, evidently held no rain in its lurid depths. The dark shades of it were of the deepest purple, and the edges, as it came boiling up from the westward, were tinted a glorious gold. Every instant, as the light played over the surface, we beheld colours varying from a brilliant orange to the deep, dark, sombre tones of red and purple. Birds of all descriptions, screaming wildly, were endeavouring, some by rapid flight, some by soaring high into the yet clear vault of heaven, to avoid the sand-laden atmosphere that was surging towards us in a way wondrous to behold. In less than fifteen minutes from the time we first observed it, the fiery breath of the storm was upon us. First came the moan of a rushing mighty wind as it swept angrily by. There were a few date-trees in the garden below. Their large sturdy leaves were for an instant strangely agitated; the next they were torn away with a crash, and then hurried along to leeward as are the light leaves of a beech before an autumn breeze. The stout trees themselves swayed to and fro, then bent down, and bowed humbly before the wrath of the gale. A few seconds more and the town was plunged into an utter darkness as of midnight. Though two of us were standing within

a yard of each other, out in the open verandah, it was impossible to trace even the outline of the figure, so impenetrable was the gloom. There was a feeling that some kind of fine sand was pervading every sense of the body. There was a peculiar *taste* in the atmosphere, and the eyes suddenly became painful and sore. After the one furious gust of wind had passed on, there was a great stillness in the air; and immediately the darkness set in, the buzz and the hum of the bazaars was completely hushed. Our servants thought the last day had come, and, as we heard afterwards, this was the general opinion throughout the town; for even the "oldest inhabitant" had never seen any dust-storm resembling this. In those moments of darkness more than one pious follower of the Prophet, as he felt himself choking with dust, thought that the hour in which he should find himself gliding to heaven and unbounded bliss had at length approached. Had he not prayed at all hours of the day and the night? Had he not fasted till he had become the mere ghost of his former self? Had he not rubbed his forehead on the black stone of the distant Mecca? Had he not fairly won the joys of the faithful in that his hand had once been red with the blood of the Christian dog? or, as the case might be, did he not daily regret that no opportunity had presented itself of cutting some infidel throat. In about five minutes the darkness began to clear. Immediately we could see, we found ourselves

and everything belonging to us covered with a fine impalpable dust of a reddish colour. There is no sand of this colour in any of these deserts; so the opinion was that the dust-laden cloud was a traveller straight from the Egyptian desert. As the darkness fled, a dull-red, luminous glare, the most awe-inspiring part of the storm, I thought, succeeded, and steeped all surrounding objects. A hum from the bazaars suddenly arose, and soon swelled into a loud prolonged shout, in which it seemed that every breathing soul in the town that had a voice took rejoicing part. We saw no sun set that evening: the sombre red glare that came streaming into the windows, and bathing everything around, was gradually lost in the darkness of night. By ten o'clock that night, as we smoked our evening pipe in the open verandah, we looked up at stars shining forth bright and brilliant, but in vain did we look for any trace of the evening's storm in the dark-blue vault of heaven.

For our visit to the Birs-Nimrood we hired some horses in the town. Our own poor beasts were in want of a day's rest, and this we proposed giving them before starting on our return-ride to Baghdad. On the morning after the storm, we were threading our way through narrow silent streets and covered-in bazaars, shortly after break of day. All was silent as the grave, and nothing moving but great wolfish-looking dogs, who glared at us, showed us a long

white fang or two, and then suddenly disappeared. Early as it was, there was no greeting for us from the fresh pleasant air of morn. As we pushed along through the empty bazaars, a heavy close atmosphere stifled us with its various scents of all manners of spices and fruits and stores; all which, good things in their way, we knew were piled up behind the great badly-jointed boards that stretched across the counters of the stalls. Not till we issued out into the open plain, across which our road lay, did we drink in the pure morning air of the desert, and then it came to us like an invigorating draught. We coaxed the horses—which were small springy Arabs, not in the best condition certainly, but infinitely better in every respect than our Baghdad ones—into a cheering gallop. The Hillah Pasha had provided us with an escort of two men. These men, chosen from among his own retainers, were supposed to have some sort of mysterious information as to the movements of a plundering tribe of the Shammar Arabs, who had lately been seen in the vicinity of the ruin we were about to visit. Whether it was the presence of these two formidable-looking horsemen with us or not, it was impossible to say; but no plundering Arabs molested us, nor did we see any, nor indeed any living thing during our ride, if I remember right, beyond some terribly mangy-looking jackals, that slunk away at our approach as they say ghosts do at the approach of dawn. One of our two

men was a Kurd, the other an Arab. Any national characteristic they might have had in early days had been completely obliterated by the levelling hand of the Pasha's service. The Kurd had little to distinguish him from the Arab, though he did certainly look rather the greater villain of the two. Had the question of cutting our throats arisen, the Arab would, no doubt, have seconded, but the Kurd most assuredly would have put the motion. They were both armed to the teeth, and had all sorts of strange contrivances fastened about their persons. Powder-flasks of various shapes and sizes, cartouche-boxes, and an odd contrivance for striking fire at an instant's notice, were among the numerous things that dangled around their hips. In addition to a whole girdleful of side-arms, one carried a lance, the other a long matchlock, with slow match kindled, ready for immediate action. When our gallop was over, and we were ambling along at a more sober pace, some premonitory signs given by our escort made us aware that they now thought a fit opportunity had arrived of giving us some idea of their martial prowess. The Kurd blew up his match, and gave a tug at his long wiry moustaches, with the air of a man prepared for some doughty deed. The Arab shook his lance, gave a yell—not an ordinary yell, let me add, but a yell that, going up somewhere above our heads, burst in the serene still air of early day, and shivered it into ragged reverberating fragments—took his horse

as tight by the head as he could hold him, and then sent him bounding over the desert in large sweeping circles. The Kurd's tactics were different. He hung his reins dangling over the saddle-bow, seized his long matchlock with both hands, thumped lustily at the lean sides of his steed with the heavy iron stirrup, and in another moment horse and man were flying across the broad plain in a line of flight straight as that of a shooting-star. They went through a variety of manœuvres. The Arab was the better mounted man of the two, and appeared to have his adversary completely under command as far as speed went; but from whichever side he approached, from the right or from the left, from the front or from the rear, the death-dealing tube of the Kurd, like the finger of destiny, was ever pointing straight upon him. I think it is a Russian proverb that says "no man can attain to honour in the State who is cursed with a stiff backbone." If it is fair to apply the proverb "*au pied de la lettre*," that poor Kurdish retainer who accompanied us that day ought by right to be a Pasha at least before he dies. The way he bent himself—his horse at gallop all the while—backwards and sideways and forwards, proved that he was possessed of a backbone of more than ordinarily supple capacity.

To our right, the bare plain was dotted by a little patch of brake and jungle: our Kurd could speak a little Persian, and in answer to our in-

quiries he informed us that wild boar, as we had supposed, were sometimes the occupants of the little patch of covert. But the name of the unclean animal had no sooner passed the Kurd's lips, than such sonorous maledictions, such sweeping curses, rolled from off his true believing tongue, that we at once saw the impropriety we had committed in mentioning an animal so distasteful, so utterly abhorrent, to so orthodox a follower of the Prophet as our Kurd evidently professed himself to be. In our hearts, we knew this eloquent cursing of the Kurd's was simply a little bit of affectation. Had some grisly old boar been lying dead on the plains, with his throat properly cut, and turned towards Mecca the Holy, our Kurd would have walked away—though perhaps not openly—with a piece of the forbidden flesh, as well as the veriest Christian amongst us. After a ride of about eight miles, we were at the foot of the Birs-Nimrood. Our horses' feet were trampling upon the remains of bricks which showed here and there through the accumulated dust and rubbish of ages. Before our eyes uprose a great mound of earth, barren and bare. This was the Birs-Nimrood, the ruins of the Tower of Babel, by which the first builders of the earth had vainly hoped to scale high heaven. Here also it was that Nebuchadnezzar built, for bricks bearing his name have been found in the ruins. At the top of the mound a great mass of brickwork pierces the accumulated soil. With your

finger you touch the very bricks, large, square-shaped, and massive, that were "thoroughly" burned; the very mortar; the "slime," now hard as granite, handled more than four thousand years ago by earth's impious people. From the summit of the mound, far away over the plain, we could see glistening, brilliant as a star, the gilded dome of a mosque, that caught and reflected the bright rays of the morning sun. This glittering speck was the tomb of the holy Ali, and to pray before this at some period of his life, to kiss the sacred dust of the earth around, there at some time or other to bend his body and count his beads, is the daily desire of every devout Mohammedan.

We were back from the Birs-Nimrood and under our Hillah roof again by ten o'clock. By four that evening we had turned our faces to the north, and were riding for Baghdad. The distance from Hillah to the gates of Baghdad is called sixty miles. We were actually in the saddle on our return-ride, never going beyond a walk's pace, 18¼ hours, viz. :—

Hillah to Mohawul,	4	hours.
Mohawul to Iskandria,	4¼	,,
Iskandria to Kanezad,	5	,,
Kanezad to Baghdad,	5	,,
	18¼	,,

THE KING OF TRISTAN D'ACUNHA:

A FORGOTTEN MONARCH.

[*MAGA.* DECEMBER 1818.]

TRISTAN D'ACUNHA is about seven leagues in circumference, of a square shape, formed by hilly ridges with deep valleys, and appears to have originated from a volcanic eruption. The only level ground of consequence is on the N.E. side, at the foot of a mountain rising upwards of 8000 perpendicular feet from the flat, in extent about five miles; the principal part of which may be cultivated easily, having been cleared of the brushwood by fires, and left in a state to receive the plough or spade.

The island looks to be inaccessible on the other parts. Probably, in moderate weather, and a smooth sea, boats may land, but the only road across would be over the mountains; to walk round is impossible, the sea beating in many places against the perpendicular cliffs.

Stone for building to be had; but none of the kind the lime is produced from could be seen. A

very good sort of reed for thatching grows in abundance.

The common tree of the island appears a species of gum-tree, very sappy, and only of use for firewood and common purposes.

The island is well supplied with water. Three falls run near the habitable part; one convenient for ships, who may fill casks in their boat with a hose.

The seasons are described as being irregular; the climate very good, and particularly healthy. The spring commences the latter end of September, and the winter in April, which is mild, never too cold to hurt the vegetation. Snow is seen on the mountains from April to September. Prevailing winds from S.E. to W.N.W.; seldom wore to eastward; but when from that quarter, it blows with its greatest strength.

It rains moderately throughout the year, and never at any time to hurt the ground. Ice has never been seen; thunder seldom heard.

When Buonaparte was sent to St Helena, it was deemed expedient to examine these islands, and, if necessary, to take possession of them. The Falmouth frigate was despatched for this purpose, and arrived there in August 1816. Two men were found living on the island, who, it appeared, had been on this desolate spot for some years, and who were both overjoyed in placing themselves under the protection of the British flag. One of these men, of the name

of Thomas Currie, gave the following account of his coming to the island.

"My first coming to the island was in an American ship called the Baltic, Captain Lovel, belonging to Boston. We arrived from Rio de Janeiro 27th December 1810.

"I came under an agreement to remain one year, and to have a passage found me to the Cape of Good Hope, in case I should not wish to remain on the island. My agreement was twelve Spanish dollars per month, besides the one-third of twenty per cent on all produce during the time I might remain.

"The man I agreed with was not Captain Lovel, but Jonathan Lambert, an American, who intended to make a settlement on the island. He remained on it till the 17th May 1812, when he and two other Americans, under pretence of fishing and collecting wreck, took the boat and left the island. I never heard of them since; but I must not omit mentioning, that the said Jonathan Lambert took possession of the three islands of Tristan d'Acunha in a formal manner.

"I never received either money or any other remuneration from Lambert for all my labour. I suffered the greatest distress from want of clothes and provisions. I have been constantly robbed by the Americans, whether vessels of war or merchantmen. They took away my live stock, and the produce of the land, which I had cleared with my own hard labour and industry since my first arrival."

Thomas Currie has fifteen or twenty acres of ground cultivated, sown with vegetables, which were thriving very well, and three huts thatched with reed.

The other person on the island (a lad whom he called his apprentice) came from an English ship, having agreed to serve two years for wages: is a native of Minorca.

The stock on the island belonging to Thomas Currie consisted of—

Forty breeding sows, } of the wild breed.
Two boars, }

No fowls or ducks left; the last taken away by the American privateers.

He stated that, in the mountains, there were many wild pigs and goats.

The following is the document left by Jonathan Lambert on the island, by which he constituted himself sole monarch of this group of islands:—

"Know all men by these presents that I, Jonathan Lambert, late of Salem, in the state of Massachusetts, United States of America, and citizen thereof, have this 4th day of February, in the year of our Lord 1811, taken absolute possession of the island of Tristan d'Acunha, so called—viz., the great island, and the other two, known by the names of Inaccessible and Nightingale islands, solely for myself and my heirs for ever, with the right of conveying the whole, or any part thereof, to one or more persons,

by deed of sale, free gift, or otherwise, as I or they (my heirs) may hereafter think fitting or proper.

"And as no European, or other Power whatever, has hitherto publicly claimed the said islands, by right of discovery or act of possession: Therefore be it known to all nations, tongues, and languages, that from and ever after the date of this public instrument, I constitute my individual self the sole proprietor of the above-mentioned islands, grounding my right and claim on the rational and sure principle of absolute occupancy; and, as such, holding and possessing all the rights, titles, and immunities properly belonging to proprietors by the usage of nations.

"In consequence of this right and title by me thus assumed and established, I do further declare that the said islands shall, for the future, be denominated the Islands of Refreshment, the great island bearing that name in particular; and the landing-place on the north side, a little to the east of the cascade, to be called Reception, and which shall be the place of my residence. The isle formerly called Inaccessible shall henceforth be called Printard Island; and that known by the name of Nightingale Isle shall now be called Lovel Island.

"And I do further declare that the cause of the said act, set forth in this instrument, originated in the desire and determination of preparing for myself and family a house where I can enjoy life, without the embarrassments which have hitherto constantly

attended me, and procure for us an interest, and property, by means of which a competence may be ever secured, and remain, if possible, far removed beyond the reach of chicanery and ordinary misfortunes.

"For the above purpose, I intend paying the strictest attention to husbandry, presuming, where it is known in the world, that refreshments may be obtained at my residence, all vessels, of whatever description, and belonging to whatever nation, will visit me for that purpose, and, by a fair and open traffic, supply themselves with those articles of which they may be in need.

"And I do hereby invite all those who may want refreshments to call at Reception, where, by laying-by opposite the Cascade, they will be immediately visited by a boat from the shore, and speedily supplied with such things as the islands may produce, at a reasonable price.

"And be it further known that, by virtue of the aforesaid right and authority above-mentioned, I have adopted a flag. This flag is formed of five diamonds, which shall for ever be the known and acknowledged flag of these islands.

"And that a white flag shall be known and considered as the common flag for any vessel in the merchant service which may now, or hereafter, belong to any inhabitants of these islands.

"And, lastly, be it known that I hold myself and my people, in the course of our traffic and intercourse

with any other people, to be bound by the principles of hospitality and good-fellowship, and the laws of nations (if any there are), as established by the best writers on that subject, and by no other laws whatever, until time may produce particular contracts, or other engagements.

(Signed) "J. LAMBERT."

"Witness to this signature,

(Signed) "ANDREW MILLET."

The following is a copy of the last letter written by the unfortunate sovereign of Tristan d'Acunha, before his disappearance from his seat of government.

"GREAT ISLAND, TRISTAN D'ACUNHA,
21*st Dec.* 1811.

"CAPTAIN JOHN BRIGGS.

DEAR SIR,—Compliant to your desire, when I saw you last year at Rio Janeiro, I now drop you a few lines, to be sent by the first vessel stopping here. I should have written by Captain Lovel, on his return from this place; but as I had nothing worth communicating, I reserved myself until I could, by a year's residence, give you some account of my situation, and of the soil, clime, and productions of this island and the surrounding waters. I shall begin with the climate, which is very healthy, being neither hot nor cold, but exceeding temperate. It never freezes, nor is there heat enough for ripening melons—I think,

at least, not without enclosures, of which I have none. It is rather windy, but no severe gales as yet. In the winter and spring it rains often, rendering it very disagreeable to us, who have but a sorry *Jaaçk-straw's* hut, thatched with coarse grass, without floor, &c. But we have weeks together as fine weather as summer, and vegetation goes on finely through the year. All the hardy kinds of kitchen-garden stuff flourish better in winter than summer, as in the latter they are apt to run for seed, such as cabbage, French, Lapland, and round turnips, beet, carrots, parsnips, pease, raddish, lettuce, onion, parsley, &c. Potatoes suit the soil, which is a light one, and composed, for the most part, of vegetable mould. A stream of water, which might vie with many celebrated streams. There are three constant streams on this north side of the island. The land is covered with wood quite up to the mountains, but of a creeping kind of shrub, many of the size of an apple-tree. Ships may procure what wood and water they may want for all culinary purposes. Of land fit for cultivation, I think there are 300 or 400 acres on this side, including a fine meadow of about 12 or 15 acres; on this cattle may feed the year round. I have a small flock of geese, which give me no trouble to feed, as they find abundance of green herbage throughout the year; and as I do not mean to kill any of them, except, perhaps, some spare ganders, until I have fifty breeding geese, I may expect in a little time to have a good

stock of them. Dunghill fowls breed three or four times a-year. I have one now setting for the fourth time, and think she will make out to bring the fifth set of chickens before winter. Of ducks I have only ten—having lost all my turkeys, Muscovy ducks, and all of the English ducks, except three, by their eating fish-guts last winter. I have a piece of ground, about 10 or 12 acres, containing two ponds, where the sea-elephants abound. Here I have eight sows, and four boars, quite tame—all of which, save five, we have caught on the island, of which there are many more: some we have shot, and some knocked down, &c. All this stock, together with ourselves, live at present on the flesh of the elephant. The pigs, however, may live altogether on *herbage* where they are—for which purpose, indeed, I put them down there; but I give them an elephant once in ten or fifteen days to keep them in heart. The dandelion grows here in the greatest luxuriance, and very abundant. All the wild pigs live on those, and on a very pleasant smelling strawberry-leaved kind of geranium. We have shot a few wild goats, of which there are, I suppose, twelve or sixteen left. I want a few sheep, tame goats, and rabbits, to stock the island with game. We have the little black-cock in great numbers, and, in the fall, are very fat and delicate. We caught some hundreds last year with a dog, but I have none proper for them, such as a terrier would be. The mountains are covered with

albatross, mollahs, petrels, sea-hens, &c.; and a great deal of feathers might be had, if people were to attend to it.

"For the waters, they are well furnished. Fish are had at any time for the trouble of taking them, whenever the sea is smooth enough to fish from the rocks. We have no boat, and of course cannot have them so often as we want them; but on a kind of raft of six pieces we push off on a smooth time, and take many sheephead crayfish, gramper, and large mackerel. From the rocks, which is the mode we are obliged to take, we supply ourselves sometimes, but are obliged to use a large piece of elephant meat to entice them near enough the rock. A boat would be victuals and drink to us. In the deep waters there are large fish, as cavallas, and a kind fat as salmon; and I have no doubt but very large gramper are to be found there. Sea-elephants are plenty, and they pup yearly, coming up in the months of August and September for that purpose. About a month or five weeks they take the male, and then go off to feed, and in six weeks come up, and remain a month or two to shed their old coat, and get a new one, and from that time are, for the most part, lying in the sun asleep. The males, however, stay off longer, as they of course require a longer period to feed. Their food is chiefly kelp, but I have found squid in their stomach. During the pupping season, the black-fish are very numerous, and equally rapacious, always on the look-out

for the elephants, great or small, young or old. I have seen them attack *old ones*, and carry young ones off. They run themselves aground on the beach very often, so that we lance them frequently, and shoot into them. This last season I think 1000 pups were brought forth on this island, and as many more on the other two; and I suppose, when I passed near those islands, in the passage out to Bengal, in the Grand Turk, they must have been almost innumerable, seeing some parties or other have been oiling here ever since, and so many yet remain. If they are not disturbed for two or three years, the increase must be great and profitable, especially if their skins are attended to, and salted. We have killed about eighty since we landed, and suppose we shall kill about two a-week through the year. We have made about 1000 gallons of oil, for the purpose of buying a boat, if possible. Of seals we have not taken a dozen. Our situation, like all new settlers, has not been very comfortable. We have not ate bread these six months; that parcel you supplied me with lasted about that time. But turnips have been bread to us. I hope to have as many potatoes in three or four months as will always stand by us while we remain on the island; but cloth I shall want, and must depend upon vessels for a supply of them. The prospect of one day making something of the oil and skins of the elephant and seals, from the fish and other matters, consoles me for all other privations. I shall now submit, for your

consideration, a proposal which may perhaps be feasible, and which you may, on reflection, adopt—viz., to join me in the business of making oil and skins on these islands. The mode I shall recommend will be simple, and the least expensive that can be undertaken—that is, to buy a small fishing schooner of about 50 tons, such as may often be had in the spring, or late in the fall, in Cape Cod, for 500 S., and if you wish to give your brother Jonson employment for a year or two, send him here in her with ten or twelve men. Two or three of those kind of boats called at Cape Cod half-boats—a kind of whale boat which cost about 25 S. there, with provision enough for twelve months. For the purpose of saving the oil, a cistern, as they have at the Cape of Good Hope, should be made; stones enough are on the spot; lime and a mason or two (many of a roving disposition may be found in these times cheap), with a frame suitable to the size of the cistern, with boards, &c., to cover and make it tight. A plaud flooring to support the casks, which should be filled from a small wooden pump let down into the cistern. The building would answer for the men to live in. Some hhds. salt, which at Cape D. cost 50 per hhd., and two or three asses to carry blubber and skins from a distance; for the greatest part of the work of the oilers is to carry the blubber to the coppers. Two boilers of iron, holding from 60 to 90 gallons each, with ladle, skimmer, cooler, strainer, knives, steel, grindstone, beaming-

knives, a clank for beams, &c. By the time a vessel gets here, I shall be able to supply a considerable part of their daily food from my pigs, potatoes, and other vegetables, besides fish, &c. A cistern, 40 feet long, 15 feet wide, and 10 feet deep, would contain from 1000 to 1100 barrels, which may be made in fifteen months, if the boilers are kept properly going. And as the elephant in general makes about a barrel of oil, though some of the males will produce 100 gallons; of course there would be as many skins as barrels of oil, besides, at least, 1000 pup-skins, which are very fine and pretty, and would, no doubt, average a dollar each. The oil in the cistern would require barrels to carry it to market, but if it remained for some time it would be always safe, and growing better for standing to settle; and, as the cistern would last many years, the expense once defrayed, either by oil, skins, &c., it may be always kept full at very little expense, and ready to ship whenever a market was to be found for it. If the proposal should be relished, I should like to be jointly concerned in it, but, as I have no money to advance, I could only, at the first, lend my assistance towards completing the business, while it would be your part to furnish the means to get it once *under way*.

"I do not in the above estimates include the seal-skins, but there are many about these islands; and perhaps 1000 or 1200 might be taken in fifteen or eighteen months, without neglecting any other part

of the business, or costing a farthing to obtain them. Fish would be an article worth attending to, as they are, when salted and dried, very fine, and such as I have seen at the Isle of France for S.6 the 110 lb. That, however, and the seal-skins, may remain in the background, making use of them when occasion may require to fill a small vessel with an assorted cargo of oil, skins, fish, &c., for the Rio market, if it be thought proper. Oil was worth 50 cents when you were there, and that is more than it is worth in America, and a much nearer market. Empty pipes are plenty at Rio, and cheap, and put in proper order, might be stowed in the hold, and filled from the cistern by means of butts or half-butts, and carried on board with great ease and safety, and the casks always fresh furnished, if the oil sold at Rio. Even if the oil sold at Rio for 30 cents per gallon, it would be worth pursuing; for the cistern only once filled, could, with very little aid from men and a few asses, be always kept full, and the small craft may make what speed she pleases to take it away, besides the means of being so readily furnished with casks, and the vicinity of the market to the cistern. Elephant skins, I have seen in an English paper, sell well in London; why, then, may not Rio furnish a market for them also, when well salted and dried, seeing so many English merchants and agents are constantly buying up everything which will answer as remittances, &c.; and surely, being a Roman Catholic

country, the fish would sell as well as in most places? Upon the whole, I feel satisfied that a voyage (if a voyage it may be called, the interest of which would not cease with the end of that voyage) of the kind would in the present times answer very well, and your brother Jonson would find it abundant opportunity and encouragement for his well-known talents and abilities. At any rate, the oil-fit would not be great—say S.2000—and the benefit would be lasting to you. The men may be had upon shares; and when the cistern becomes full, new arrangements can be made with the crew. If necessary, bear in your mind that one ass is equal to two men in carrying blubber, consequently four or six asses, with three men, would equal a crew of ten or fifteen men, eight or ten of whom would require very different provision from asses, the latter finding food at every step. Two men at the boiler, and one to load the asses and drive them, would be the work of many men, and save great expenses in provisions and shares of the oil as wages.

"I leave it now to your consideration how far it will suit you to enter into a concern of the kind. At any rate, the business should begin small, in order to see first what may be done (there is no doubt in my mind but it will succeed, and become very lucrative). What I have related above respecting the elephant, seal-fish, &c., may be relied upon; and I could, with two or three more men, procure in a season a ton of

feathers equal to any in the market. Should any vessel be bound to the Cape, or round it, do drop me a line to inform me of the receipt of this if it comes to hand. Respects to your brother Jonson; and believe me, with great respect, your obedient servant, J. LAMBERT."

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